UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE

OF

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER,

WITH

A NEW EDITION OF HER

POEMS,

Including some which have never appeared before;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, SOME

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS IN PROSE,

TOGETHER WITH HER

Notes on the Bible,

AND

ANSWERS TO OBJECTIONS CONCERNING THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

By the Rev. MONTAGU PENNINGTON, M.A.

VICAR OF NORTHBOURN, IN KENT, HER NEPHEW AND EXECUTOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

2210 46
29 2 26

——— Quid virtus et quid sapientia possit
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar. HOR.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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TO

PHILADELPHIA VISCOUNTESS CREMORNE,

BARONESS DARTREY, &c.

MADAM,

IN dedicating these Memoirs to your Ladyship, one of the dearest as well as the most affectionate friends of the subject of them, whose society was her delight in health, and whose kind attentions were the comfort of her declining years, I am persuaded that I am fulfilling what would have been her own wish. It gives me also much pleasure to have an opportunity of shewing with what high esteem and respect I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,

And most faithful humble Servant,

MONTAGU PENNINGTON.

NORTHBOURN,
May 12, 1807.

PREFACE.

IT can hardly be deemed necessary to say much by way of apology for offering to the Public the Memoirs of so high and excellent a character as that of Mrs. CARTER, though her life was so little diversified by incident, or marked by any events but such as happen to all. The great end of biography is not so much to amuse the fancy, as to instruct and improve the mind. Very useless will be that volume, and very ill will the author of it have executed his important office, unless it leaves some other traces on the reader's heart than the recollection of a bare narrative of facts, or a diary of trite and uninteresting occurrences.

Biography ought to be made subservient to nobler purposes. The good, the wise, the learned, the patriot statesman, and the patriot hero; they whose improvements in science and the

the arts have added to the comforts and innocent enjoyments of life;

> Quique pii vates, & Phæbo digna locuti,
> Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
> Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo,

these, and these only, should be the subjects of it. And the annals of their lives, though often perhaps "short and simple," should be written in such a manner as may serve for an example to others, as well as for their instruction and amusement.

In delivering this opinion, the Author of these Memoirs has too much reason to fear that it may be urged against himself. He is indeed fully conscious of his deficiencies, more especially as the previous habits of his life, and the turn of his usual studies, have not tended to fit him for a work of this kind. He was tempted, however, to undertake it, not so much from the desire of Mrs. Carter's friends, (though that was in several instances strongly expressed) as from his own wish that a just and true account should appear of one to whom he was so

nearly and affectionately attached, and whose life was so exemplary, as well as amiable. In this respect, and in this alone, scarcely any other person was equally well qualified, as he had resided with her for so large a portion of his life, and was left in possession of all her papers.

In this humble attempt, therefore, the Author claims no other merit, than that of having given, with the most scrupulous regard to truth, such particulars of her education, life, and studies, as came within his own knowledge, or from other sources of information, assisted and elucidated by some of her own letters. It is still however his hope, that the work may not be wholly useless; and that the contemplation of so much piety, virtue, and learning, may be attended with better effects than the gratification of mere curiosity; that her precepts and example may serve to rouse the indolent, while they confirm and strengthen the good.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 4, note, after *or*, a comma.

276, l. 6, from bottom, for *vis a viss* r. *vis a vis*

287, note, l. 5, for the full stop a comma, and for *This* r. *this*

490, l. 19, for *Mr.* r. *Mrs.*

481, note, l. 1, after *of*, add *the writer of*

VOL. II.

79, note, l. 2, after narrative, for a full stop a comma, and for *Yet* r. *yet*

172, note, l. 2, dele the word *note.*

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE

OF

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

THE great difficulty of rendering the memoirs of a life, wholly devoted to letters, interesting, has already been often observed. Very different from those of Statesmen, Heroes, and Monarchs, concerning which the author may often say, *inopem me copia fecit*, and of which the most arduous task is to know what events he should select, in the lives of many of the good and learned, there are no events from which to choose, no remarkable circumstances to engage the attention, and no adventures to amuse. Nothing, probably, happens to them, but what is common to all men; their hours passed in the "cool sequestered vale of life," the *secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ;* afford but little to

relate, and not much to observe; and even that little will generally fail to interest those who are engaged in either the gaieties or the business of worldly pursuits. An author of genius may indeed extract amusement and instruction from annals the most barren of event: he may find, like the moralist of Shakespeare, *sermons in stones, and good in every thing.* But few are possessed of such fascinating powers; and of the many writers who have endeavoured to follow the footsteps of Johnson, not one has caught his mantle; nothing has yet appeared in that line, *aut simile aut secundum.* Indeed to imitate his sonorous periods, his manly and nervous style, though not easy, is yet far less difficult than to attain to his unvarying* piety and morality, his deep sense, his almost unbounded knowledge, and his entertaining, though singular, manner of conveying his ideas, which so forcibly engages the attention.

Yet though these circumstances may well cause fear in the writer, the accounts of such persons are not wholly void of either interest or usefulness. It is not uninteresting to view their progress in literary pursuits, nor the manner in which they have acquired their knowledge, and

* His writings are here meant; not those conversations *in which he only argued for victory*, so imprudently given to the public.

formed

formed their mind. It may be useful, as well as amusing, to be made acquainted with the private lives of those who are publicly known only by their writings; and though they may even be devoid of incident, to see how far their writings and their lives agree with each other; to correct our own conduct by theirs; to copy their virtues, and avoid their errors. For in this point of view, the history of those in distinguished or elevated stations is of little use. They are so far removed from the greater part of mankind, as to be seen only at a distance: and their example cannot be very profitable to those who are wholly unacquainted with the scenes and situations in which they are placed; who in general can neither know the motives of their actions, nor the temptations to which they are exposed.

But in order to make the humble records of private life really useful or interesting, above all things the strictest adherence to truth is absolutely requisite. Biographers generally feel an interest in their subject, which makes them wholly sink, or at least soften, the failings, while they dwell too long on the merits of the character which they are describing; and this often prevents the good effects which might otherwise be derived from the perusal of such writings.

In the present case, whatever other faults there may be in this publication, and however great, the author will at least strictly attend to veracity; and will affirm nothing concerning the subject of these Memoirs, but what he either knows, or has reason to believe, to be true. However nearly connected by consanguinity, and still more by long and intimate affection, having been in some degree educated by her, and having resided great part of his life with her, he will not be swayed by any consideration either to exceed or to conceal the truth.

Elizabeth Carter was born (reckoning by the New Style) on the 16th of December, 1717, at Deal in Kent. She was eldest daughter to the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D.D. Perpetual Curate of the Chapel in that town, and afterwards Rector of Woodchurch and of Ham, both in that county, and one of the six preachers in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury. Her mother was Margaret, only daughter and heiress of Richard Swayne*, of Bere, in the county of Dorset, Esq. (a younger branch of those of

* His arms were azure, a chevron between three pheons or within a border ermine.

Gunville,

Gunville, in the same county) by a daughter of Thomas Trenchard, of Wolverton, and Lychet Maltravers, Esq*. Dr. Carter's father was a very considerable farmer and grazier, in the vale of Ailesbury, where his family had been settled for some generations: but probably it was originally from Cornwall, since in the old ruined Chapel of St. Laurence near Bodmin, among the arms of the neighbouring families who had been benefactors to it, are those of Carter, the same as borne by those of Bucks, viz. azure, two lions rampant or, which were also borne by the Carters of St. Cullumbe in Cornwall.

Dr. Carter was originally designed for his father's business, and did not begin to study the learned languages till he was nineteen years of

* Dr. Carter was twice married. By his first wife, abovenamed, he left surviving three children, Elizabeth; John Carter, Esq. of Deal, still living, and has issue three daughters: and Margaret, wife of the Rev. Thomas Pennington, D.D. Rector of Tunstal in Kent, &c. since deceased; she died in 1798, leaving two sons, Thomas, Rector of Thorley, Herts, and of Kingsdown in Kent, and Montagu, the author of this account. Dr. Carter had also by his first wife two other sons, Nicolas and James, who both died young in foreign service, Lieutenants in the Royal Navy. By his second wife, Dr. Carter left Mary, since deceased, wife of Andrew Douglas, afterwards of Portland Place, Esq. and Henry, still living, Rector of Little Wittenham, Berks.

age; and very uncommon was the progress he made in them, since he became a very deep and critical scholar in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; and also acquired a very considerable degree of knowledge of the sciences. He was of Emanuel College in Cambridge. His children all agreed, that few men equalled him in the clearness of his understanding, the accuracy of his knowledge, the calmness of his temper, and the unsullied purity of his life. It is not therefore surprising that they should have the highest opinion of him, and the warmest attachment to him. He died at Deal in 1774, in the 87th year of his age * He published some tracts of controversial divinity, and a volume of sermons, written in a plain, but nervous style; more remarkable for the knowledge which they shew him to have possessed of the Scriptures, than for any display of learning, or attempt at elegance of diction †.

He gave all his children, daughters as well as sons, a learned education. Of those who are still living, it is needless, and would be improper,

* There is a portrait of him by Highmore, esteemed a very good likeness, in the possession of his eldest son, Mr. Carter of Deal. There was a very striking resmblance between him and his three eldest surviving children.

† See a review of them in *the Works of the Learned* for July 1738.

to

to say much. John, the eldest son, as a magistrate, a gentleman, and a scholar, is sufficiently known in the county where he resides *. Henry the youngest, by another mother, is a respectable clergyman in Berkshire. Though it may not be deemed strictly pertinent to the subject of these Memoirs, yet let the author of them be pardoned if he ventures to pay a tribute in them to the memory of one of the best of mothers. She was the younger own sister of Elizabeth and John, above mentioned. Greatly inferior to her sister in learning, she was more than her equal in wit, and quickness of parts. In learning, however, she was far from being deficient †, being a very good Latin and French,

* This gentleman had the distinguished honour of being appointed Chairman of the most important and remarkable County Meeting which has been known for many years. It was holden at Maidstone, upon occasion of the memorable contest between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox; when the former first assumed the reigns of government. And Mr. Carter's conduct in the chair was such, as to acquire the respect and esteem of all parties.

† In a letter to Miss Talbot, dated in December, 1752, Mrs. Carter says:—My sister Margaret is studying, or rather seizing upon, Greek. She did not know the letters till after Michaelmas, and already construes it so well as is really surprising. But she always had, and still retains, a quickness of understanding almost beyond any thing I ever met with."

She was eight years younger than Mrs. Carter.

and a tolerable Greek and Italian scholar, with some knowledge also of Hebrew. In judgment she was excelled by very few; in goodness of heart, warmth of affection to her family and friends, and piety constant and unfeigned, perhaps by none. Her eyes were closed by the hand that traces these lines, and the writer of them had the mournful satisfaction of attending her in her last illness, and of seeing a Christian life ended by a Christian death. Very early in life Mrs. Carter seems to have formed a resolution, or at least an intention, which she was enabled to keep, of devoting herself to study, and living a single life; and she wished this sister, Margaret, to live always with her, and share her fortunes. This she declined; but through life they continued the dearest of friends, in the most intimate and confidential intercourse.

When Mrs. Carter was about ten years of age, she had the misfortune to lose her mother. She died of a decline; partly, as is supposed, occasioned by vexation. She brought her husband a handsome fortune of several thousand pounds, which they hoped to encrease, for a family, then likely to be large, by buying South Sea stock. They had not, however, the prudence to sell in time; and the bursting of that bubble in the memorable year 1720 swept the greatest part of it away. From this stroke she never recovered,

and

and Dr. Carter himself was so much affected by it, that he never willingly mentioned it, nor chose to say how large a sum he had thus lost.

The infancy and early youth of Mrs. Carter afforded no promise of the attainments which she afterwards acquired. Yet even then it was her most eager desire to be a scholar, though nature seemed to forbid it. She gained the rudiments of knowledge with great labour and difficulty; and her perseverance was put to a most severe trial. The slowness with which she conquered the impediments, that always oppose the beginning of the study of the dead languages, was such as wearied even the patience of her father; and he repeatedly entreated her to give up all thoughts of becoming a scholar. But she was determined to overcome the difficulty, and her unwearied application injured her health, and probably laid the foundation of those frequent and severe head-achs, from which she was never afterwards wholly free. Hence also she contracted the habit of taking snuff. This she did at first in order to keep herself awake during her studies, which she frequently protracted during great part of the night, and was afterwards unable to give up the custom, though it was very disagreeable to her father. This ardent thirst after knowledge, was, however, at length crowned with complete success; and her

acquirements

acquirements became, even very early in life, such as are rarely met with. What she had once gained she never afterwards lost; an effect indeed to be expected from the intense application by which she acquired her learning, and which is often by no means the case with respect to those, the quickness of whose faculties renders labour almost needless.

Amidst her severer studies, however, more feminine accomplishments were not neglected. Her father sent her for a year to board in the house of Mr. Le Sueur, a French refugee minister at Canterbury. There she learnt to speak the French language, which she continued to do to the close of her life, better than most persons who have not lived abroad. She learnt also the common branches of needle-work, which she practised to the very last; and music, in which, though very fond of it, she never seems to have made any considerable progress. She played both on the spinnet and German flute; and certainly took some pains to acquire this accomplishment, as there is a great deal of music for both instruments in her own hand writing. Her father was very intimately acquainted with Dr. Lynch, the Dean of Canterbury, and his brother, a physician of eminence in that city. In those respectable families she spent great part of her time; and her friendship for the remaining

maining branches of them continued as long as she lived.

She seems very early to have cultivated a taste for poetry; for in the year 1738, she published a very small collection of poems, written before she was twenty years of age. They were printed by Cave, the original editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, and St. John's Gate appears in the title-page. The motto to them is from Euripides, τα δ' αδεν *. This edition is now very scarce, and hardly to be met with. It contains only twenty-four quarto pages. None of the poems contained in it appear in the edition generally called the first, which was not published till the year 1762, except the first, on her birth-day, and the translation of the 30th Ode of Anacreon. In the present edition they are restored, more as literary curiosities than from their merit, in which they are certainly very inferior to the others.

Mrs. Carter's progress in learning very soon occasioned her to be noticed by some of the most respectable families in Kent; among these was the Honourable Mrs. Rooke, widow of George Rooke, Esq. (son to Admiral Sir G. Rooke)

* "These things are nothing."—As indeed the piety of her mind led her to consider all things but such as could promote and further the great ends of our existence.

Rooke) and sister to John, first Viscount Dudley and Ward, who resided at the mansion-house of St. Laurence, near Canterbury *. She had also a house in London, where Miss Carter, as she was then called, passed a winter with her, and was introduced by her to many persons of distinction in rank, as well as letters; and this first gave her a taste for such society, as out of London can hardly be met with. She also spent a good deal of her time with a brother of her father, a silk merchant, and partner with Mr. Vere, of Bishopsgate street, who was his wife's brother, and uncle to the present Banker of that name. So that from the age of 18 or 19 years, Mrs. Carter generally passed great part of the winter in London, where her acquaintance was much courted, and estimated as it deserved. The summer she chiefly spent with her father at Deal, or with her friends at Canterbury.

It is not easy at this distance of time, to re-relate exactly her progress in learning, in its proper order. She began with the Latin and Greek languages, and after some time added to them the Hebrew. Of her proficiency in this last, the author is not a competent judge, though he has every reason to believe it to have

* This lady and her sister, Miss Ward, were warmly attached to Mrs. Carter; and both of them kept up a constant correspondence with her for many years.

been

been considerable, and she never neglected reading it every day when in health; but with the two former she was thoroughly and intimately acquainted, especially with Greek, to which noble language she was particularly partial. She used to relate with much pleasure in her own family (for no person spoke less of herself, and of her own acquirements, in company) that Dr. Johnson had said, speaking of some celebrated scholar, that he understood Greek better than any one whom he had ever known, except Elizabeth Carter. Yet with the Greek and Latin grammars she was almost wholly unacquainted, and used to say of them, with some degree of unmerited contempt, that she had never learnt them. As a general science, however, she understood grammar well, but not as taught in schools; and rather thought it ought to be a consequence of understanding the language, than a handmaid to that knowledge. But her ignorance of it was never perceptible except in regard to Prosodia, of which she knew but little, and in which therefore she sometimes, though very rarely, made mistakes *.

The

* Of the knowledge of Greek construction, which she had acquired by study, she gave a striking proof in her detection of an error, into which every translator of Homer has

The French language, as has been observed before, she learnt (to speak at least) of a native, and understood it thoroughly: so she did Italian, Spanish, and German, which languages the taught herself without any assistance. Of this last language she was particularly fond, and took great delight in reading it. She began to study German when she was about twenty years of age, by desire of her father, in order to qualify herself for some place at court. Sir George Oxenden, a very intimate friend of her father, proposed this scheme, and offered to use his interest for that purpose. This her father made known to her in a very elegant as well as sensible Latin epistle, dated from Bath, November 1, 1737; in which he tells her, that virtue may be preserved in every place, at court as well as in the country*. The language indeed, was soon and completely attained; but whether she

has fallen, in making the word λίσσομαι govern a dative case, which it never does. See Iliad i. v. 284. There are some interesting letters on this subject between her, Archbishop Secker, and Dr. Salter, of the Charter-house; and his Grace was convinced by her arguments. See Miscellanies in Prose, Vol. II.

* Quo facilior sit aditus (says Dr. Carter) ad principis aulam. Ibi honos, divitiæque: Virtus est quid cuique proprium in omnibus locis: virtus igitur non minus propria atque integra est in aulis, quam in rure.

disliked

disliked the confinement of a court, or whether Sir George's interest * could not procure her a

* Sir George Oxenden, Bart. father of the late, and grandfather of the present Sir Henry Oxenden, was of the Lords of the Admiralty in 1725, and the following year; and one of the Lords of the Treasury from July 1727 to June 1737. He was an intimate friend of Sir Robert Walpole, and was a gentleman of considerable talents and learning, as well as a politician and man of the world. He had, however, sometimes a proper sense of the vanity of mere worldly pursuits, as appears by the following extract of a letter from Dr. Carter to his daughter in 1739. "I had more than one whole sheet-full from Sir George, in Latin and English, on Saturday night. He concluded thus:—Vale. Ignosces mihi de me ipso aliquid prædicanti: Itaque, ut mones, quantum potero, ab omnibus molestiis et angoribus me abducam, transferamque animum ad ea quibus secundæ res ornantur, adversæ juvantur." Another of Dr. Carter's letters also, dated in January 1738-9, shews Sir George to have been a better scholar than could have been expected from a man who had lived so much in the gay as well as the great world. "I made a shift to remember, and write down on Sunday night the epigram εἰς Βιξχιον †. Mr. Oxenden construed it, and so did Sir George, and Kingsley, *(afterwards General Kingsley)* with their *joint* force. Sir George, as he sat at supper, turned it into four Latin verses very prettily. 'Now, Harry,' says he, 'tis your turn.' He only smiled; but slid away, and in a moment outdid Sir George: at which Sir George was much pleased. The next morning Sir George, booted, and just going a hunting, gave us another translation, quite different, and I think the best of all."

† This was Dr. Johnson's Epigram to Dr. Birch. first published in the Gentleman's Magazine for Dec. 1738, and now added to his works.

desirable

desirable situation there; certain it is, that the German language was of no use to her with respect to her advancement in life.

Later in life she learned Portugueze; in which, for want of books, she probably made no great progress. Last of all, she taught herself Arabick; but this very difficult language she never professed to understand well, although she was able to read it with the assistance of a dictionary. She made indeed an Arabick dictionary for herself, containing various meanings of words, and their combinations, which she found, from her own reading, to have been improperly translated, or misunderstood.

Meantime the sciences were not neglected, though they were far from being her *forte*, or from giving her the pleasure which she received from classic and historic learning. However, she bestowed a great deal of attention upon astronomy; which she thought a noble science, and in which she made a very considerable progress.

In the course of her Greek studies, especially in reading the Greek historians, to whom she was very partial, Mrs. Carter took great delight in ancient geography, and made many MS. corrections and alterations in the maps which she used to consult. With this indeed she was much more conversant than with modern geography

graphy, or even that of her own country, of which she had only a general, and, in some cases, merely a superficial knowledge; so that she was literally better acquainted with the meanderings of the Peneus, and the course of the Ilyssus, than she was with those of the Thames or Loire; and could give a better account of the wanderings of Ulysses and Æneas, than she could of the voyages and discoveries of Cook or Bougainville.

But among her studies there was one which she never neglected; one which was always dear to her from her earliest infancy to the latest period of her life, and in which she made a continual improvement. This was that of Religion, which was her constant care and greatest delight. Her acquaintance with the Bible, some part of which she never failed to read every day, was as complete, as her belief in it was sincere. And no person ever endeavoured more, and few with greater success, to regulate the whole of their conduct by that unerring guide. She assisted her devotion also by assiduously reading the best sermons, and other works upon that most interesting subject. Her piety was never varying; constant, fervent, but not enthusiastic; and the author of this sketch twice assisted her, in his professional capacity, in the most solemn

exercise of religion, when she was supposed by others, and thought herself, to be dying; and she received the Sacrament with the same calm and grateful devotion, the same Christian hope expressed in all humility, the same composure of mind, as in the time of her highest health. It was impossible to witness a scene of such sublime and rational piety, without mentally applying to the occasion the affecting prayer of a true prophet though a wicked man, *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like* her's.

To controversial divinity, however, she had a great dislike, and thought it productive of more harm than good, as she advised her friends never to read books adverse to the Scriptures, or raising objections to them. And she gave this reason for it, that the objection, though futile, might strike the mind, and perhaps unsettle the faith; and the answer to it, however good, might fail to carry conviction; so that much might be lost while nothing could be gained. Perhaps, with regard to a great part of the world, this reasoning may be just; but with respect to herself, her faith was too well founded to be shaken; and her notes on the Scriptures, as well as answers to objections made to their truth, which are intended to be made public, will shew

shew that she needed not to have any fear on her own account of reading all that could be urged against them.

As her piety began early, so it travelled with her through life. It was at all times the most distinguishing feature of her character. It was indeed the very piety of the Gospel, shewn not by enthusiasm, or depreciating that of others, but by a calm, rational, and constant devotion, and the most unwearied attention to acquire the temper, and practise the duties of a Christian life. She never thanked God, like the proud Pharisee, that she was not like others, but rather like the publican, besought him to be merciful to her a sinner.

But though such was her turn of mind from her earliest youth, she was, when a young woman, not only lively but gay. Her cheerfulness and innocent playfulness of mind, indeed, never forsook her to the very last; but those who have been long accustomed to contemplate with respect, and even reverence, the deep scholar, and pious moralist, will perhaps be surprised when they are told, that Mrs. Carter loved dancing, was somewhat, when very young, of a romp, and subscribed to assemblies; nay, once at least, she took a part in a play, in which the other performers were her brother and sister, some few of their young companions, and even

the grave Doctor her father, who condescended to appear on their little stage, and *read* the part of Cato. She herself, it seems, from the following note* to a young friend at Canterbury, was

* Mrs. Carter expressed a wish to her executor, that her letters should not be published. And in two letters to friends now deceased, she gives the following reasons for it:—"I do not deem any opinion of mine of consequence enough to be brought as an authority, and you have more than once heard me declare my great aversion to being quoted, or having any part of my letters seen by any body." This was in 1766; the other was four years before that time, and is as follows:—"I am perfectly easy in regard to your promise about my letters at present. You may perhaps think it a foolish solicitude about a thing of very little consequence, that I should make a point of their not being shewn now. Indeed I cannot very well explain my own feeling about it. I only know that I could no more write freely to you, with a view to my letters being seen, than I could talk freely when I knew a third person overheard me. Another reason which she frequently gave in conversation, was the want of judgment and delicacy, so apparent in many collections of letters, with respect to opinions expressed in them of persons living, or of their deceased relatives, or even of moral and religious subjects. Of this there have been, in the present age, some striking instances, in which the fame of persons, though respectable in their life-time, has been grievously injured by the injudicious publication of their opinions in letters to their friends after their decease. Not that this could here be the case, for Mrs. Carter was incapable of disguise. As she thought she spoke, and as she spoke she wrote. Some

was to enact the part of a king, probably (unless it refers to a different play) that of Juba. "I should be greatly obliged to you to assist me a little in furnishing out my regal attire, for which purpose I beg the favour of you to send me all the fine trumpery tinsel things you can rummage up. If you have any gold or silver lace, or any thing that might serve me for a red sash, &c. If you have a smart looking sword, pray send that or any thing else. Whether you will understand all what I want I know not, but this is certain, I do not understand it myself. Send the things immediately if you can find them, for I want them now, for we are to rehearse to-day, and act some time this week." There is no date to the note, but Mrs. Carter was probably then about fourteen years of age*,

Some few of her letters therefore, either explanatory of her opinions, or illustrative of her life, the Author of these Memoirs thinks he may be allowed to insert; and in doing this, he will be solely guided by what he believes would have been permitted or forbidden by herself.

* Surely no one will suppose, from this family amusement, that Mrs. Carter was a friend to ladies publicly acting on what are called private theatres; on the contrary, she always thought such exhibitions highly improper. She considered them as having a natural tendency to make women bold, as always bordering on indelicacy, and sometimes leading to immorality.

It is indeed a matter of some surprize, how she could make her laborious studies compatible with such amusements. But the fact is, that she was never idle. She rose very early, generally between four and five o'clock, and this custom she continued through life; her latest time of rising, when in tolerable health, being between six and seven o'clock, even to the very close of life. When young, she also sat up very late, so that her father, in one of his letters, commends her for having formed a resolution of going to bed not later than twelve o'clock, and desires her to adhere to it. Hence she was accustomed to use various means to keep herself awake *, to the great injury of her health, for she was always very much inclined to sleep, slept soon, and very soundly, even in her chair. On this subject she sent to a young friend the following lines, which were certainly never meant to be published, and are to be considered as a mere youthful jeu d'esprit; in which point of view, they will be no disgrace to her poetical

* Besides the taking snuff, she owned that she used to bind a wet towel round her head, put a wet cloth to the pit of her stomach, and chew green tea and coffee. To oblige her father, she endeavoured to conquer the habit of taking snuff, and would not resume it without his consent. This he at length reluctantly gave, finding how much she suffered from the want of it.

character,

character, though unworthy of a place among her poems.

" To MISS BLOMER *, CANTERBURY.

OF the many queer trifles my brains often hatch,
I've enclosed you a paper to put in your watch:
'Tis designed for a true equinoctial projection,
Tho' belike 'tis not done to the greatest perfection;
But 'twill shew you (with many more curious devices)
When the sun goes to bed, and eke when he rises.
A thing of prodigious importance you'll say,
To folks who ne'er see him except at mid-day.
Now I wonder, dear Hetty, a person of reason,
Should not choose to enjoy each good thing in its season;
And believe me, who commonly rise pretty soon,
There are many fine shews to be seen before noon.
The poets will tell you a deal of Aurora,
And how much she improves all the beauties of Flora;
Tho' you need believe neither the poets nor me,
But convince your own senses, and get up and see:
I've consider'd your doubts of the ways and means how,
And will give you the very best counsel I know,
Even purchase a 'larum as loud as e'er squall'd,
And set but your hour, and you're sure to be call'd."

In this advice she alluded to her own practice, having always a 'larum in her own chamber, which she used occasionally. To this poetical epistle there is no date, but from the handwriting, and the prose part of the letter, it is

* Daughter to a Prebendary of Canterbury.

evident that she was very young when she wrote it. She was then studying astronomy, as appears by the first lines, and even mathematics, as far at least as connected with that science. And unwearied pains she seems to have taken in both, from the quantity of problems, diagrams, and projections, which she left in her own handwriting. Most of these are executed with uncommon neatness and accuracy. In this study she was assisted by Mr. Wright *, a well-known, though somewhat visionary, astronomer of that day; and with him she corresponded, and used to send to him her schemes and solutions to be corrected.

So much indeed was she engrossed by this favourite pursuit, that in a letter from one of her own family, she is humourously rallied upon its making her forgetful of her friends. "You have lately been so taken up with your honest friends, the stars, that you forget there are such persons as us poor mortals here below. Though I wrote to you last, you, it seems, wonder you never hear from me. Your mind and your body, I understand, have quarrelled lately, and are separated, which I suppose is, in plain English, your wits are gone a wool gathering. Build no castles in the air. Forsake

* For a memoir of Mr. Wright, see Censura Literaria, III. p. 99.

your

your imaginary palace in the milky way, and think of blessing us, your quondam friends, again with your pleasant conversation. Cum sis mortalis, quæ sunt mortalia cures. P. S. A great many people here run mad." This letter is not dated, but Mrs. Carter was then probably about twenty or twenty-one years of age.

However, long previous even to this early date, her character began to be well known both for poetry and learning. The translation of the 30th Ode of Anacreon was written in 1734, when she was not seventeen, and that on her birth-day was composed soon after she had completed that year. Hence it was, that her brother, when at Canterbury school, wrote her word, that he had translated one of the Odes of Horace into verse so well, that it was supposed to have been done by her.

So various indeed were her studies and employments, that it is more astonishing that she excelled in any, than that she fell short of excellence in some. This was the case with the arts of drawing and painting, which she learnt and practised for some time, but without much success; while on the other hand she gained a knowledge of history, both ancient and modern, such as is very rarely acquired, and her taste for that engaging, as well as useful, branch of science she never lost. Yet she found

found time to work a great deal at her needle, not only for herself, but also for the family; and this even when in London, for it appears from one of her father's letters, that when one of her brothers had some new shirts, some of them were sent to her to make there.

That she was fond of dancing has been before mentioned. Extracts from two or three of her juvenile letters to a friend will shew this, while they seem to prove at the same time, that she had a certain indolence and timidity about her which make it extraordinary.

LETTER I.

"The last account I heard about you was by a person who saw your Gravitiship in a company of ninety-nine people, skipping about with as much activity as any laughing mortal of us all. I have played the rake most enormously for these two days, and sat up till near three in the morning. I walked three miles yesterday in a wind that I thought would have blown me out of this planet, and afterwards danced nine hours, and then walked back again. Did you ever see or hear any thing half so wonderful? And what is still more so, I am not dead, which I thought proper to tell you, for fear you should think this letter no sufficient proof of my being alive."

LETTER II.

"I do not know whether I have told you that I am a subscriber to the Sandwich Assembly, with which I am greatly delighted. It was with some reluctance I went at first, but now I am so well pleased with it that I shall go as often as I can. You may imagine I find something very engaging in it, that I can overcome my indolence so far as to go five miles, and lie a whole night out of my own dear chamber. I think it quite necessary to inform you, that I am not so much devoted to these earthly entertainments of assemblies, &c. but that I still retain a very great regard to the stars. Does not Venus make a fine appearance? You cannot think how I long for a telescope."

LETTER III.

"Your interpretation on my dancing is not conclusive, for it is not an argument of my being either well or happy. However, I thank God, my health is better at present than it has been for some time past. I believe I am grown *quott* of assemblies, &c. for I do not propose going to-morrow, nor do I know when I shall. I was lately dancing in a company of all people, nations,

nations, and languages, which put me a little in mind of the Red Lion expedition, only that there was one or two of our town with whom I had the good luck to dance, much to my comfort, for I should have been glad even of a dog, among so many strangers, if he had been my neighbour."

With so much innocent cheerfulness, some share of beauty, and so many accomplishments, it is not surprising that Miss Carter should have offers of marriage, and some of them even advantageous ones. But flattered, courted, caressed as she was, still she took no step without her father's advice; nor even, whatever her own wishes were, refused to marry without his permission to do so. It may perhaps be thought, that this was carrying a sense of duty too far; but it should be considered, that at this time her father's preferment was small; and his fortune, before his brother's death, still less. His family too was large; and, by his second wife, increasing. And she, with all her learning and merit, had no support but from him. His constant wish therefore was, that she should marry; because, as he said, though he was able and willing to maintain her while he lived, should he die and leave her unprovided for, her situation would have been very painful and distressing.

tressing. To this way of providing for herself, however, she never could bring her mind; and her father gave her his advice, and then left her to follow her own inclinations. This was the manner in which this exemplary father expressed his opinion of her in a letter to her, concerning one of these proposals before she became of age. "I must do you the justice to say, that I think you are an exception. I am extremely unwilling to cross your inclination in any thing, because your behaviour to me is more than unexceptionable. I leave you, therefore, to act agreeably to your own judgment. My exceeding fondness of you must necessarily make me anxious and fearful; but it does not prevent me from being convinced that I may safely leave a great deal to your own judgment."

Some years after this, however, there was a gentleman every way unexceptionable, who made her an offer of marriage; and to whom she appears so far to have formed an attachment, as to induce her at least to hesitate some time before she gave her final answer. His name is omitted, as some of his family may perhaps be living. This gentleman she might possibly have accepted, had he not published some verses, which, though not absolutely indecent, yet seemed to shew too light and licentious a turn of mind: and of these he was afterwards sincerely

cerely ashamed himself. Concerning this proposal, her father wrote to her in these words.

"I am informed, that Mr. ——— is very desirous of seeing me; and things are so circumstanced, that I fear I shall be much censured if I do not go to London. However, I will wait till I hear from you, and then determine accordingly. You had my sentiments in a letter wrote to you yesterday. I have since received an extremely advantageous account of Mr. ———, in circumstances, person, character, &c. These are valuable things; and you cannot think it strange that I wish you could make them agreeable to you in the person of that Gentleman. I will lay no commands upon you, because it is more immediately your own affair, and for life: but you ought certainly to consider with great attention, before you reject an offer, far more advantageous in appearance than any other you can ever expect. You may always depend upon my indulgence; but do not let my indulgence mislead you. If you cannot bring your mind to a compliance, I, and all your friends will be sorry for your missing so good a prospect: but I will give you no uneasiness. Consult calmly what you think will be for your own good; and may God direct you to come to that final resolution which will prove best for you."

In this letter Dr. Carter seems to have written in stronger terms than usual, in order to comply with the wishes of her other friends; for in a letter immediately preceding, on the same subject, he says, after some general advice, "I have said all this to discharge the duty of a parent, but not to influence you against your own judgment. You may have reasons which can justify a refusal in the eye of Providence, and these ought to make you easy. I have that dependance upon your prudence, that I do by no means desire to know what they are; and then, I think, others have no right to that explication. I end, as I began, in leaving you to your own inclinations, and in assuring you of my indulgence and affection in whatever part you take. I recommend you in this, and in all concerns of life, to the kind direction of Providence."

In this respect, however, the wishes of her friends failed to produce the desired effect, and the offer was finally, though with much civility, rejected. Mrs. Carter was then near thirty years of age; and four years afterwards Miss Talbot, in a letter pressing her friend to come to London, thus alludes to it. "Your Strephon has found a Delia long ago, and in him you would only find an agreeable friend, full of respect and regard, and who always expresses a strong

strong sense of your obliging and handsome behaviour to him during that stormy February. No other stormy February can come. For it is impossible, were the world full of Strephons, that those friends to whom you have more and more endeared yourself by all your conduct since, can ever think of putting you upon new difficulties, when they reflect how ready you are to sacrifice every other wish of your heart. May you but be indulged in that one, for which you have the most generous and noble motives, of not being obliged to give a hand without a heart. But you cannot be afraid of my persuasions (and, after all, Strephons are not so plenty) because you have experienced that I can forbear them."

These letters and events are mentioned here together, though later than the time of which we were speaking, in order to finish the subject together; for it seems probable that very early in life she resolved not to marry, unless her father's earnest solicitations should prevail on her so to do*. With her usual prudence, how-

* It is rather a singular circumstance, that when Mrs. Carter was about twenty-five years of age, her sister said to her in a letter, "The people here enquire much after you, and upon a strange Gentleman's asking Dr. Pearse if you were married, his answer was, "No, nor never will, only to God." I know not who Dr. Pearse was, but he seems to have understood her character well.

ever,

ever, she never spoke of such a determination, and would sometimes say to her friends, even within a short time of her death, when they were joking with her on the subject, "Nobody knows what *may* happen; I never said I would not marry." Her father, however, suspected this to be her intention, and accordingly, as early as the year 1738, when she was not quite of age, he said to her in a letter, "If you intend never to marry, as I think you plainly intimate in one of your letters, then you certainly ought to live retired, and not appear in the world with an expense which is reasonable upon the prospect of getting an husband, but not otherwise."

One of Mrs. Carter's elder female friends, a single lady also, about the same time gave her some advice in a letter on this subject, which, though not needed by her, shews good sense, as well as some degree of humour. "I desire," says she, "when you mention an old maid, you would always speak with reverence; and twenty years hence (if I live so long) I'll tell you if you have philosophy enough to pretend to that title. I assure you it is not to be acquired without great resolution, and much presence of mind; and please to take notice, there are times and seasons when *leaving the company*

will be of more service than the best argument that can be made use of."

Many years after this, when Mr. Hayley published his Essay on Old Maids, in 1785, he thought proper to dedicate it to Mrs. Carter, in her triple capacity of "Poet, Philosopher, and Old Maid." He sent her also, but anonymously, a copy of the work elegantly bound. She was neither pleased, however, nor flattered by the compliment. Had that Gentleman known her personally, he would have been assured that all the wit, learning, and genius, displayed so abundantly in that peformance, could never compensate, in her opinion, for the improprieties contained in it; and that no compliment to herself could induce her to excuse the ridicule thrown upon others.

It has been observed before, that Mrs. Carter was, when young, rather handsome than otherwise. Her figure was not good, but her complexion was fair and clear, and her features expressive. In a letter from her father to her when she was about twenty-two years of age, he says, "I went yesterday to Mrs. ——— to know how she did, and she talked much in your praise. She expatiated upon your curled hair, and white teeth, and other such like perfections of a fine lady." This "curled hair,"

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in the latter part of her life, became quite white, and was as soft as silk.

In the year 1758, when Mrs. Carter was upwards of forty years of age, a singular enquiry was made about her, which she mentions in a letter to Miss Talbot in these words:—"My father has received a marvellous odd letter from Yorkshire, in which the writer desires to be informed, with all possible speed, whether I have made any resolutions against marrying, and whether, if I have not, I am engaged. Surely this poor man must have lived in a wood, or he never could have thought that any body whatever had a right to ask the first question, or that the curiosity of a stranger would be gratified as to the last. What his reasons were for asking either of them, he has been hard-hearted enough to keep to himself." What answer her father gave, she does not say; but no explanation seems to have been received from the Yorkshireman.

High as Mrs. Carter's character was in a literary view, still she entered into all the innocent amusements proper for her station and time of life. Her presence never threw a damp over the juvenile amusements and gaieties of her young friends*. She brought with her into company

* However it was only *innocent* gaiety that she ever countenanced; and the strictness of her principles was soon

company no ill-timed morality, or misplaced gravity; but danced, sung, played cards, and laughed, like any other young girl. She wrote about this time to an intimate friend an account of her falling in love, which I am tempted to transcribe, both to shew the playful liveliness of her disposition, and in order to recommend the cure of which she made use, to young ladies afflicted with the same disorder.

" Learn from me, dear ——, a useful lesson, not to be too confident of your own strentgh, when I tell you that my heart, which I thought so secure and so uninvadable, was yesterday in one half hour intirely given up to a ——; would you believe it? to a *Dutchman.* To be sure the reason of my being thus taken by surprise, was because I had not provided myself with my usual guard, as I never suspected there could be the least danger from an amphibious inhabitant of the bogs of Holland. Now I know you are such a hard-hearted wretch to people in love, that I shall find no compassion from you; but, however, it luckily happens I do not want

well known. She went once to a puppet-show at Deal, with some respectable friends, and Punch was uncommonly dull and serious, who was usually more jocose than delicate. " Why Punch," says the Showman, " what makes you so stupid."—" I can't talk my own talk," answers Punch, " the famous Miss Carter is here."

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it; for I this morning took a dose of algebra, fasting, which has entirely cured me."

Before this time, and at a very early period of her life, Mrs. Carter became acquainted with Mr. Cave, who was a friend of her father. Cave, as was mentioned before, was the original editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, and inserted in it, with her consent, several of her early poetical attempts, which are for the most part signed Eliza, and which occur as soon as 1734, in her 17th year*. Some other person, however, occasionally used that signature in the Gentleman's Magazine; for Dr. Carter wrote to his daughter concerning this circumstance in these terms. "It is generally believed by all who know Eliza, that that riddle was wrote by you, because signed *Eliza*. An advertisement in the Magazine asserting only a matter of fact (that the Eliza in the Magazine is not the Eliza in that Almanack) I think would not savour of ostentation, but be very right and prudent."

The publication of these poems, and her character now beginning to be known, produced her many compliments in the same Magazine†.

* See Gent. Mag. Vol. IV. p. 623.

† For a Greek and Latin epigram on her, said to be Johnson's, see Gent. Mag. Vol. VIII. p. 210. See also Boswell's Life of Johnson, I. 100.

One of the most elgant of these was occasioned by her having plucked a branch of laurel in Mr. Pope's garden in the year 1738.

AD ELISAM POPI HORTO LAUROS CARPENTEM.

Elysios Popi dum ludit læta per hortos,
En avidâ lauros carpit Eliza manu.
Nil opus est furto; lauros tibi, dulcis Elisa,
Si neget optatas *Popus*, Apollo dabit.

This epigram produced the following answer, and the translation of it; both which are signed Eliza, and were written by her, as it appears by a letter from one of her correspondents in my possession.

En Marcet Laurus, nec quicquam juvit Elisam
Furtim sacrilegâ diripuisse manu:
Illa petit sedem magis aptam, tempora Popi;
Et florere negat pauperiore solo.

In vain Elizâ's daring hand
Usurp'd the laurel bough;
Remov'd from Pope's the wreath must fade
On ev'ry meaner brow.

Thus gay exotics when transferr'd
To climates not their own,
Lose all their lively bloom, and droop
Beneath a paler sun.

Mr. Cave was much connected with the literary world, and his friendship for Mrs. Carter was

was the means of introduing her to many authors and scholars of note; among these was Mr., afterwards Dr., Johnson. This was early in his life, and his name was then but beginning to be known, having just published his celebrated Imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal, under the name of *London*. Neither this work nor his general character were as yet much known in the country; for Dr. Carter, in a letter to his daughter, dated June 25, 1738, says:—" You mention Johnson; but that is a name with which I am utterly unacquainted. Neither his scholastic, critical, or poetical character ever reached my ears. I a little suspect his judgment *, if he is very fond of Martial." This was evidently in answer to what his daughter had said of him; and it shews her high opinion of him before the judgment of the world could have had any considerable influence upon it. Their friendship continued as long as Johnson lived, and he always expressed the greatest esteem and regard for her. Notwithstanding the rudeness of his manners occasionally, even to women, I have frequently heard her say, that he never treated her but with civility, attention, and respect.

* Possibly Dr. Johnson might have returned the compliment, had he known that Dr. Carter was as partial to Ovid, as he himself was to Martial.

Nor indeed is this surprising; for the winning gentleness and politeness of her conversation and address were such, as to disarm even brutality itself; and nothing can prove his value for her more than the following letter, which alludes to the commencement of their acquaintance, though written many years afterwards.

DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. CARTER.

Madam,

From the liberty of writing to you, if I have hitherto been deterred by the fear of your understanding, I am now encouraged to it by the confidence of your goodness.

I am soliciting a benefit for Miss Williams, and beg that if you can by letters influence any in her favour, and who is there whom you cannot influence? you will be pleased to patronize her on this occasion. Yet for the time is short, and as you were not in town, I did not till this day remember that you might help us, and recollect how widely and how rapidly light is diffused.

To every joy is appended a sorrow. The name of Miss Carter introduces the memory of Cave. Poor dear Cave! I owed him much; for to him I owe that I have known you. He died, I am

I am afraid, unexpectedly to himself, yet surely unburthened with any great crime; and for the positive duties of religion, I have yet no right to condemn him for neglect.

I am, with respect, which I neither owe nor pay to any other,

Madam,

Your most obedient and most humble Servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

Gough Square,
Jan. 14, 1756.

For Dr. Johnson Mrs. Carter had to the last a very great esteem, and always spoke in high terms of his constant attendance to religious duties, and the soundness of his moral principles. In one of their latest conversations she was expressing this opinion of him to himself; he took her by the hand, and said with much eagerness, "You know this to be true, and testify it to the world when I am gone." She lost no opportunity of complying with this request; and always reprobated severely the conduct of some of his biographers, who published, as the genuine dictates of his heart, opinions broached in the warmth of argument, and maintained for the sake of victory in it. If such conversations indeed were to be supposed to convey his real sentiments, the rigid moralist, and the pious Christian,

Christian, would in vain be sought for in the apologist of duelling, of drinking, and of many other offences both against religion and society. But it is in his own works that his real opinions are to be found, and by them he is to be justified or condemned.

One of the most excellent indeed of these, his "Lives of the Poets," a book which it is difficult either to admire or censure too much, lost him the friendship of many persons, eminent both in rank and letters, but made no alteration in Mrs. Carter's steady regard for him. She certainly thought it blameable in many respects; but, with her usual charity, attributed all that is good in it to his virtuous principles; and all that seems to be envy and ill nature to a morbid irritability of the nerves, brought on by, or else the cause of bodily suffering.

To return from this digression to Mrs. Carter's early life. The year 1739 first introduced her to the world as a writer in prose, as well as in verse. Her first work of this kind was a translation from the French, of the Critique of Crousaz on Pope's Essay on Man. This was finished in 1738, but not published till the following year. It is in one small volume duodecimo, and called in the title-page "An Examination of Mr. Pope's Essay on Man: translated from the French of M. Crousaz, M.R.A.

of

of Sciences at Paris and Bourdeaux; and Professor of Philosophy and Mathematics at Lausanne." No translator's name is mentioned, nor is there any preface but from the author. There are a few notes by the translator, but not of any great importance. This work is now extremely scarce, and long since out of print.

Crousaz was a man of piety, as well as of genius; and was strongly impressed with the idea, that the Essay on Man was deeply tinctured with fatalism, and hostile to revealed religion. Of this indeed, notwithstanding Warburton's elaborate explanation, few persons have now any doubt; but there is great reason to believe that Pope himself was innocent of any such intention; and, deceived by his friend Bolingbroke, did not know the tendency of his own work.

This opinion, however, was not then at least general; and Mrs. Carter's notes rather tend to moderate the severity of her author's criticism. This was perhaps the reason why Sir George Oxenden seemed to think this translation might bring on an acquaintance between his young friend and Mr. Pope; for in a letter on this subject to her father, he says:—"I dare say Miss Carter knows what she does. I could write a volume upon the subject of her launching into the world. You may be assured nobody has more respect

respect or concern for her, who is not related to her, than myself; and nobody loves you more. One thing, however, I may add, which is this; that there is hardly an instance of a woman of letters entering into an intimacy of acquaintance with men of wit and parts, particularly poets, who were not thoroughly abused and maltreated by them, in print, after some time; and Mr. Pope has done it more than once."

Whether this caution produced any effect, or whether from some other cause, there was never any intimacy between Mrs. Carter and Mr. Pope, nor indeed much acquaintance. This translation induced many persons to examine the philosophical tendency of the poem, who had before been misled or blinded by its many beauties. Perhaps too it had some effect on Mr. Pope's public character; for Dr. Carter says in a letter to his daughter in this year, "Mr. Pope's reputation seems to be on the decline. It has had its run, and it is no wonder that (as is the condition of all sublunary things) it is out of breath."

Yet both the Doctor and his friend thought very highly of Pope's genius. "Sir George," says he in another letter, "asked me whether I had seen the new Dunciad. This occasioned me to shew him your quotation. His opinion is,

is, that nobody but Mr. Pope could write it. He imagined that the line *Exile, Penalties, and Pains,* has an indirect look towards the late Bishop of Rochester*."

At the time the translation itself was much praised and approved of. *Johnson* (as her father expressed it) "gave it his suffrage free from bias" before it was printed; and Dr. Birch sent her a Latin Epistle upon it in these words:

ELISÆ CARTERÆ S.P.D. THOMAS BIRCH†.

Versionem tuam Examinis Crousaziani jam perlegi. Summam styli et elegantiam et in re difficillimâ proprietatem admiratus‡,

Dabam, *Nov.* 27, 1738‖.

Her father also, in one of his letters at this time, sent her this Latin distich; but it is not specified whether written by himself or not.

* Sir George's conjecture is at least probable; and it seems strange, that neither Warburton nor Warton were struck with the allusion. Pope was certainly very much attached to Atterbury, who was here meant. See Dunciad, B. 4 246, and Epilogue to the Satires, Dial. 2. v. 82.

† Dr. Birch was a writer of History and Biography, sufficiently known. He died Jan. 9, 1766, aged sixty. See Biog. Dict.

‡ I have now perused your translation of Crousaz's Examination; and admire the great propriety and elegance of the style in a subject attended with so much difficulty.

‖ See Boswell's Life of Johnson, I. 116.

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It seems, however, more complimentary to the translation than to the original.

Popius ecce cadit; Crousazi parce triumphis;
Excudit Cyclop fulmina, Pallas agit.

Before Mrs. Carter had finished this translation, she began another, from the Italian of Algarotti's Newtonianismo per le Dame. The English title to this work was, "Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy explained, for the Use of the Ladies, in six Dialogues, on Light and Colours." This was printed by Cave, in the same year, 1739, in two volumes duodecimo, and was thought to be very well done. This book also is very scarce*.

When

* This translation also was honoured by the approbation of Dr. Birch. In his M.S.S. No. 4254, the Doctor thus mentions it. "This English translation has this remarkable circumstance to recommend it to the curiosity of the public, as the excellence of it will to the approbation of all good judges; that as the work itself is designed for the use of the Ladies, it is now rendered into our language, and illusrated with several curious notes, by a young lady, daughter of Dr. Nicholas Carter, of Deal, in Kent, author of an excellent volume of Sermons published at London, 1738, 8vo.

"This lady is a very extraordinary phenomenon in the republic of letters, and justly to be ranked with the Sulpitia's of the ancients, and the Schurmans and the Daciers of

When further advanced, however, in life and reputation, Mrs. Carter never willingly spoke of either of these translations, and seemed to wish that they should be wholly forgotten. Though not ill written, they were indeed in other respects unworthy of her powers; and the time of the future translator of, and commentator upon Epictetus, was surely ill bestowed on versions from modern and familiar languages, which might have been rendered as well by any common Grub-street writer. This was probably her own opinion; yet in some respects they were useful to her. They contributed to make her more generally known, and more highly esteemed, both in town and country *.

of the moderns. For, to an uncommon vivacity and delicacy of genius, and an accuracy of judgment worthy the maturest years, she has added the knowledge of the ancient and modern languages at an age, when an equal skill in any one of them would be a distinction in a person of the other sex."

Part of the translation is bound up with these M.S.S. and there is also a proof of the dedication to M. Fontenelle, on which are several corrections which seem to be in Dr. Johnson's hand. As he was employed by Cave at this time, it is very probable that he corrected the press for Mrs. Carter.

For this interesting communication the author is indebted to Mr. Alex. Chalmers.

* See some not inelegant verses on her translation of Algarotti, in Gent. Mag. Vol. IX. p. 322, signed J. Swan; and reprinted in Censura Literaria, Vol. II. p. 362.

In

In the country indeed, her frequent residence in London, and the fame of her learning, then so rare among women, occasioned some ridiculous mistakes about her situation; and her neighbours there were inclined to give her credit for distinctions even incompatible with her sex. Thus one of her sisters, several years younger than herself, wrote to her about this time, when she was in London, to enquire whether she was really going to be *a Member of Parliament*. "Here's all Deal," says she, "is in amazement that you want to be a Member of the Parliament House; and Mrs. ——— was told it, but so strongly affirmed that it was no such thing, that she came to our house quite eager to ask; and was quite amazed to hear 'twas so. Let me know in your next whether 'tis a jest, or that you really want to go." How a report so absurd first arose, it is now difficult to determine: but certainly it was not from herself; for cheerful and lively as her disposition was, she always utterly abhorred that species of false wit which is now called *quizzing*, and was formerly known by the equally barbarous term of *humming*. She was indeed in every period of her life so averse to all kinds of deceit and falsehood, that it might well be said of her, as it was of the virtuous Theban, "ut ne quidem joco mentiretur."

Yet

Yet notwithstanding this great love of, and constant adherence to, truth, Mrs. Carter was by no means of a dull matter of fact disposition. On the contrary she possessed a great deal of humour, which she shewed as well as in her letters, as in her conversation; but it never was such as to give pain to others, which she always held to be inexcusable. One of her most intimate and early friends was accustomed to address her with a kind of respect which was troublesome to her, and prevented their intercourse from being so easy as she wished. In order to shew her the absurdity of it, she sent her the following letter, which, in some measure at least, had the desired effect.

TO MISS ———.

Nov. 29, 1742.

"It is with the utmost diffidence, dear Miss ———, that I venture to do myself the high honour of writing to you, when I consider my own nothingness and utter incapacity of doing any one thing upon earth. Indeed I cannot help wondering at my own assurance in daring to expose my unworthy performance to your accurate criticisms, which to be sure I should never have presumed to do if I had not

thought it necessary to pay my duty to you, which, with the greatest humility, I beg you to accept. Unless I had as many tongues in my head as there are grains of dust betwixt this place and Canterbury, it is impossible for me to express the millionth part of the obligations I have to you; but people can do no more than they can, and therefore I must content myself with assuring you that I am, with the sublimest veneration, and most profound humility,

Your most devoted,
Obsequious,
Respectful,
Obedient,
Obliged,
And dutiful,
Humble Servant,
E. CARTER.

I know you have an extreme good knack at writing respectful letters; but I shall die with envy if you outdo this."

The translations before mentioned, however little they may now be supposed to add to Mrs. Carter's fame, had a considerable influence upon it then; and one of them was the means of introducing her to the celebrated Countess of Hertford,

Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset*. To this lady Mrs. Carter wished to dedicate one of these translations; but which of them does not clearly appear, though it was probably that from Algarotti. Lady Hertford chose to decline the compliment; but the offer of it brought on a correspondence, as well as a personal acquaintance. As Lady Hertford's letters have been so much admired, these to Mrs. Carter may perhaps be considered as objects of curiosity, and are therefore here inserted.

LETTER I.

FROM LADY HERTFORD TO MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

"Madam,

"I could not resolve to return my thanks for the favour you intended me, by any other hand than my own; I feel too sincere a regard for you, both from your character and writings, to omit any opportunity of assuring you of my esteem. Judge then if I do not sacrifice a real

* This lady was daughter of the Honourable H. Thynne, only son of Thomas, first Viscount Weymouth; and wife of Algernon Seymour, Earl of Hertford, and afterwards Duke of Somerset. To her Thomson dedicated his Spring. Her correspondence with the Countess of Pomfret has lately been given to the public, and she mentions Mrs. Carter in it in terms of high approbation.

foundation of vanity, when I find myself under the necessity of declining a mark of your good opinion, which I can only deserve by the value I know so well how to set upon it. But I have been obliged to refuse the same honour both from Dr. Watts and Mr. Rowe, within these twelve months, for reasons which (if they were not too long to trouble you with) I am sure you would not disapprove: and as both these gentlemen are people I have had a long acquaintance and friendship with, I should not know how to excuse myself to them if ever my name should appear in print in that manner. I have received so much pleasure from the few Poems I have seen of yours, that if I were not afraid of asking too great a favour, I would tell you that I should (when you have a leisure hour) take it for a great obligation if you would communicate a copy to me sometimes; and let me have the satisfaction of knowing that you are so just as to believe my denying myself the honour you offer me, does not proceed from a want of a real regard to your merit, which will always make me, with the utmost sincerity,

Madam,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

F. HARTFORD."

Windsor Forest,
April 15, 1739.

This

This handsome manner of declining the offered compliment was considered as so flattering both by Mrs. Carter and her father, that she not only complied with Lady Hertford's request in sending her the small printed collection of her Poems before mentioned, but also added to it a copy of her translation from Algarotti, as soon as it was published. This attention immediately produced from her Ladyship a

IIDLETTER.

" Madam,

" I should very little deserve the favour of the agreeable present I received from you last night, if I deferred returning you my thanks for it by the first opportunity. The subject it treats of I found so difficult in the French, that I laid the book away before I got to the end of the first volume; but your translation is so clear, and the stile so elegant, that I find it a very agreeable entertainment. Signor Algarotti is now in England, and I dare say will be pleased to find a book which he wrote for one lady's improvement, receive such an advantage from the language of another. I am ashamed that I did not sooner express my gratitude in writing for the collection of your own Poems, but my Lord was at that time laid up with a very painful

fit of the gout, and my attendance upon him did not allow me time for any thing else. I was extremely pleased with them all; but that on the death of the late Queen touched me particularly*; and I felt a melancholy joy, that a person of your merit was not insensible to her's, which was far greater than the envy and calumny of the world would allow them to perceive: but however that has treated her, her memory must always be loved and honoured by me. Your verses to Mr. Duck give a true picture of the man, and of the goodness of your own heart, which can find a beauty in a virtuous and honest mind equally worthy of esteem, with the more dazzling ornaments of learning and wit. The good opinion you have conceived would raise my vanity extremely, if I had not a too faitful monitor within, that tells me I owe it much more to your benevolence than to any merit of my own.

I cannot conclude my letter without telling you that I think I found out your riddle, which I take to be a dream†.

I am, Madam, with a very sincere regard,
Your most obliged humble servant,
F. HARTFORD."

Windsor Forest,
May the 13*th*, (the same year.)

* See Poems on several Occasions, Vol. II. † Ibid.

LETTER III.

"Madam,

"Nothing but my Lord Hartford's being confined to his bed, with a violent and painful fit of the gout should have hindered my writing by the last post, to thank you for the fine poem you sent me. I do assure you, without the least compliment, I have not read any thing this long time which has given me more pleasure, since it proves that you are endowed with something even preferable to the brightness of your genius—a well turned heart. You could not have obliged me more than by communicating these verses to me, and I shall own it, as an addition to the favour, if you will continue the same goodness towards me,

Your most faithful humble servant,
FRANCES HARTFORD."

December 13, 1739.

LETTER IV.

Marlborough, June 11.

"Madam,

"I am ashamed that I have not sooner returned you my thanks for your present of Dr. Carter's

Sermons *, which are such as afford a clear demonstration that there was no reason for Dr. Whitefield to be followed with so much joy at Deal, as he intimated in the first part of his Journal. The occasion of my silence has been my having removed since I received them from Windsor Forest to this place; though I fear that is not a sufficient excuse. I am quite ashamed to think of the trouble you have given yourself on my account. I have read your translation twice over with great pleasure, for which I must repeat my thanks, and assure you that I am, with a sincere regard,

Your most obliged humble servant,

FRANCES HARTFORD."

Mrs. Carter's intimacy with Cave, or perhaps her own character, now so generally known, brought her acquainted with, and made her company be sought by, many persons of genius

* The occasion of Dr. Carter's publishing his volume of Sermons, was an impertinent as well as false insinuation of Whitfield, that the inhabitants of Deal had need of his assistance, as their minister did not preach to them the Gospel of Christ. Dr. Carter therefore printed a few Sermons, not composed for the press, but of those which he was in the habit of preaching in the Chapel of that town.

as

as well as of distinction. Young as she was at this time in 1739, not twenty-two years of age, her approbation was thought of consequence, and her acquaintance courted by many persons of established reputation. The following letter from Mr. Walter Harte to her, must have been very flattering to so young a woman, from a clergyman already of some celebrity. What figure the historian of Gustavus Adolphus made in the pulpit does not appear, but certainly he was not likely to find a severe critic in Mrs. Carter, who was never known to find any fault in a sermon of which the doctrines were those of the Gospel, and in which the moral and religious duties were properly enforced. The author thinks he has heard her say, that Mr. Harte was a very good, but rather a dull man; and his history certainly gives some countenance to that idea.

Mr. HARTE to Mrs. CARTER.

"Sunday Morning.

"Madam,

"If you intend me the honour, or the severity rather, of hearing a Sermon which I propose to give my country parishioners (my stay in town any one Sunday being accidental) I will take the liberty to call on you at two, and if

if you are not otherwise engaged, will take you and Mr. S. in the coach with me.

" I found Mr. N. much hurt, and have great difficulty to get away from him to-day.

Madam,

Your very sincere servant,

W. HARTE*."

About the same time Mrs. Carter was introduced to a very different character, either by her intimate friend Johnson, or by Cave. This was the celebrated, but unfortunate and imprudent Savage. He wrote her two letters, which, it is presumed, must be peculiarly acceptable to the public, considering how much he has always been the object of curiosity, and that in one of them he gives so particular an account of his early life.

LETTER I.

FROM MR. SAVAGE TO MRS. CARTER.

May 10, 1739.

" Dear Madam,

" I would not have taken the liberty of sending the enclosed, had I not first obtained the

* Walter Harte, Canon of Windsor, died 1774, See a Memoir of him in Gent. Mag. lxix. p. 827, 1018.

honour of your permission for so doing. As to the matters of fact contained, there are not above two or three that are false or mistaken ones. As for that of the mean nurse, she is quite a fictitious character. The person who took care of me, and as tenderly as the *apple of her eye*, (this expression is in a letter of her's, a copy of which I found many years after her decease among her papers) was one Mrs. Lloyd, a lady that kept her chariot, and lived accordingly. But alas! I lost her when I was but seven years of age. That I did pass under another name till I was seventeen years of age is truth, but not the name of any person with whom I lived. The certain knight, mentioned page 11, was Sir Richard Steele; but that account of what passed between me and him is partly true, and partly not so. That there was a slander raised against me, which caused a difference between us, which lasted a long while, is truth, and the worthy Mr. Curll, the bookseller, was the person who raised it; but we were afterwards reconciled, he being fully convinced of my innocence. As for the constant allowance I received from him, the author is quite mistaken; I never had any such, not even a single present from Sir Richard Steele; and how can he be said to have withheld a bounty which he never bestowed? As to the proposal of my

my marrying his natural daughter, the reasons why, and the terms on which, he proposed it, the author has not erred in; but as to the reason why the match did not go on, he is again mistaken. The truth is this: I quite declined the proposal, and never could be induced to see the lady, though he frequently and warmly pressed me to an interview, nor have I to this day ever seen her. As for the obligations he talks of from me to Mr. Wilks, he is again in an error; I did subsist at that time on such obligations as he mentions, but they came from Mrs. Oldfield, not from Mr. Wilks. As to the rest of his materials, they are collected from some things I accidentally said in mixed company, and others scattered about at different times in my writings, and these are truths. The speech of mine, pages 23 and 24, is genuine and exact. As to the many humane expressions and obliging commendations which the author has been pleased to bestow on different parts of my character, whether his warm attachment, at that unhappy juncture, to my interest, has not misled him into great partiality, must be left to those who know me better than I do myself to determine. As to the compliments he is pleased to pay the poetical part of my character, I have too great reason to apprehend he is mistaken; as to what he says on

my

my moral character, though he may have embellished even that a little too much, I hope at least that in some measure he may be thought authentic.

"Now, dear Miss Carter, will you be so good to pardon me for troubling you with so inaccurate a letter, where so much is said to so little purpose on so insignificant a subject, as the person whose life you are going to peruse? All the merit I can discern he may pretend to, is that of being fully sensible of your transcendent perfections, of desiring eagerly to copy them where he can, and of being allowed to admire them where he cannot; of ardently wishing that as the finest parts of learning seem to have been selected by Providence itself to enrich your mind, that as the graces ever wait on your person and conversation, that as wisdom never fails to conduct your actions, and that as all the virtues conspire to form you one finished master-piece of nature, I say, of ardently wishing that all unsullied happiness may attend on such shining unsullied excellence; which is the sincere wish of all who have the honour of knowing, and particularly and zealously so of him, who is, Madam, with the utmost value and veneration,

Your most faithful and devoted servant,

R. SAVAGE."

LETTER

LETTER II.

" Dear Madam,

" Be pleased to accept my thanks for your pious intention of making me a saint. I am truly desirous of becoming so, because, as saints, they say, are allowed the happiness of conversing with angels, I may by that means be so blest, as in some measure to become worthy of the conversation of Miss Carter.

" I entreat you would not be so unkind as to accuse me of hyperbolical compliments. I never used one expression to you, but I always thought it fell short of your accomplished beauty, genius, learning, and virtue; nay, I farther believe, that the strongest hyperbole, in any dead or living language whatsoever, would give but a faint resemblance of those ideas which I have formed of your perfections.

" Believe me to be, with the sincerest veneration, dear Madam,

Your most affectionate and devoted servant,

R. SAVAGE."

May 10, 1739.

These letters seem to reflect more honour on the person to whom they are addressed than they

they do on the writer of them. The extravagance of the praise would almost lead to a supposition that it was not meant seriously, did not the other parts of the first letter contradict that idea. To what life, or account of himself, Savage refers in his first letter, cannot well be ascertained *; but it probably served as a foundation for the Memoirs of him in Cibber's Lives of the Poets, as those very errors are repeated in that publication which Savage in this letter to Mrs. Carter contradicts. Perhaps indeed Cibber is less to blame than Dr. Johnson, for he frequently refers to the life of Savage, published separately by Johnson in 1744, where these same errors are found, which Johnson's intimacy with the unhappy subject of it made less excusable. No better authority however can be obtained than Savage's own words; and though the adulation contained in these letters is disgraceful to his memory, (as indeed all his dedications are for the same reason) there could be no cause for his disguising the truth to Mrs. Carter, in the particular circumstances there contradicted, or related.

* The author has since been informed, that Savage referred in this letter to a Life of him, published in 1727, about the time of his trial; a work of little merit, and certainly not of much accuracy.

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding all this flattery, there never was much acquaintance between Savage and Mrs. Carter. She never spoke of him with any regard, nor indeed with much pity. She thought very ill of his moral character, and was not greatly delighted with his poetry. Perhaps it was natural for Johnson, who had been both a witness and partaker of his distresses, to think more highly of his genius than it really deserved, but Mrs. Carter had no such bias, and there was nothing to make Savage particularly interesting but his misfortunes. Johnson's life of him, and character of his poetry, are now pretty generally numbered among the proofs of his prejudices; though in the present case they may be considered as more excusable than in many others, as these were the errors of friendship.

Since the year 1737, the world had been deprived of a very ingenious writer, as well as excellent woman, by the death of the celebrated Mrs. Rowe. Her character, as well as her writings, were much admired by Mrs. Carter; so much so, indeed, that her father was somewhat afraid, lest that admiration should lead her into a little of the enthusiasm which was so distinguishing a feature of that excellent lady's mind *.

There

* "I think your verses on Mrs. Rowe," says he, in a letter,

There was however, I believe, no personal acquaintance between them, to which indeed the distance of their residences presented a greater obstacle than that between their ages. Mrs. Rowe died, where she chiefly resided after her husband's death, at Froome, in Somersetshire, where, about forty years afterwards, Mrs. Carter visited the house in which she had lived with anxious curiosity, and not without some portion of her own enthusiasm.

Upon the occasion of Mrs. Rowe's death, Mrs. Carter wrote an Elegy, which was published in the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1737, and signed Eliza. It is a striking proof of the attention which she bestowed on the polish of her compositions, that two years afterwards she reprinted this poem in the same publication for April 1739, with such alterations and additions as to make it a much more finished, and almost a new performance, and signed it with her name at length, in compliance with Mr. Rowe's desire, expressed in the subjoined letter. In this last state, but with the omission of the

letter, "very good. You seem extremely fond of her writings. I have seen some that have in them a tincture of enthusiasm. 'Tis proper to caution you not to read them with too much pleasure. Enthusiasm grows upon us insensibly. Take care to guard against it."

first four lines, and several changes and corrections in the subsequent ones, it was introduced into the first edition of her poems, in their present form, in 1762.

This Elegy was also prefixed to the posthumous collection of Mrs. Rowe's Works, published in 1739 by her husband's younger brother, who wrote her the following letter upon the subject:—

"Hampstead, Jan. 22, 1738-9.

"Madam,

"I received last night the favour of your letter, and the enclosed beautiful Elegy, and return you the sincerest thanks for allowing me to adorn my collection with such an elegant piece of poetry. It will, I doubt not, be admired as it ought. If I might presume on your goodness so far, (as an addition to the honour you have done my sister) I would intreat the liberty to publish it under your own name at length instead of Eliza. Be pleased, if you think fit to grant my request, to let Mr. Hett or me know in a very short time.

"As soon as Mrs. Rowe's posthumous pieces are published, a set of them will wait your acceptance*. I persuade myself you will find

* Mr. Rowe sent them accordingly as soon as published.

some-

something to admire and imitate in Mrs. Rowe's character, as well as much to forgive in the writer of the latter part of her life.

I am, Madam,

With the justest esteem and respect,

Your most obliged humble servant,

THE. ROWE."

In consequence of this obliging communication, Mrs. Carter sent Mr. Rowe a copy of her translation from Algarotti, which produced a second letter, here inserted, to shew his opinion both of that work, and of her person and character in general.

LETTER II.

FROM MR. ROWE.

" Hampstead, May 22, 1739.

" Madam,

" MY ill state of health will, I hope, excuse me from ingratitude, in no sooner acknowledging the receipt of the perfectly agreeable present you obliged me with, for which I now return you my humblest thanks. I have not yet been able to read more than the preface, which appears to me to have all the beauty and spirit

of an original. I doubt not but the entire work has the same distinguished merit, and equally deserves the praise of exactness and fidelity to the sense of the author. This I venture to add implicitly, without having either an opportunity or sufficient skill in the Italian language, to form a judgment of this kind. The public, and particularly the fair sex, are inexpressibly indebted to the translator, and will, I am persuaded, be sensible of their obligations. For myself, I have been long convinced of the injustice of custom, in restraining the ladies from the improvements of knowledge and learning, in consequence of which they have been forced to employ the faculty of thought and reason in the little arts of dress, or to endeavour to quite lose it by play, and such like polite and fashionable diversions of the age, with great propriety called amusements. But I hope, Madam, the example you give, with how much grace and ease, wisdom and philosophy sit on a lady, even in the bloom of youth and beauty, will allure your own charming part of the creation to imitate, as well as to admire you, and cure ours of the prevailing prejudice, that an acquaintance with the sciences inspires the fair with vanity, and an unhappy neglect of the decent offices of the sex. I wish you every blessing, and particularly

ticularly those which result from knowledge and virtue, and am, with the most perfect veneratition and gratitude,

Madam,

Your most humble and obliged servant,

THE. ROWE."

" P. S. I beg your acceptance of Mr. Grove's Miscellaneous Pieces. If my relation and friendship to the author do not deceive me, you may possibly receive some pleasure in looking them over."

At this time, when Mrs. Carter was thus courted, and her good opinion thus anxiously cultivated, it should be recollected, that she was only twenty-two years of age, without fortune, or high connections, and (except when visiting at Canterbury, or at Mrs. Rooke's) living in the private retired family of a country clergyman. The best even of her poems were not then published; for the Ode to Melancholy did not make its appearance till it was printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for November 1739, and then without any signature subjoined, though it was soon known to have been written by her.

But extraordinary as it may seem, even at this early period, Mrs. Carter's fame was not confined to her native island. It spread over several parts of the Continent, and that wonderful prodigy of early learning, John Philip Baratier, expressed a wish of commencing an epistolary correspondence with her. She was then in London, and Baratier being a young man about her own age, before she would consent to this proposal, she asked her father's advice concerning the propriety of her entering into such a correspondence. It is indeed not unworthy of remark, and, I fear, in this age, will be considered as an uncommon circumstance, though greatly to the honour of both father and daughter, that Mrs. Carter took no step of any consequence, undertook no work, engaged in no correspondence, without consulting her father, and asking his advice. This he always gave her; and after mentioning his opinion, and his reasons for it, left the matter to her own prudence and judgment, on which he had firm reliance. Thus he writes to her upon one of these occasions just before she came of age. "You will, I am sure, take my advice in good part, though you should be of a different opinion. I recommend you always to the direction of heaven, and have no doubt but you will act discreetly in all occurrences."

To

To the matter now proposed for his consideration, Dr. Carter made no objection, and willingly gave it his sanction*, as thinking a correspondence between two young persons of great, and somewhat similar, acquirements both innocent and useful. Baratier was born January the 19th, 1721. His father had left France on account of his religion, being a Calvinist, and settled in Brandenburg Anspach, when he became Pastor of Schwobach, where young Baratier was born; but his mother was a Prussian†; and this mixture of ancestry explains a passage in one of his letters, which would otherwise be unintelligible.

The commencement of his correspondence with Mrs. Carter was brought about by a gentleman then resident at Canterbury, who was acquainted with her, of the name of Lavalade. He was probably a French refugee, of whom many were then living in that city; for some of his letters to Mrs. Carter are in French, and those which are in English are written like those of a man not perfectly master of the language.

As every thing relating to so extraordinary a character as Baratier must be interesting to the

* This was in a Latin letter. "Non est cur D. Baratier consuetudinem timeas. Ecqua res est de qua Puella Juveni respondere nequeat? Docto doctâ ecquid aptius?"

† Biographical Dictionary.

world, it may not be improper to give some extracts from Lavalade's letters upon this subject, before we proceed to those which were written by Baratier himself.

" Madam,

" Enclosed I send you by the way you directed me the share you had in my letter from Germany. I shall make no remarks on it any farther than there is a formal chalenge which I dont doubt you will generously answer, but if you will allow me to wish, I could wish you to let me see it afore it goes. However you resolve, I offer you my way of conveyance, which shall be with the Capts's * and my own letter: write yours upon fine paper, and send it me in a roll your own way.

" What you have already printed being made public by yourself, I did not question but I might dispose of it at pleasure; therefore I have transcribed your birth-day with a design to send it in my next letter. That piece I have chose because of the great value I have for it. That's to say, for the piety, zeal, judgement, and style of it.

" If you had any of your books left, and were willing to make Mr. B. a present of it, I

* Captain Lanalve, who had married Baratier's aunt.

believe

believe I could find means to convey it by a merchant of my acquaintance. Any thing you'll please at any time to favour me with, will always be thankfully accepted by,

Madam,

Your most obedient servant,

LAVALADE."

Canterbury,
March 10, 1738-9.

"N. B. Mr. B. tells me he does not very well understand English, but can make shift."

" I'aurois dû vous dire que lorsque j'écrivis à Mr. B. la lettre à laquelle il vient de me répondre, comme on m'avoit assuré que vous vouliez lui répondre s'il vous écrivoit, je lui donnai votre charactere tel que je crus le devoir pour une correspondence d'Esprit, et lui envoiai dans ma lettre copie de l'Epigramme qui vous surprend à voler les lauriers de P*. pendant que vous pouviez les avoir d'Apollon meme, et votre réponse †."

In a subsequent letter Mr. Lavalade tells her, that Baratier complains of his not having men-

* Pope.

† The answer to that Epigram, in Latin and English, mentioned before, p. 38.

tioned

tioned whether she was a fair or brown beauty, when he gave him the description of her person. But poor Baratier's health began very early to decline; and he never lived to see her, about whom he was so anxious. In Mr. Lavalade's next letter he speaks of his friend's long illness, which ended in his death. Considering the high character and extraordinary worth and endowments of this amiable young man, such an account can hardly be perused without emotion. It is as follows.

" Madam,

" We have at last heard from our German friend, and too much to upbraid his long silence: a violent cold, which has kept him all the winter, and does still, though not so bad, has been the only cause of it; and he has been hardly able to write a few lines to the Captain, to thank him for some favours he acknowledges: his father has supplied the rest. I must, however, in justice to him add, that one of his greatest concerns in his bad state of health is, that he could not apply himself to the English enough to understand thoroughly your composures, which he has received, and read as much as his weakness permitted him, and understood enough to judge most favourably of them. He has also heard of your translation of

the

the Newtonian Philosophy, and judges that the original will be a gainer by it: he hopes you will excuse his not writing at present; and I beg you will not blush at the coming out of truth; you know she is a sly girl, and you must either use yourself to less wit and sense, or to face her without a blush: chuse, but if you want advice, I advise you to learn to face your own due. We shall not answer so soon; but whenever we do, you shall know, and then you may command,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

"LAVALADE."

Canterbury,
June 19, 1740.

In the October following the youthful scholar sunk into his early grave. About a year afterwards Mr. Lavalade wrote to Mrs. Carter in these words concerning him.

"Madam,

"Inclosed with this letter you'll find a present, which, I dare say, will be very acceptable to you. 'Tis a print done by order of the Queen of Prussia, from a picture she had in her closet of our deceased; but to live for ever, friend

friend and virtuoso, worthy Mr. Baratier, which his father desires you to accept as a token of the value he has for you, and some sort of gratitude, for the esteem you had for his son. He has sent the packet jointly to Captain Lanalve and me, and it contains besides the cuts, the deceased's life in Latin, and several Epitaphs in Latin and German, which, being in loose sheets, I dare not venture; but shall take care to give you the reading the first time you favour us with your company; and you'll see that the learned of the University have vied for the poor youth's glory. Please to accept of the season's compliments, which I heartily make to yourself, and beg you'll make acceptable to your father, from,

Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

LAVALADE."

Canterbury,
Dec. 24, 1741.

" P.S. If you think proper to write to Mr. Baratier, please to send me your letter."

This intimation Mrs. Carter complied with; and wrote to the afflicted parent, whose reply to her closes the correspondence. It is much to be lamented

lamented that no copies were kept of Mrs. Carter's own letters upon this interesting occasion. From Baratier himself there are only two, and one from his father; the first of them is as follows.

" POUR MADEMOISELLE CARTER.

Halle, du 24 Fevr. 1739.

" Mademoiselle,

" Si j'entendois l'Anglois comme vouz entendez le François, ou si j'osois mesurer mon Latin avec une Personne que les Romains, je dis les Romains du tems d'Auguste, auroient pris pour etre du Cigne de Mantoue & pour l'ouvrage d'une Sappho Latine, si dis je, j'avois toutes ces perfections, vous ne me verriez pas vous ecrire tout simplement en la langue de ma Patrie. Vous devez sçavoir par les Livres (& personne n'auroit plus de sujet de le sçavoir par l'experience) ce que c'est que l'amour propre. C'est cette passion qui m'a fait faire ce choix, ou je pretends conserver toujours un petit air de superiorité. Car vous auriez beau ecrire en François mieux que personne je ferois toujours semblant d'y trouver à redire; & comme je suis moi meme de cette nation, vous n'oseriez pas en appeller de ma decision. Je vois bien, Mademoiselle,

que

que vous ne m'entendez pas encore. Vous allez apprendre mon intention. N'est il pas vrai que vous auriez raison de vous imaginer que ma lettre va etre pleine de sentiments d'Admiration? Point du tout. Un autre vous diroit qu'il est tout hors de lui meme, tout extasié de votre merite. Que sçai je? Peut etre vous diroit il pis; Car de l'estime la chute est facile à un autre sentiment qui passoit pour la souveraine vertu dans l'Ecole de Platon. Mais moi je vous dis gravement, & avec quelque depit que je suis jaloux de vous, mais jaloux plus qu'un Italien ou si vous voulex un Turc ne peut l'etre de sa femme. Et Dieu sçait si je n'en viendrai pas bientot à vous hair formellement. Eh! n'en ai je pas raison, & doit il etre bien agreable pour moi de m'humilier en votre presence & de reconnoitre toute votre superiorité sur moi? Sçavez vouz bien, Mademoiselle, ce qui m'a le plus picqué? Indubitablement vous ne vous l'imaginez pas, & si je vous le dis vous vous mocquerez de ma simplicité. N'importe, c'est une decharge pour ma colere."

" Je me mele quelquefois de faire des vers François, mais je n'ai pas l'Esprit d'en faire des Latins, & un homme qui me fait l'honneur d'etre de mes amis mais qui a été peu charitable dans cette occasion (c'est un Monsieur de votre pays) m'a

m'a envoié quelques vers Latins de votre façon*. Comme je n'ai pas d'abord lu toute sa lettre mais que j'ai commencé par jetter les yeux sur cette Epigramme, je n'ai pas manqué de les prendre pour un ouvrage de Catulle non encore imprimé qui avoit sans doute été decouvert dans quelque manuscrit d'Angleterre. J'en eus un grand plaisir, car on n'est pas envieux des grands-hommes du temps passé. Mais quand j'eus lu la Lettre et que j'appris que ces vers etoient l'ouvrage de la Nymphe Elize que je connoissois tres bien par renommée j'en pensai devenir fou de depit. D'abord je me consolai en faisant reflexion que si ces vers etoient beaux du moins vous n'en seriez pas estimer pour cela parceque ce n'etoit pas votre fait que d'ecrire en Latin. Le beau sexe, disois je, doit borner sa science à tourner les yeux languissamment à propos, à bien ajuster une fontange, & d'autres choses de cette importance. Mais des vers Latins! C'est bien à lui d'en faire! Cependant j'ai bientot remarqué que tous ces raisonnemens sont bons pour des Françoises. Mais le peuple

* Probably this refers to her Epigram in answer to that which was made on her plucking the laurel in Pope's garden already mentioned, beginning "En marcet Laurus," &c.; for Mr. Lavalade, the correspondent alluded to, mentions his having sent those lines to Baratier, in his first letter.

Anglois

Anglois a le droit d'etre extraordinaire en tout; & par consequent il est permis aux Angloises d'etre sçavantes impunement, Cette pensée renouvella ma douleur. Ma resolution fut bientot prise; Ce fut d'aller trouver ma Muse, & de me plaindre de ce qu'une jeune Angloise etoit plus favorisée que moi qui l'avois servie toujours avec un devoûment sans pareil."

" Je vole vers ces lieux ou demeure la Muse
Assise sur les bords d'un aimable ruisseau
Elle unissoit sa voix au murmure de l'eau
Et repandit des dons que sa main me refuse.

" Je vous epargnerai le recit des hymnes qu'elle chantoit, je dirai seulement en gros que j'interrompis ses chants furieux.

" Plus qu'un homme de cœur, qui reçoit un outrage
Plus qu'un Tigre enchainé qui languit dans sa cage
Plus qu'un grand General qui se trouve vaincu
Plus qu'un Poete enfin soit sifflé soit bâtu.
J'avance & ma douleur eclate en cent murmures
Reproches & mepris, plaintes & meme injures
Tout ressent ma colere & montre ma douleur.
Surprise de l'exces d'une telle fureur
La Muse jusqu'alors en ignoroit la cause;
Je la dis, Elle rit & jure son honneur
Qu'elle ne vous fournit jamais ni vers ni prose.
Tant pis, lui dis je alors, Entre nous donc ma foi
Allez plier bagage & quittez votre emploi.
Si l'on fait malgré vous des pieces aussi belles
Il faudra recourir à des Muses nouvelles

Et

Et votre credit tombe avec votre pouvoir.
Mais ces beaux vers encore faites les moi donc voir,
Ces vers faits malgré moi; Les voici: Sur mon ame
Vous n'eussiez pas fait un ouvrage aussi bon
Avec tout votre Esprit & toute votre flamme.
Ah! m'y voila, dit elle, & ce chien d'Apollon
A voulu me jouer un tour de sa façon.
Ne soiez plus jaloux, votre erreur est extreme
Ces vers en verité viennent de ce fripon:
C'est son gout, c'est son stile, il les a fait lui meme."

" N'est il pas vrai, Mademoiselle, que vous voila decontenancée, surprise, confuse. Voila comme vous nous trompez. Vous recevez des vers d'Apollon, & vouz venez nous les donner pour votres. Ah! je publierai cela en tous lieux. Toute la terre le sçaura & personne ne sera plus la dupe de votre stratageme. Depuis le Craftsman jusques à la Bibliotheque Britannique il n'y aura ni feuille volante ni journal ou je ne fasse inserer un avertissement sur ce sujet. Croiez m'en, Mademoiselle, prevenez ce malheur, tachez de me gagner par des bonnes paroles, & je serai plus secret qu'un Franc Maçon. Il faut avouer que vous etes heureuse! Parceque vous avez jusqu'à ce point les bonnes graces d'Apollon, votre reputation s'etend au long & au large. La terre en est pleine, & je crains que les habitans de l'Isle de Borneo qui n'obeissent qu'a des Reines, ne dethronent leur famille regnante pour vous offrir la couronne de

leur royaume. Serieusement, Mademoiselle, vous pourrez faire bien des malheurs, & une Nymphe de votre merite est une des plus dangereuses creatures du Ciel. Un Basilic n'empoisonne que de ses regards, mais vous pourriez par un Enchantement de quatre lignes en guise de paroles magiques blesser un homme jusqu'à Nankin. Je crois meme que votre renommée auroit deja passé jusques aux Planetes les plus reculées si le chemin en etoit practicable, depuis que votre Newton s'est avisé de faire main basse sur les tourbillons et de vuider de matiere le Systeme Solaire."

" Je suis mortifié de n'avoir pas vu votre Portrait au defaut de votre personne dont la presence auroit pu etre trop dangereuse. Car je suis etrangement embarrassé de l'idee que je me fais de vous. J'ai pourtant à peu pres une representation que je m'en suis faite à fond de raisonnemens. Par exemple je parie que vous n'etes pas grande. En voici la raison. Je vous dirai en confidence que ma stature est un peu au dessous de la mediocre, et comme je voudrois aimer tous ceux que j'estime, & que je voudrois que ceux que j'aime me ressemblassent un peu, je suis assez porté à m'imaginer petits ceux d'entre mes connoissances que je n'ai point vus, d'autant plus que je trouve bien des perfections dans la petitesse. Et de tous ceux que j'ai

entretenus

entretenus qui ont lu l'exact & sincere voyageur Gulliver, il n'y en a point qui n'aime infiniment plus les habitants du vaste émpire de Lilliput que ceux de Brobdingnab. Je suis persuadé que c'est aussi le gout des Anglois."

" Voici ce me semble une preface assez grande. Il est temps que je commence ma lettre. Car je m'apperçois que je n'ai pas encore fait d'entrée legitime. Je devois vous dire Mademoiselle que je suis infiniment sensible à la bonté que vous avez eue de me permettre d'entamer une Correspondance avec vous. Je devois vous dire que quoique je ne me sente pas ni tout le courage, ni tout le fonds necessaire pour cela, je l'entreprends pourtant non pas pour dire les bagatelles que je dis, mais pour vous donner lieu de dire bien des jolies choses que vous n'auriez pas dites sans cela, puisque j'ose me flatter que vous me ferez la grace de le repondre, comme vouz avez eu celle de me promettre à ce que l'on m'a marqué. Et j'espere d'en retirer un grand profit. Vouz m'animerez à vous suivre de loin dans la belle carriere ou vous courez, et Dieu sçait si je ne m'appliquerai pas à la Poesie Latine uniquement pour vous faire un compliment fut il digne de Bavius dont Horace se moqua si cruellement."

" Je ne sçai si vous etes deja ennuiée de ma prolixité, mais je suis bien aise d'etre ample dans l'esperance que cela vous obligera à me rendre

la pareille. Vous ne sçauriez croire la fete que je m'en fais d'avance, ni comme quoi j'en serai glorieux. C'est dans une attente aussi agreable que celle là que je vivrai, & que les jours me paroitront durer un temps infini jusques à ce que j'aie reçu l'honneur de votre reponse, & que je puisse avoir celui de vous repliquer, & de vous assurer alors de nouveau, comme je le fais à present avec toute la sincerité possible, et toute l'admiration dont je suis capable, du parfait devoûment & du zele avec lequel je me ferai toujours gloire de me dire,

Mademoiselle,

Votre très humble & très obeissant serviteur,

J. P. BARATIER."

A Halle le 24 *Fevr.* 1739.

In this letter, especially in the first part of it, there are but few traces to be observed of the Scholar, the Philosopher, or the Theologian; and it resembles more the production of a French Petit-Maitre, with just as much knowledge as might be gathered from a school-boy's common-place-book. Probably Baratier had then formed no just opinion either of the extent of Mrs. Carter's learning, or of the modesty by which it was accompanied. Her taste was certainly too just, and her dislike to flattery too sincere to allow

allow her to be pleased with such a letter, though the attention from a man of so much eminence must have been gratifying to her. Of her reply to it there are no traces remaining, but such as may be gathered from Baratier's next letter in answer to it, which is partly in Latin, and partly in French. And the last part of this contains some curious particulars of his studies and ways of thinking.

" A' MADEMOISELLE CARTER.

* VIRGINI NOBILISSIMÆ & SUPRA FIDEM ERUDITÆ ELISÆ CARTER, JOH. PH. BARATIER, S.

Fidem quam primitus Famæ de te referenti denegare rei prodigium suadebat, Epistolæ certe

* " To the most noble, and beyond belief learned, Virgin, Eliza Carter, John Philip Baratier wisheth health."

" With admiration I must confess that the report concerning you, which was so wonderful as to tempt me at first to doubt the truth of it, is proved to be undeniable, both by your letter, and by other testimonies of your learning. Before this time, indeed, Eliza had been celebrated as the Star of England, the ornament of the literary world; but, as generally happens in unusual events, the distance was supposed to have increased the fame, and the prodigy did not altogether obtain credit. But who can doubt after

certe tuæ aliisque tuæ Eruditionis testimoniis denegari non posse mirabundus agnosco. Pridem sane celebris Elisa, Angliæ sidus, orbis litterati decus; At, ut in rebus insolitis fit, rumor

having seen Eliza's own writing? This happiness has been mine, not only to have received a letter from her, but, O Heavens! with what learning, wit, and elegance is it indited!"

"Receive, therefore, O Eliza, most noble Virgin, this inconsiderable, but sincere, testimony of my admiration and gratitude. Admiration, because I know the wonderful extent of your genius; gratitude, because you have been pleased not to conceal it from me. How great delight I received from the sight and reading of your epistle I shall not say, because no words are able to express it. And although your studies are wholly dedicated to the more sublime parts of erudition, and you cultivate the friendship of the highest class of the learned; yet such has been your indulgence towards me, as to consider my trifling letter as of some value, and even think it deserving of an answer."

"Too much modesty is generally the companion of true learning. I have no right, therefore, to complain of your refusing my offered praise, and expostulating with me concerning it. You might indeed blame me with reason, inasmuch as I acknowledge it to be inferior to your deserts. But who can bear, however, that it should seem to you too great? Do not, I beseech you, accustom yourself to this modesty, unless you wish to be perpetually made uneasy. It is safer for you to learn to endure and even to love praise; for no other sound will ever reach your ears; and it is evidently a troublesome thing to hate that which you must always hear, or to be for ever hearing that which you hate."

terrarum

terrarum distantiâ augeri credebatur, portentoque non integer assensus adhibebatur. Quem tamen quis non tribuerit visis Elisæ scriptis? Ea mihi felicitas contigit, ab ipsâ litteras accipere, sed proh Deum immortalem! quam lepidas illas, quam doctas, quam elegantes!"

"Accipe igitur in hac pagellâ, Elisa, virgo nobilissima, et admirationis meæ, & gratitudinis sincerum testimonium. Admirationis, quod ingenii tui dotes noscam; Gratitudinis, quod haud negaveris eas mihi detegere. Quantum enim in me gaudium excitaverit visa lectaque tua Epistola, id ideo non dicam, quia nullis verbis dicere possum. Et quum tota sublimiori Eruditioni tradita sis, primique ordinis doctorum amicitiam colas, ea tamen erga me indulgentia fuisti, ut meas nugas aliquid putaveris esse, easque responsione dignas credideris."

"Solet esse veræ Eruditionis socia nimia Modestia. Non est ergo quod querar de expostulatione tuâ, quâ laudes rejicis tibi a me tributas. Esset sane quod objurgares, quum eas intra meritum esse facile agnoscam: At enimvero nimias tibi videri quis pateretur? Noli, quæso, huic modestiæ assuescere nisi semper male te haberi velis. Tutius est discas laudes ferre & amare, nihil enim aliud aures tuas circumsonabit, molestumque plane est id odio prosequi quod semper

audias, vel id semper audire quod odio prosequaris."

" En verité, Mademoiselle, vous me faites bien tort de me mettre dans le rang illustre des Sçavants, ou plutot vous me faites bien trop d'honneur. Je n'en veux point d'autre preuve que la proposition que vous enoncez clairement, que je dois en vertu de ce titre avoir plus d'affection pour les Langues anciennes que pour les miennes propres. (Je m'exprime en nombre pluriel, vu mes deux Patries, la France, & l'Allemagne.) Si c'est lá une marque d'un Sçavant, que je suis eloigné de pretendre à ce nom! Vous l'avouerai je, Mademoiselle? C'est à ma honte, mais je vous l'avouerai, je prefere ma noble & bien-aimée Langue Françoise à toutes les Langues anciennes depuis, & y compris celle du bon Pere Adam. Ce n'est pas peut-etre jugement, mais c'est gout, c'est affection naturelle. Et je vous proteste en conscience que je ne changerois pas mon François pour tout le Latin de Ciceron, m'eut on donné une charge de Licteur de retour. N'est ce pas etre bien obstiné? Mais je vous ferai part d'un trait d'impertinence bien plus grand; Croiriez vous que j'aime mieux le Chinois que le Latin, & que je consentirois à oublier mon Hebreu pour qui voudroit m'apprendre la Langue Mogole? Sçavez

vous

vous meme qu'un beau jour passé j'ai tout quitté pour lire du Chinois, et que j'en ai fait une provision raisonnable qui n'a été interrompue que faute de secours pour continuer? Que direz vous de tout cela, Mademoiselle? Je vous conseille de m'abandonner à ma barbarie & à ma stupidité."

"Mais non: Quartier s'il vous plait. Si je donne des preuves d'extravagance du coté de certaines langues, vous m'avouerez sans hesiter que j'en ai donné une d'ésprit dans la resolution que j'ai prise il y a quelques dix jours d'apprendre la Langue Angloise. N'est ce pas une marque de bon gout? Et voiez, Mademoiselle, avec quelle ardeur j'ai executé mon dessein. Depuis ce peu de jours je suis parvenu à entendre assez couramment un livre Anglois, sans avoir besoin que rarement de recourir au Dictionnaire; j'ai déja presque expedié mon second Livre Anglois."

"Il faut tout vous dire, mon amour propre m'y pousse. Vous penserez, Mademoiselle, sur cette relation que je suis en humeur, & en etat de travailler comme un Cheval, ou comme un auteur qui fait une table des matieres. Il n'en est pourtant rien. Je donne ces marques de mon zele pour la Langue Angloise dans un tems ou je suis malade, et c'est dans ce meme temps que je vous ecrits. Ne soiez donc

donc pas surprise de trouver un air malade dans ma lettre, & si elle ne contient rien fort solide, pouvez vous attendre mieux d'un homme qui depuis plusieurs jours se nourrit d'air, ou du moins qui ne mange gueres au delá du rien."

" Autre nouvelle qui me concerne, & par consequent qu'il vous faut essuier. C'est que l'on m'imprime par devers le meridien d'Utrecht. C'est à present une bagatelle pour moi que d'etre imprimé. J'y suis tout accoutumé, mais je deteste cette coutume. Pourquoi? Oh! s'il vous plait je n'entrerai pas ici dans une longue discussion de morale sur ce sujet. Suffit que je le pense. Et si vous l'ignorez je vous dis nettement que je me pique d'être Philosophe, Philosophe un peu bourru & bizarre, Pyrrhonien, &c. Au fait. C'est un ouvrage de chronologie que je publie sur les années des premiers Eveques de Rome, & autres points de l'Histoire de ce temps là. Aussitot que l'ouvrage sera sorti de presse j'aurai l'honneur de vous faire presenter un Exemplaire. Mais n'allez pas me jouer le tour de le lire! Vous y trouveriez des defauts que vous pourriez bien faire retomber sur la personne de l'auteur, qui eſt d'ailleurs bon enfant, si non qu'il a eu la marotte d'imprimer un livre assez mauvais. Cependant croiez vous que je parle bien serieusement? N'est il pas vrai

vrai que si j'avois trouvé le livre si mauvais je ne l'aurois pas donné au public? Je crois qu'on y trouvera diverses choses nouvelles, peut etre quelques unes de bonnes, & je souhaitte de ne me pas tromper. Voila vanité d'un Auteur!"

"Au reste, comme vous auriez, Mademoiselle, grande raison de me faire la guerre sur ce que j'ai tardé si long temps à vous repondre, & que je veux vivre en paix avec vous, par la raison que j'aime la paix, et que je vous estime infiniment, je dois me justifier sur cette accusation, & je le ferai dans la periode suivante, puisqu'il me semble que celle ci est trop longue, trop embrouillée, & presque Angloise. Car par Parenthese, vous faites des affreuses Periodes vous autres Anglois, je m'y perds, j'y suffoque, & quel tourment pour un François! Vous voiez par lá que j'ai deja profité depuis que je lis l'Anglois. Je reviens à mon discours."

"Comme il y a quelque temps deja que mon ouvrage est fait, & qu'il traine entre les mains du Libraire, j'ai attendu que je sçusse certainement quand il seroit mis sous la presse pour pouvoir vous en parler surement. Il y a aussi du temps que j'ai voulu m'appliquer à l'Anglois, et j'ai voulu differer ma reponse jusqu'à ce que j'eus commencé ma Campagne en Angleterre. Enfin j'ai été malade d'un autre maladie encore

que

que celle que j'ai à present. Voilá de quoi m'excuser. Si cela vous suffit j'en suis charmé. Mais il me semble que vouz ne trouvez les excuses bonnes, & que vous me condamnez. Oh! vous etes trop difficile, & quand je serois condamnable il faut user d'indulgence. Mais on dit que les Sçavantes ne pardonnent jamais. Eh bien! Si vous etes si cruelle, je me depiterai à mon tour, & je m'en vais finir par vous dire que j'ai l'honneur d'etre tout à la mode ordinaire,

Mademoiselle,

Votre très humble et très obeissant serviteur,

J. P. BARATIER.

A Halle en Saxe le
12e Aoust, 1739."

This extraordinary and exemplary young man recovered his health no more; and in less than two months from the date of this last letter, his studies were finally closed by the hand of death. Whether in consequence of this event the work mentioned in this letter was never sent to Mrs. Carter, or whether it was afterwards mislaid or lost, is not known; but certain it is, that neither this book, nor the print of Baratier, sent her by Mr. Lavalade, were found in her library after her decease. Mrs. Carter wrote, as has been

been mentioned, to his father, and received from him the following answer, which closed the correspondence:—

" Mademoiselle,

" Il me suffit de savoir que vous entendez parfaitement notre langue, pour m'engager à m'en servir dans la reponse que je dois à votre docte et charmante lettre de 10 Janvier passé. Je ne me pique pas d'une aussi belle Latinité que vous, et peut-être ne vous piquerez vous pas moins d'entendre le François aussi bien que le Latin. C'est d'ailleurs assez la mode des savans de votre nation, de preférer leur langue national & maternelle à la langue Latine dans les doctes écrits, dont ils enrichissent tous les jours la Republique des lettres. Il est vrai que vous m'attraperiez bien si vous me rendiez la pareille, et que vous m'ecrivissiez en Anglois, car je vous avoue que j'y suis tout-à-fait étranger.

" Aprés cela, Mademoiselle, j'aurai l'honneur de vous dire que nous sommes très sensibles ma femme et moi à la part que vous prenez à notre deuil, at à l'honneur que vous faites à la memoire de notre fils, et bien heureux défunt. Si dans la bien-heureuse immortalité dont il jouït à present, il pouvoit être sensible à ce que se passe ici bas, je ne doute point qu'il ne le fut beaucoup à l'honneur que vous faites à son portrait,

trait, veu l'estime parfaite qu'il avoit conçue pour vous; il nous est au moins fort glorieux de le voir regretté par une personne de votre mérite. Mais à quoi servent nos regrets, ni ceux de tous ses amis, qu'à renouveller une douleur qu'il faut sacrifier au bonheur dont il jouït, et à une sage résignation Chretienne? C'est le parti que nous prenons, et la disposition dans laquelle Dieu nous a fait la grace de nous mettre.

"Au reste, Mademoiselle, j'envoye par commodité à Messrs. Lanalve et Lavalade un exemplaire de la vie de mon fils, que je prie ces Messieurs de vous communiquer. J'espere que vous ne ferez pas moins d'accueil à son histoire que vous en avez fait à son portrait. Ma femme joint ses vœux, et ses très humble complimens aux miens pour vous Mademoiselle, et pour tous ceux qui vous sont chers, et en nous recommandant à l'honneur de votre amitié, et souvenir; j'ai celui d'être avec une parfaite estime et consideration,

Mademoiselle,

Votre très humble et très obeïssant serviteur,

FRANÇOIS BARATIER."

A Halle en Saxe,
Mars 10, 1742.

It was thought better to insert the whole of this correspondence together, though it took place,

as may be seen by the dates, at some distance of time. Before the close of it, an event occurred which had probably a great influence upon Mrs. Carter's success in life, as well as upon her literary fame; for to it was owing, in a great measure, her most considerable work, the translation of Epictetus. This event was her acquaintance with Miss Talbot, which commenced in February, 1741. Indeed this was an era in her life of no small importance, for this acquaintance very soon ripened into intimacy, which continued uninterrupted to the end of that excellent and accomplished lady's life; and she was the means of introducing Mrs. Carter to many of her friends of great eminence both in rank and learning. In the same year they commenced a most unreserved and confidential epistolary correspondence, which, as long as Miss Talbot survived, met with no interruption, nor was ever checked by even the most transient coldness or estrangement.

It was at the house of Mrs. Rooke, near Canterbury, that these future friends first met. Miss Talbot had even then been for some time known in the world, and highly esteemed. One of Mrs. Carter's correspondents at that time expressed herself to her on this subject in the following manner:—"I heartily congratulate you upon your happy interview with the celebrated

brated Miss Catherine Talbot. I do not wonder that your charming physician more and more engages you. A person who is possessed of such fine accomplishments as I hear she is, must certainly give pleasure to you who have a taſte to relish them." It was by means of Mr. Wright, the astronomer, who was a friend of both ladies, that their meeting at Mrs. Rooke's took place.

Miss Talbot was only daughter of Edward, second son to Dr. William Talbot, Bishop of Durham, and next brother to Charles, the first Lord Talbot, and Lord High Chancellor. Her mother was a daughter of the Rev. G. Martyn, Prebendary of Lincoln*. Mr. Talbot died in 1720, leaving his widow pregnant of a daughter, afterwards so well known by the name of Catherine Talbot, who was born five months after the decease of her father. To Mr. Talbot's recommendation of him to his father the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Secker, at this time Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, owed his first preferments; and this obligation he repayed by the most constant and affectionate regard to Mr. Talbot's widow and daughter. After Dr. Secker's marriage in 1725 to Mrs. Ca-

* Her arms on a silver coffee-pot, bequeathed by her to Mrs. Carter, are an eagle displayed (the colours not visible) impaled with Talbot.

tharine

tharine Benson (sister to the good and amiable Bishop of that name) who resided with Mrs. Talbot, they all became one family; and from that time till his decease, Mrs. and Miss Talbot had no other home than Dr. Secker's house. He died before them, and left them for their joint lives an easy income*. Mrs. Secker died in the year 1748.

To Dr. Secker, then Bishop of Oxford, Mrs. Carter was of course soon introduced by her friend Miss Talbot; and that eminent divine and scholar, whose character, though every day gaining ground, has hardly been appreciated even yet so highly as it ought to be, shewed her much kindness and esteem to the day of his death. For her sake, when he became Archbishop of Canterbury, he preferred her brother-in-law, Dr. Pennington, to the rectory of Tunstal in that diocese. The Bishop's attention and regard were not thrown away on one insensible to, or ungrateful for them. Mrs. Carter had the highest veneration for his talents and learning, and a great opinion of the sincerity and integrity of his character; for

* 13,000l. stock 3 per cent. For many of these particulars, the author is indebted to the excellent Review of the Archbishop's Life and Character, by Dr. Porteus, once his Chaplain, and now Bishop of London, first printed in 1770.

which last qualities there were some persons who were not inclined to give him credit. But she who knew him so well, and had indeed better opportunities of judging of him, from their long intimacy, than most other persons could have, was fully convinced as well of the soundness of his religious principles, as of the excellence of his moral character*. In both these respects, those who were most acquainted with Dr. Secker agreed with her, especially that eminent Prelate, and well known ornament of the Christian Church, who published the account before-mentioned of his friend and patron †.

Such indeed was Dr. Secker's attention to Mrs. Carter, and so high his opinion of her

* When he was promoted to the see of Canterbury in 1758, Dr. Carter wrote to his daughter in these terms:— "I congratulate you on the promotion of his Lordship of Oxford to the see of Canterbury. If this was effected by Mr. Pitt, it is a good token that he has a greater regard to things serious than usually ministers of state are possessed of. No one of the bench can pretend to so constant and full a regard to the pastoral care as his Lordship justly can; and I hope his example, as well as prudent government, will do much service to religion."

† There is a paper in Mrs. Carter's hand-writing, indorsed, "Copied from a MS. of A. B. P. Secker," which well deserves to be made public: and as it is not inserted in the Bishop of London's Life of him, it will be printed in the Appendix to this volume.

seemed

seemed to be, that it was supposed by many of their friends, after he became a widower, that he wished to marry her. This, however, she always positively denied to be the case, and was fully convinced that he felt for her nothing more than friendship and esteem. She always seemed indeed to be hurt at the idea, and never liked to have it mentioned or alluded to even by her relations. The same thing was also affirmed with regard to that good and amiable prelate, Dr. Hayter (first Bishop of Norwich, and then of London) with whom she was much acquainted; and some of their cotemporaries are not clear that in this case the rumour was equally unfounded. Mrs. Carter, however, never allowed it to be true, and it is pretty certain that whatever the Bishop's inclinations might be, they never led him so far as to make her an offer of marriage. Once, indeed, when the two Bishops and Mrs. Carter were together, Dr. Secker jocularly alluded to this subject, and said, "Brother Hayter, the world says that one of us two is to marry Madam Carter, (by which name he was accustomed to address her, and speak of her) now I have no such intention, and therefore resign her to you." Dr. Hayter, with more gallantry, bowed to her, and replied, "that he would not pay his Grace the same compli-

ment, and that the world did him great honour by the report."

These circumstances, however, occurred many years after the time of which we are now speaking, that of her introduction to Miss Talbot by which they were occasioned. That lady's friendship brought Mrs. Carter more into the world than ever, though she had never lived a life of seclusion even in the country. It is indeed surprising how she could find time to prosecute her studies, considering how much she was caressed, and that her company was courted by all the principal families in the eastern part of the country.

After the publication of the small collection of poems in 1738 mentioned before, which was the only authorised one* till that in 1762, and the

* In a letter to William Duncombe, Esq. in August, 1750, Mrs. Carter says, "Mr. Cave is the only person who ever had any poetry, with leave to print it, from me, and he not for some years. All the rest, which you have seen in other collections, were without my consent or knowledge. The Odes in Mr. Dodsley's Miscellany I was surprised to meet there, for he had not them from me." Mr. Richardson too had inserted in his Clarissa her Ode to Wisdom. She wrote to him to complain of it, and he sent her the following handsome and satisfactory apology. They were ever afterwards very good friends, and Mrs. Carter had much respect and esteem for him.

To

the two translations of which an account has been already given, it does not appear that Mrs. Carter wrote any thing for the press, before the celebrated translation of Epictetus, of which more hereafter. There is indeed a circumſtance mentioned, or rather alluded to, in a letter

To MRS. CARTER.

" Be pleased, Madam, to receive a faithful relation of the occasion of the trespass I have made, for which you call me to severe, however just, account in your favour of the 13th. I have a worthy kinswoman, Miss Elizabeth Long her name, who shewed me the Ode to Wisdom, as a piece she knew I should admire. She had obtained the promise of a copy of it when in Wiltshire, a few weeks before (at Mr. Long's, I think) and one was accordingly sent her. I wanted not matter for the piece I had then ready for the press, I had a redundance of it; and after it was written, parted with several beautiful transcripts from our best poets, which I had inserted, in order to enliven a work, (my characters being all readers) which perhaps is too solemn; but the Ode being shewn me as written by a lady, and the intention of my work being to do honour to the sex, to the best of my poor abilities, I was so pleased with it, that I desired my kinswoman to give me what light she could as to the author, and to write down into Wiltshire, to be informed whether any exception would be likely to be taken if I should insert it. She said, she had herself, when in Wilts, been desirous of knowing who the author was, but had no other intimation given her, than that the Ode was really written by a lady, and by one whom she had the honour once to see. Whence she con-

letter to her from her father in the year 1743, as if she had written a play. If such was the truth, her maturer judgment probably induced her to deſtroy it, for no vestiges of such a performance now remain. The world, I think, can

jectured the lady to be a descendant of the famous Mr. Norris, of Bemerton.

" She wrote, however, but could get no further light; but said, as there were more copies of it, as it had been given to her without restriction, as I thought the piece excellent in itself, and that the inserting it, with the distinction I talked of, could bring no disreputation on the author—no name to be mentioned—she was of opinion no offence could be given or taken.

" By this time my little work was so far advanced at press, that I was obliged to resolve one way or other, and I ventured to insert it. I presumed not to make my character, though the principal one, claim it; only doing intentional honour to it, by setting it to musick, which is done in a masterly manner. I caused it to be engraved and wrought highly, the more to distinguish it; and all this trouble I might have spared, and the expence with it, as though the Ode would have been an ornament to any work, and an honour to any character, it was not expected.

" Upon the whole, give me leave to say, that I was not in this re-acknowledged trespass governed by any low or selfish principle. I should have been the last to forgive myself for *such* if I had, and the rather, as this is the first charge of the kind that ever was made against me.

" You will give me leave, Madam, to desire your acceptance of two little volumes, (in half-binding, as an unfinished

can hardly be supposed to have sustained a loss in it, for there is little reason to believe that she would have had any considerable success in that line of writing, for which her genius seems to have been by no means adapted *.

By this time, however, she had not only a very large and respectable acquaintance, but was also well known to the public, and some farther fruits of her studies seem to have been expected. In 1746 her father began a letter to her by saying, "I had a letter from Mr.

finished work) not by way of satisfaction or atonement, but to see how the Ode is introduced. That satisfaction or atonement shall be whatever you are pleased to require; for I think I would sooner be thought *unjust* or *ungenerous* by any lady in the world than by the author of the Ode upon Wisdom. I send them by the Canterbury coach, and am,

Madam,

Your sincere admirer and humble servant,

S. RICHARDSON."

Salisbury-court, Fleet-street,
Dec. 18, 1747.

"I received the honour of your's but last night."

* Yet when the celebrated tragedy of the Gamester came out in 1752, it was at first attributed to Mrs. Carter; which report is twice mentioned by Mr. Duncombe in his letters to her. Though she certainly had no hand in it, yet the prevalence of such an idea shews the opinion which the public entertained of her abilities.

Cave last night, in which he says, I cannot persuade Miss to undertake any thing, and the world wants to know what she is about." But if she wrote but little, she read much. Wherever she was, her studies were never remitted, and she was continually adding to her stock of learning and knowledge. Yet some interruption to them was given but too often by a complaint which never wholly quitted her to her last moments: this was the head-ach, which was frequently so bad as to prevent her from reading, and even sometimes to confine her for whole days to her bed. It was first brought on by watchings and laborious ſtudy, and probably continued by the same; for the more she was in the air, and the more exercise she took, the less she was afflicted with it. Of this she was fully sensible herself, though her anxious deſire of the improvement of her mind made her often neglect that of her health.

On this subject she thus expressed herself in a letter to an intimate friend in the year 1746: "I want to know how you do, as you complained in your last of the head-ach, a disorder I too well know how to pity you for. I hope, however, it is not so constant and indefatigable as mine. I find no remedy so good for it as rambling about. Health, that flies the downy pillow of sloth, and the confinement of studious

dious repose, lives in the wild range of rural scenes, and converses with mountain nymphs and hamadryads. I found her yesterday afternoon in a hazel grove, diffusing life and joy over every object. Now if I was to put this into plain English, it would inform you that I went a nutting, and had not my head-ach. After all, dear Hetty, did you ever go a nutting? You cannot think how I enjoyed the thought of lugging home a sack full, and was mightily pleased with my expedition, though I could not find one. However, my fellow nut-catcher and I have another wood in reserve, where we hope for better success.

"I waked last night at some unseasonable hour, and seeing the stars glitter, I could not help getting up to take a view of the sky, and I think I never saw a finer glow of constellations in my life. Orion and Sirius quite dazzled me. This sight did me a great deal of good, and after a little contemplation upon it, I returned very quietly to sleep. To be sure it is a great happiness to accustom one's self to take extreme pleasure in objects so easily acquired."

This last observation shews the constant care with which Mrs. Carter regulated her mind even early in life. In a different form, and other words, she often repeated it, and used to say, that it was one great and striking proof of the goodness

goodness of God, that so many objects of nature were capable, from their beauty as well as use, of imparting so much, and such perfectly innocent, pleasure. And hence she always inculcated the necessity of endeavouring to acquire such a frame and temper of mind, as to be enabled to have a taste for such enjoyments as make this world delightful, and yet throw no obstacles in our journey to a better.

Although Mrs. Carter did not use such regular and constant exercise as perhaps her health required, yet she was a very good walker, and in almost all weathers walked a great deal, till very late in life. In a letter to a friend at Canterbury about this time, she thus speaks of her rambling even in the snow:—"In proportion as my sister has mended, I have recovered my spirits, I am now nearly as gay and wild as ever, and want to be flying all over the face of the earth, though this weather something cramps my genius, for I cannot meet with any body here romantic enough to take moonlight walks in the snow, and travel as people do in Lapland. If I was happy enough to be at Canterbury, what excursions should you and I make through trackless paths, and enjoy a season that less whimsical folks shudder at. Certainly we odd mortals, that take delight in such things as make the rest of the world very sententiously pronounce

nounce us mad, enjoy infinitely more pleasure than the sober prudent part of mankind, who sit close to a fire because they are cold. To us every season has its charms; and even the gloomy prospects of winter have a kind of dark sullen beauty, that strikes the mind with no disagreeable sensation. Having read you this curious dissertation upon winter, I should next proceed to descant upon the spring, but I hold it better to wait till one sees whether there will be any such thing."

Lively as Mrs. Carter's letters generally were when she was in tolerable health, there appeared in this last an exuberance of spirits, of which the cause does more credit to her heart, than the effect does to her head. Her sister had been ill, and was recovering; and she, whose genius was the delight, and whose learning was the admiration, of all who knew her, was inspired with all this gaiety upon her account. Her affection for her family, indeed, accompanied her through life. It was so strong and so sincere, that neither the applause and favour of the world, her own prosperity in it, nor even her darling studies, were ever able to interrupt it, or draw her attention from them.

During this period, the greatest part of Mrs. Carter's time seems to have been spent either in London, or with her friends at Canterbury. When

When in town, she lived either at her uncle's, in Devonshire-street, or at Mrs. Rooke's, in Piccadilly. This was the case during part of the eventful winter of 1744-5, when an invaſion from France was daily, or rather nightly expected. Yet in the height of some part of that alarm she was at Deal; for she used frequently to say late in life, when many persons wished her to leave her house there, for fear of the invasion threatened in the laſt and present war, that she had seen and heard too much of French boasting in her youthful days to be afraid of it now. Nor would she ever be persuaded to leave her home, or go to London before her usual time, though several of her relations, among whom was the author of this sketch, earnestly entreated her to do so, fearing, that from her increasing weakness and infirmities, she might not be able to retreat in time, should there be a real cause for alarm. At such times she used to relate, that in November, 1744, while the French troops were expected to land hourly, and there were very few regular soldiers in the kingdom, and scarcely any in the country, a man, late at night, galloped furiously through the town, crying out, "I am John Redman, of Walmer *, come to tell you that the French are landed."

* A village near the sea, little more than a mile from Deal, where there is a castle, the residence of the Lord Warden

landed." Now John Redman was well known in Deal, and such intelligence could not be doubted. The alarm became general, the inhabitants assembled, and the man was examined by the Mayor. He persisted in his story, and it was confirmed by other people who had come by the same place. The drums now beat, the bells rang, signals flashed, and the women and children ran screaming about, as if the town was already taken by storm. Meanwhile the men, to their great credit, got together such arms as they could, and determined to fight for their families. After a while, some persons were sent out, according to the practice of the best generals, for intelligence, and the rest remained in a state of confusion and anxiety, which may be more easily conceived than described. At length, however, "wished morning came," the scouts returned unhurt and exulting, and poor John Redman was found to be only the echo of an old woman's terror, who was frightened by two idle or drunken young men, who had got into Walmer Castle, and were amusing themselves by making a horrible noise there.

But however laughable such an alarm may now appear to have been, it was by no means con-

Warden of the Cinque Ports, in which there is a nominal garrison.

sidered

sidered in that light by those who shared it; and in Mrs. Carter's own account of it at the time, in a letter to a friend, there appears more indignation, not indeed unmerited, than fear. "I suppose," says she, "you have by this time heard of the terrible alarm we have had at Deal. I was on a visit, and heard the drum beat in a very unusual manner, and the man who was sent to enquire the cause came in all pale and trembling, and with all manner of horrors painted in his countenance, to tell us, that six hundred Frenchmen were landed at Walmer Castle. Upon this news home I went, and found the streets in the greatest consternation imaginable. The drums kept beating to arms; the bells ringing the alarm; soldiers running to the rendezvous; and the townsmen taking with all expedition to their arms. Nobody doubted the truth of the fact, especially as the ships and castle kept firing, and making signals that the enemy was in sight. The true reason of all this alarm was, that the garrison of Walmer Castle is, in this time of danger, defended by two women. Is it not a scandalous thing, that not one of the officers who receive salaries should reside at the castle? There is not so much as a single gunner there, and the porter is a pilot, and was then in London."

To

To fear, indeed, Mrs. Carter was never very subject, nor even when she felt it did she ever express it strongly. Her mind was too well regulated, and her passions too habitually under controul, to allow her to give way to frequent or violent emotions. The author of this account has several times seen her, when farther advanced in years, in real danger upon journies, from vicious horses and drunken postboys, in travelling in deep snows, and other situations of the same kind, but never heard her utter a scream, or shew any troublesome symptom of fear. "Nephew, do you think we can go on safely?" or, "Nephew, had I not better get out?" were her usual expressions in such cases; and when assured that there was no danger, or convinced that it could not be avoided, she became quite composed, laid herself back in the corner of the carriage, and shut her eyes, and then recommended herself in silence to that Almighty Protector, in whom she always put her trust.

But though the terror occasioned by "John Redman, of Walmer," soon subsided, the alarm occasioned by the expected invasion lasted at least during this winter, and the following one of 1745-6. Mrs. Carter was then on a visit at Dr. Lynch's, the Dean of Canterbury, by which she escaped a great deal of confusion which was then general along the coast. Considering the

analogy between those times; and the similar period which has so lately fallen under our own observation in the present as well as in the last war, some extracts of the letters which were addressed to Mrs. Carter upon this occasion, from her father and sister, seem sufficiently curious and interesting to deserve a place here.

LETTER I.

FROM DR. CARTER.

Deal, *Nov.* 9, 1745.

"My present scheme is to set out for Maidstone on Monday morning, to serve my King and my Country. You desired to know my opinion of public affairs. In one word, I fear they are bad. The Rebels, I suppose, are by this time at Carlisle. I had a private letter on Thursday night, acquainting me that the Rebels were marching to Carlisle, and had given the go-by to General Wade. The news last night confirms this account, with some additions very disagreeable."

LETTER II.

Deal, *Dec.* 15, 1745.

"Here was a most terrible alarm indeed on Tuesday night. I was at Dean *, and escaped it. Soon after twelve at night the drums beat to arms, and the soldiers were sent immediately to Dover; but nobody knew for what reason. As to my opinion of the invasion, I think we are in great danger. Every night we go to bed, I expect it before morning: however, I thank God, it very little breaks my rest. I cannot imagine that the French King will drop his design upon the present bad (as it may be thought) affairs of the Rebels; for in my opinion their affairs are far from being so bad as many seem to suppose. We know that their ships are already to a great number at Dunkirk, and are out in the road. And as the wind now is, I can't find that it is in our power (at best 'tis very hazardous) to prevent their landing to the Westward, if they resolutely attempt it. I have seen so much indifference and folly in almost all sorts of people, since our troubles began, that at some moments I am out of all patience. My prayers

* The seat of Sir George Oxenden between Deal and Canterbury.

are reduced to a short compass, "Impavidum feriant ruinæ." The children are not gone; I wish I knew where to dispose of them."

LETTER III.

Deal, *Dec.* 21, 1745.

"Yesterday evening Admiral Vernon sent a letter directed to John Norris, Esq., or in his absence to the Mayor of Deal, to say, that he had received intelligence that the French designed to land at Dungeness, from Calais and Boulogne; that their transports are got to those ports; that Lowendhal and the Pretender's son, and all the officers, are at Dunkirk, ready; that the Admiral was sending cruizers towards Dungeness, and intended to sail himself with part of his ships to-day; that he had ordered his cruizers, when they saw the enemy approaching, to hoist a jack at the mast head, and fire guns every half hour, for a signal to alarm the coast; and he desired Mr. Norris that the neighbouring towns should be acquainted with it.

"Thus far the Admiral. I have not heard that Norris or the Mayor have stirred at all in the matter. However, I luckily very soon got a copy of the Admiral's letter, and sent one to

Sir

Sir Narborough D'Aeth *, and another to Sir George Oxenden last night. I imagine Sir George will alarm Canterbury before you receive this. Admiral Martin is expected every hour with his squadron in the Downs; so that I do not apprehend we are in much danger here. I am not at all frightened; for I hope if they land they will not be able to make any considerable progress. I shall not move the children till I hear they are landed, and know where."

The letters from Mrs. Carter's sister, then a girl under twenty years of age, are, as might be supposed, less accurate, and more full of reports; but, perhaps, not less interesting.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS M. CARTER, AFTERWADS MRS. PENNINGTON.

(No Date.)

" My papa received a letter from London last night, in which he is informed by undoubted authority, that there are actually 12,000 forces on board the Transports at Dunkirk, with saddles for 1500 horse, and spare arms,

* Of Knolton, about seven miles from Deal. He was father of the present Baronet of the same name; and grandson of Admiral Sir John Narborough, Bart.

with design to invade Great Britain; but at what part is not known. Yesterday there came an express to Sir John Norris*; and at seven o'clock this morning the fleet sailed. Soon after them came a Custom-House officer, who saw this morning fourteen or fifteen sail of French, two miles on this side of Dungeness. Sir John has with him twenty ships of the line, besides others. God send he may defeat them. The mate of a packet, which came from France yesterday, says, a notion prevails there, that our King is in the Tower, and the Pretender's son invited here, as he is turned Protestant. 'Tis thought their design is on Scotland. My Papa is gone to Folkstone to see the fight. Pray for their success. The Lieutenancy of London, among whom was my uncle, waited on the King with a very loyal address, at which he seemed much pleased. They all kissed his hand."

LETTER II.

(No Date.)

"I am much obliged to you for the pains you have taken to dissipate my fears. Our

* Admiral Sir J. Norris, who had then the command of the Fleet in the Downs.

troops

troops in Flanders I doubt will be of little service. The Dutch, I know, are hourly expected; and are to be posted 3000 in Scotland, which has not a soldier in it, and the others in Essex. The French men of war yesterday sailed from Dunkirk roads. Sir John (*Norris*) has for this week had a man to watch their motions on the mast head; but, unluckily, they went by without being seen. The enemy went to the Westward: Sir Charles Hardy, I hope, will stop them. Our ships are not yet gone to Margate roads. Papa is half mad at this news, and is almost ready to go on board himself."

LETTER III.

(No Date.)

"We are much obliged to you for the concern you express for us touching the French. Our fears were certainly very great and trying; though myself, I think, had a remarkable and wonderful deal of courage. Papa looked extremely profound, Mama gaped, Polly* secured her money, and Betty† wrung her hands, lifted up her eyes, and roared most wonderfully. I could not, cruel as I was, forbear laughing most powerfully, for which I was much reproved.

* Afterwards Mrs. Douglas. † A maid-servant.

Four expresses, I think, were sent from hence in one day. Papa, concerning this affair, is all fire and fury, and cannot sit two minutes at a time in his chair. A tender was sent to see what ships they were, and returned yesterday with this answer, "that they did not go nearer them than within five miles; that 'twas foggy; that they really did not know what they were, but they believed they were Merchantmen; there *mought* be one man of war; there *mought* be five, or more, they could not say." Papa is, as you may suppose, most furiously angry; and the more so, as they have sent an express with this wise news. 'Twas reported the Pretender's son was on board."

LETTER IV.

(No Date.)

"I wish I could send you an account that would give you pleasure; but as that is impossible you must be content with hearing, that Papa went from Folkstone to Romney, where he saw, with vast pleasure, the English and French fleets but three miles from each other. Sir John (Norris) could get no farther that night, because the tide was spent, but intended the next morning to have attacked them; but Providenc

vidence ordered it otherwise, and defeated their designs. For in the night a most violent storm arose, the French ran away, and our fleet was blown nobody knows where. Sir John is much reflected on for not going before he sent Captains Gregory and Geary to Folkstone, who returned and said they saw no ships: on the other hand the Mayor of Romney soon after sent an express to tell him they were there, which was not at all regarded; and Sir John staid a day longer till the news was confirmed. The storm was so violent here, that I tremble while I relate the mischief it has done. Eleven ships were on our beach from Castle to Castle*. The melancholy scene before us would force tears from the most obdurate hearts. Papa was agreeably surprised on this side Romney by Sir George Oxenden, who, on seeing the fleets, was in the greatest spirits imaginable, but the next morning was as low. The Deal men say they never saw the sea look as it did yesterday in their lives. It is now quite abated; but 'tis a dreadful sight to behold the number of wrecks along the shore. 'Tis a great mercy that our fleet was not in the Downs."

* That is, between Sandown and Deal Castles, a space of about a mile, in which the town is situated.

LETTER V.

(No Date.)

"Yesterday war was proclaimed here with more solemnity than any thing of that kind ever was at Deal. Some of the officers of our Militia assisted, who make a better show than could have been imagined. Some Deal and Sandwich gentlemen have fitted out a privateer. I hope they will have success. 'Tis an honour to Deal to fit out the first privateer. Eight of the French men of war, which were off Romney, were driven by the storm on the rocks of La Hogue; and nine transports driven on shore at Dunkirk."

There are several more letters upon the same subject, which are omitted; but these serve to show the state of opinion upon the Coast at that time, and can hardly be read without reminding us of our own times. Yet surely it may justly be added, that these last seem to have greatly the advantage. There is hardly any body, I believe, in the present day, who has felt or witnessed the terror which seems by these letters then to have prevailed upon the Coast. The London

London newspapers have indeed expatiated upon it; and the false accounts inserted in them have served to terrify the cockneys, and the inland inhabitants; but on that part of the Coast nearest to, and most exposed to the enemy, my own personal knowledge convinces me that no such alarm has been experienced. It may also be observed, that great, and even enormous, as the power of the French Usurper now seems to be, yet our strength also appears to have encreased in perhaps at least as great a degree; so that we are probably much better able now to cope with the apparently overwhelming force of Buonaparte, than we were then with that of Louis XV. With regard to the relative strength of our Navy, even the most timorous allow, that no comparison can be made: and I believe it is now pretty universally allowed, even on the Continent, that the reputation of our armies is as high as that of any in Europe. And it can hardly be supposed, that in a similar situation any of our present Admirals would either wish, or even dare, to imitate the cold and cautious plan of Sir John Norris. Then also every man was doubtful of his neighbour's principles, and no one knew who could be depended upon; whereas now the whole country, (however divided as to political opinions of inferior consequence) seems completely united against our foreign

foreign enemies, and determined to oppose them even to the grave.

These observations may perhaps be deemed out of place, yet they appeared to arise naturally from the subject, and contain indeed not less Mrs. Carter's opinions, than those of the writer. It is to be lamented that none of her letters of this date (except that of which a part has been given) relate, unless in a very cursory manner, to this subject; and when she does mention it, she complains of the want of authentic information, and is therefore unwilling to enlarge upon it. At all times indeed she was extremely careful not to speak of, or even attend to, mere flying reports, either of a public or private nature; and she might therefore be expected to be particularly guarded in a matter of so much consequence.

About this time, in the year 1745, Mrs. Carter happened to be in company with a gentleman of no small consideration in that day, though his wit and talents are even already nearly forgotten, and his reputation is just sufficient to class him among the minor poets of the age. This incident shall be related in her own words, as written to a friend.

"I must tell you that the celebrated Mr. Paul Whitehead has been at Deal, with a family where I often visit: and it was my fate to be

once in his company much against my will; for having naturally as strong an antipathy to a wit, as some people have to a cat, I at first fairly run away to avoid it. However, at last I was dragged in, and condemned by my perverse fortune to hear part of a satyre just ready for the press. Considered as poetry and wit, it had some extremely fine strokes; but the vile practice of exalting some characters and abusing others, without any colour of truth or justice, has something so shocking in it, that the finest genius in the world cannot, I think, take from the horror of; and I had much ado to sit with any kind of patience to hear it out. Surely there is nothing more provoking than to see fine talents so wretchedly misapplied"

Of what satyre Mr. Whitehead read a part is not mentioned*; it must, however, have been one which was not published till after April, 1745, which is the date of this letter. But to this species of poetry Mrs. Carter had a greater dislike than to any other; even in the Latin poets. She thought it savoured very much of insolence, conceit, and ill-nature, and doubted whether it ever produced any good effects. When Mr. Pope says:

* It appears to have been the Satyre called *Honour*, which was published by Mr. Paul Whitehead in this same year.

——"I must

———" I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me.
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone."

Her opinion was, that there was much more of vanity than truth in the assertion; and that she did not believe that vice was ever much depressed, or virtue elevated, by the efforts of any Satirist*. One reason for which she hints at in the foregoing extract, that all satirical writers of every age and country uniformly extol those who are their friends, or of their own party, while they hold up to ridicule and abuse not only those who are really vicious, but all those who differ from themselves †. And thus their well known partiality prevents the little good which might otherwise be produced by such writers. Both Churchill and Pope are striking examples of the truth of these observations.

* Cowper was of the same opinion.

" What vice has it subdued? Whose heart reclaim'd
" By rigour, or whom laugh'd into reform?"

The TASK. Book 2d.

Mrs. Carter thought highly of that amiable and excellent man, and was very partial to his writings.

† Just as in the language of Cicero, " omnes boni," means nothing more than those of his own party, and vice versâ.

It has been mentioned before, that Mrs. Carter never made any considerable progress in the art of drawing. In a letter to Miss Talbot of this date she thus expresses herself concerning it.

" I congratulate you on the extreme pleasure you must take in so charming an amusement as painting, in which I am persuaded you must, as in every thing, excel. I have lately taken great pains to acquire some little notion of this delightful art; but with such wretched success, that I begin to lose my courage. I never had any kind of instruction but from two or three books, as utterly unintelligible to me as if they were written in the Calmuck language. In short I have nothing to assist me but industry, and a strong inclination; for genius I have none, and I want mightily to know whether one can make any progress without it; not that I expect, dear Miss Talbot, that you should inform me, for this is a circumstance of which you can have no idea. It would be a great pleasure to me to hear sometimes what particular work you are engaged in, and what sort of painting *you are most fond of."

* Mrs. Carter had a very fine landscape painted by Miss Talbot in water colours: it is now in the possession of the author of this account; as are some flowers admirably well painted by her from nature.

Miss

Miss Talbot was indeed most highly accomplished in the usual sense of the word; but this was one of the least of her merits, and would have been but a small recommendation to the friend to whom she was so warmly attached. But in her, piety, virtue, and genius were the foundation; and learning and accomplishments were the ornamental parts of the superstructure. Hence she was the delight of all who knew her. The grave and aged respected her for such virtues and devotion shewn in the bloom of youth, and the temptations of high life; and the gay and young loved her for the sweetness of her disposition, her unassuming temper, and the variety and charms of her conversation. She lived therefore in a great deal of company, and much in the great world, though still more in the good. She introduced her friend, Mrs. Carter, to many persons of note in both. Among these was Dr. Butler, then Bishop of Bristol, and afterwards of Durham, the learned and excellent author of the "Analogy;" and a man not less good and pious, than wise. He also distinguished Mrs. Carter by great regard and much attention. He had been the intimate friend of Mr. Talbot, and continued that friendship to his widow and daughter. He died in 1752, after a long and painful illness, much lamented by all who knew him. Another character.

racter, eminent in merit as well as station, to whom Mrs. Carter was introduced by her connection with Miss Talbot, was the excellent Dr. Benson, Bishop of Glocester. He also died in the same year, and not long after the Bishop of Durham. Miss Talbot's letters to Mrs. Carter, who was then at Deal, upon this subject, are so interesting and affecting, that some extracts from them can hardly be unacceptable to the reader.

LETTER I.

"The dangerous illness of one of our most dear and valued friends, the excellent Bishop of Durham, gives to every day a most painful anxiety for the coming in of the post from Bath. How rich have I been in friends, dear Miss Carter, and such friends as fall to the lot of few! Let me thankfully say how very rich *am* I! But the longer we live, the more are hour hearts attached to that first set of friends amongst whom one's life began, and whose manners, whose sentiments, whose kindnesses are more in agreement with our own ideas. One loves those that remain of such a set the more dearly, for the love they have borne to those of it that are gone first. He was my father's friend. I could almost say my remembrance of him goes back some

some years before I was born, from the lively imagery which the conversations I used to hear in my earliest years have imprinted on my mind. But from the first of my real remembrance I have ever known in him the kind affectionate friend, the faithful adviser, which he would condescend to when I was quite a child, and the most delightful companion, from a delicacy of thinking, an extreme politeness, a vast knowledge of the world, and a something peculiar, to be met with in nobody else. And all this in a man whose sanctity of manners, and sublimity of genius, gave him one of the first ranks among men, long before he was raised to that rank in the world which must still—if what I painfully fear should happen—aggravate such a loss, as one cannot but infinitely regret the good which such a mind in such a station must have done."

"But this is an idle, a wrong regret. Providence needs not this or that instrument: whatever Providence orders is best. Your very Epictetus—Heathen as he was, poor good man—can tell me that. And heartily I acquiesce. But you will not wonder that I am affected, that I am very low, because I see Mama low, I see my Lord affected*, we all live in suspence, and

* Dr. Secker, then Bishop of Oxford, and Dean of St. Paul's, from whence this letter is dated.

there

there is not a room in the house that does not peculiarly remind us of him who was so lately its possessor, and who has so often, so cheerfully, and hospitably received us in it. But who knows, there may be still a happy turn in his illness. Be that as it pleases God. Let me thankfully acknowledge that I have still nearer, still more valuable friends of the same beloved first set, as well as many excellent and beloved ones of a later date. Who indeed in this respect (and what other felicity but that which, alas, is in too great a degree unattainable, feeling ones self worthy of it, can equal this?) is so rich, so peculiarly happy and favoured as I am? And good Archbishop Tillotson has been telling me this morning, that this felicity is not one of the transitory kind: he has been soothing me with the thought that every painful parting here shall be but for a few years, and every one overpaid by a meeting never to part more. Were it not for this, what would every article of such a treasure be but a gilded dart that must some day or other give one the most cruel wound! But, God be thanked, to a Christian spirit no view of life or of death can be gloomy, no pain or suffering can be an evil, and all the proud boasts of Stoicism are literally true, and yet not inconsistent with the deepest humility."

Soon after the date of this letter the Bishop of Durham died: The letter from which the following extract is taken, was written about two months after that event.

LETTER II*.

" Once before your company was a great relief to me in a melancholy time. I had then just lost the dearest and best of friends, the excellent sister of this last departed saint. You knew her not, and I could not talk of her with you; of him we might talk by the hour; for who that ever saw him, as you have done, could ever be weary of the pleasing subject? Pleasing it is to know by one's own happy experience, that there are such beings in human nature, such amiable and benevolent spirits, so fitted for a higher state

* Since the publication of the first Edition of these Memoirs, the Author has been informed, from unquestionable authority, that this second Letter refers to the death of the exemplary and amiable Bishop of Glocester, Dr. Benson; and not to that of Bishop Butler. The Bishop of Glocester was Mrs. Secker's brother. The Author's mistake arose from the circumstance of Miss Talbot's not mentioning the Bishop's name in this letter, which led him to suppose, that it related to the same fatal event which she was expecting when she wrote the other.

of

of existence. What a loss does the world sustain in such a man, who shewed goodness in its most engaging form, who was a ministering angel upon earth to all the blessed purposes of a gracious Providence! But that Providence can at all times raise up fit instruments to fulfil its all-wise purposes. To that let us leave the care of the world, of ourselves poor passengers through it. May we everlastingly be the better for the examples of those excellent persons who are removed from us! May our spirits be always supported by the transporting hope of meeting them again! Mine have a great deal to support them in the inestimable blessings which it pleases God still to continue to me. And indeed, dear Miss Carter, I am at heart truly cheerful and thankful, though continually my heart is softened into unfeigned sorrow by the recollection of those most delightful hours, which in this world we must never more enjoy, and of those painful weeks which closed a life so beneficent, so exemplary. But it was exemplary to its latest moments. Never had Christianity a nobler triumph over exquisite pain and long approaching death than in him. He was not only resigned but joyful; and though impatient for a better world, yet submitting with the sweetest patience to a lingering continuance in this."

It is perhaps difficult to say whether these letters do most honour to the Bishops who were the subject of them, or to the lady, who was the writer; to all, however, they are highly creditable; and when the very high character of each of them is considered, they will hardly be deemed uninteresting, though they may be thought misplaced. But a censure like this will be willingly submitted to, in the humble hope that the insertion of these letters may be productive of some good; that the young, the gay, and the unthinking, may possibly peruse in a book like this what they would have refused to read in a graver work; and that some beneficial effect may be produced in their minds from this well drawn picture of a Christian death, this affecting expression of Christian hopes.

Although Mrs. Carter passed a good deal of her time with her friends at Canterbury and in London, yet she had not for many years after this period any establishment of her own, either at Deal or in London; but her father's house was still her home. In the year 1746 Miss Talbot requested her by letter to inform her how she spent her time at Deal. She complied with her desire in the following minute and humourous account.

"As you desire a full and true account of my whole life and conversation, it is necessary in the

the first place you should be made acquainted with the singular contrivance by which I am called in the morning. There is a bell placed at the head of my bed, and to this is fastened a packthread and a piece of lead, which, when I am not lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane, is conveyed through a crevasse of my window into a garden below, pertaining to the Sexton, who gets up between four and five, and pulls the said packthread with as much heart and good-will as if he was ringing my knell. By this most curious invention I make a shift to get up, which I am too stupid to do without calling. Some evil-minded people of my acquaintance have most wickedly threatened to cut my bell-rope, which would be the utter undoing of me; for I should infallibly sleep out the whole summer. And now I am up, you may be like enquire to what purpose. I sit down to my several lessons as regular as a school-boy, and lay in a stock of learning to make a figure with at breakfast; but for this I am not ready. My general practice about six is to take up my stick and walk, sometimes alone, and at others with a companion, whom I call in my way, and draw out half asleep, and consequently incapable of reflecting on the danger of such an undertaking; for to be sure she might just as well trust herself

to the guidance of a jack-a-lanthorn: however, she has the extreme consolation of grumbling as much as she pleases without the least interruption, which she does with such a variety of comical phrases, that I generally laugh from the beginning to the end of our journey. I must make you a little acquainted with her, by telling you it was she who versified the proclamation of the immortal John Redman of Walmer*. Many are the exercises of patience she meets with in our peregrination, sometimes half roasted with the full glare of sunshine upon an open common, then dragged through a thread-paper path in the middle of a corn field, and bathed up to the ears in dew, and at the end of it perhaps forced to scratch her way through the bushes of a close shady lane, never before frequented by any animal but birds. In short, towards the conclusion of our walk, we make such deplorable ragged figures, that I wonder some prudent country justice does not take us up for vagrants, and cramp our rambling genius in the stocks.

* Mentioned before as the man who gave the alarm at Deal. His announcing himself was by this young lady thus versified:

"I John Redman of Walmer
Am come with a horrible clamour,
To tell of a very great rout,
But I don't know what 'tis about."

An

An apprehension that does not half so much fright me, as when some civil swains pull off their hats, and I hear them signifying to one another, with a note of admiration, that *I am Parson Carter's daughter.* I had much rather be accosted with "good morrow, sweet-heart," or "are you walking for a wager." When I have made myself fit to appear among human creatures we go to breakfast, and are, as you imagined, extremely chatty; and this, and tea in the afternoon, are the most sociable and delightful parts of the day. Our family is now reduced to my eldest sister, and a little boy, who is very diverting at other times; but over our tea every body is so eager to talk, that all his share in the conversation is only to stare and eat prodigiously. We have a great variety of topics, in which every body bears a part, till we get insensibly upon books; and whenever we go beyond Latin and French, my sister and the rest walk off, and leave my father and me to finish the discourse, and the tea-kettle by ourselves, which we should infallibly do, if it held as much as Solomon's molten sea. I fancy I have a priviledge for talking a vast deal over the tea-table, as I am tolerably silent the rest of the day. After breakfast every one follows their several employments. My first care is to water the pinks and roses, which are stuck in about

twenty different parts of my room; and when this task is finished, I sit down to a spinnet, which, in its best state, might have cost about fifteen shillings, with as much importance as if I knew how to play. After deafening myself for about half an hour with all manner of noises, I proceed to some other amusement, that employs me about the same time; for longer I seldom apply to any thing; and thus between reading, working, writing, twirling the globes, and running up and down stairs an hundred times to see where every body is, and how they do, which furnishes me with little intervals of talk, I seldom want either business or entertainment. Of an afternoon I sometimes go out, not so often, however, as in civility I ought to do; for it is always some mortification to me not to drink tea at home. It is the fashion here for people to make such unreasonable long visits, that before they are half over I grow so restless and corky, that I am ready to fly out of the window. About eight o'clock I visit a very agreeable family, where I have spent every evening for these fourteen years. I always return precisely at ten, beyond which hour I do not desire to see the face of any living wight: and thus I finish my day, and this tedious description of it, which you have so unfortunately drawn upon yourself."

This

This letter gives an admirable account of the manner in which Mrs. Carter spent her time at Deal; and she continued to pass the day there much in the same variety of occupations even till very far advanced in years. The spinnet indeed had been very long neglected, but it retained its place in her dressing room to the day of her death; though it was then so far from being capable of deafening with its noise, that it had not a single key that would produce any sound at all. Her fondness for shrubs and flowers continued, and she used to visit them with much delight, perhaps every hour, in a small garden in the summer, and in different rooms of the house in winter. Till a very few years before she died she still took her morning walks. She was extremely fond of the prospect of the sea, and of the dry, healthy, and pleasant country in the neighbourhood of her native town. To the town itself, and its inhabitants, she was very partial; and till she grew weak and infirm, mixed very frequently in their society *. Though many of her neighbours there wanted

* "I thank God I am not in such a situation as to be excluded from all agreeable society. For though there is not a great deal of company in this place, there are some people whom I sincerely love and esteem, and in whose conversation I spend many very happy hours. They are so

wanted a learned education, and were unable to converse on literary subjects, yet she considered that it must be the same in every place, and in every society. Many of them were endeared to her by long habits of friendship or acquaintance; and with others, where she was on a footing of less intimacy, she mixed in company, played cards, paid and received morning visits, and wished not to be distinguished from her neighbours, and to be upon civil, and even friendly terms with them. They, on their part, paid her much respect and attention; and the common people there, who are for the most part bred to the sea, and rough, though not rude, in their manners, considered her presence as an honour and blessing to the town, and looked upon her almost as an object of veneration*. Indeed,

so good as to express a satisfaction in my being among them; and I feel a very affecting pleasure in studying to oblige and entertain them as well as I can."

This is the manner in which Mrs. Carter expressed herself to Miss Talbot on this subject, in a letter dated from Deal, August 1749; and her sentiments continued the same upon it to the close of her life.

* About thirty-five years before she died, Mrs. Carter had planted in a little court before her house, an acorn, which produced a tree now large and flourishing, and of which she used to say with great pleasure, that it was the most eastern oak in his Majesty's dominions. When, after her

Indeed, not to mention her character in other respects, the gentle civility of her manners, and her extensive and well applied charities among them, justly entitled her to their regard.

To any one who knew Mrs. Carter in these latter days, the letter given above must appear singularly curious, from the circumstance of the same little peculiarities attending her to the last, which she describes at that early period. She used to say, that the varying her occupations prevented her from being ever tired with them; and, accordingly, she hardly ever read or worked for more than half an hour at a time, and then she would visit for a few minutes any of her relations who were staying in her house, in their respective apartments, or go into her

her decease, her house and this court were altering and enlarging for the author of these Memoirs, several of the seafaring neighbours applied to him, hoping that he would not cut down that oak; and one of them added, that it ought to go down to posterity, like Shakespeare's mulberry tree. And when he was erecting a monument to her in Deal Chapel, several of them expressed their hopes that the epitaph might mention that she was born at Deal. Some lines upon this oak, from the elegant pen of Miss Knight, will appear in the Appendix.

The author trusts that it is almost needless to add, that no considerations should tempt him to neglect or destroy that tree.

garden,

garden. Before this time indeed, when she was acquiring the immense stock of learning which she possessed, she studied very hard, and for many hours together. But great ſtudy was not required to keep what she had gained; and indeed her frequent head-achs, and other complaints, did not admit of it. Her general rule, when in health, was to read before breakfaſt two chapters in the Bible, a sermon (among which she gave the preference to Clarke's, Secker's, some of Sherlock's, and all those of the present Bishop of London) some Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. After breakfast she read some part of every language with which she was acquainted, so that she never allowed herself to forget what she had once known. These occupations were of course varied according to circumstances; and when her health and the weather permitted her to take long walks before breakfast, some part of this course of reading was obliged to be deferred till later in the day.

When she was staying with any of her friends in London, her time muſt neceſſarily have been employed in a very different manner from what it was in the country. Here the variety of company into which her own merit, and the connections of her friends, introduced her, must have occupied a great part of her time. At the Bishop of Oxford's, as well as in other places, she

she met with many persons of literature; among them was William Duncombe, Esq. a gentleman of character and fortune, well known in the literary world. He afterwards, with the assistance of his son *, translated Horace, and in this undertaking wished to have the benefit of Mrs. Carter's talents and judgment. I do not believe, however, that he received much assistance from her, excepting some criticisms on different passages of that author, whom she understood extremely well, and used to read with much pleasure.

Mr. Duncombe corresponded with Mrs. Carter for some years, and appears to have been a very sincere friend to her. He proposed several schemes for her advantage (for he had very considerable connections and acquaintance) but she

* The Rev. John Duncombe, of Canterbury, Vicar of Hearne, &c. &c. a clergyman of much respectability as well as learning. He married Miss Highmore, who survived him, and is still living. This lady's various accomplishments, her worth, and literary knowledge, have been admired in the world for many years. Mrs. Carter lived on very intimate terms of friendship with her, and had a very sincere and affectionate regard for her. Mr. J. Duncombe was also author of the Feminiad, a poem printed in 1754; the design of which was to celebrate modern, and for the most part living, female writers. Among these are some very just, though highly complimentary, lines upon Mrs. Carter.

declined

declined them all, because they would have interfered with her darling independence, and perhaps have been some obſtacle to her studies. Mr. Duncombe's firſt letter is curious, as it gives an account of his plan in tranſlating Horace.

To Mrs. CARTER.

"Though I have ſometimes the pleaſure of hearing you are well from Miss H———, yet I feel ſo ſtrong an impulſe to write myſelf to dear Miss Carter that it will not be reſiſted. I have ſome reaſon to believe that there has been formerly ſome acquaintance between our families. But however that may be, lovers of learning, you know, are citizens of the world, and receive one another as ſuch.

"Without farther preamble, I will now open to you one of my ſchemes in the literary way.

"I have collected all the Odes of Horace that have been tranſlated or paraphraſed by the moſt eminent hands viz. Roſcommon, Dryden, Atterbury, Addiſon, Baron Gilbert, Hughes, and ſome others; and from time to time (as I was in the humour) for above twenty years paſt, tranſlated now and then an Ode, by way of amuſement, till at laſt I finiſhed the whole; I mean the four books of Odes, and the Carmen Seculare, for my ſcheme went no farther. I

have also writ large notes upon 'em, critical and historical. A bold undertaking this! you will probably say; and so indeed it is. But I have the happiness of being acquainted with some very good critics, and am not above taking the advice of my friends. No Ode that is indecent will be admitted.

"My son offered me his assistance last summer for the Epodes, which was accepted, and he has translated as many of them as were fit to be translated, much to my liking; but the second Epode by Dryden will be adopted. I should have observed, that he has not yet translated those relating to Canidia. (Excuse the jingle.)

"Methinks I now hear Miss Carter say, You seem to forget that there is just published an excellent translation of Horace by Mr. Francis! Not so fast, good Madam, I have not forgot it: I have read it with pleasure, and commend it; and yet I am not discouraged.

"My translation of the twenty-ninth Ode of the first Book, (to Iccius, a philosopher) was printed in a Miscellany above thirty years ago, and afterwards in a Collection of Odes published by Tonson. Mr. F. has done me the honour to borrow great part of it; so that I seem to have a right to make reprisals upon him, if needful. I inclose the thirty-first Ode of the first Book

by

by way of specimen; and choose that, 1st. because it is short, and 2dly. because I like the sentiments in it. Be assured that you cannot do me a greater pleasure than by giving me your corrections with the utmost freedom. I should be extremely glad to enrich this work with any thing from Horace *de votre façon.*

"Being lately to visit the A. B. of C———*, I found he had been reading Fairfax's translation of Tasso, which he justly applauded. The critics, said he, condemn the story of Erminia, because it is of the pastoral kind, but for my part I think it the prettiest thing in the whole book. His Lordship repeated with approbation these lines from Gould's verses prefixed to it:—

> "Our language is at best, and it will fail
> As th' inundation of French words prevail:
> Let Waller be our standard; all beyond,
> Tho' spoke at court, is foppery and fond."

"I was lately in company with Miss Harriet Cowper, a reigning toast, who shewed her good taste by repeating, in a sort of rapture, the *Ode to Wisdom.*

"If I can be of service to you in town, you may freely command me, for, without all compliment, it would give me the most sincere

* Dr. Herring, then Archbishop of Canterbury.

pleasure

pleasure to have any opportunity of approving myself,

Madam,

Your affectionate humble servant,

WM. DUNCOMBE."

Frith-street, Soho,
8th March, 1749.

"P. S. The following Epigram, addressed to Mr. Mason, of Cambridge, was writ by my son, who is now at his College:—

"Soft harmony has Handel crown'd,
Titian for painting is renown'd,
And Dryden for poetic ease:
These all with different beauties please.
But Mason can at once inspire
The pen, the pencil, and the lyre;
And Dryden's ease the Nine impart,
With Titian's skill and Handel's art."

"I was roused this morning at half an hour after five by another shock of an earthquake. What judgments may be coming upon us, God only knows; but these warnings are very dreadful."

Mrs. Carter's answer to that part of this letter which related to Horace is as follows:—

"I am much obliged to you for the communication of your scheme of Horace, and wish you well through such an arduous undertaking. The

notes you mention must certainly be very useful, and might let an English reader into the history of the court of Augustus, and be very entertaining. Mr. Francis's translation I never saw."

Mr. Duncombe was much connected with the literary world: his account of the reception of the Rambler can hardly be deemed uninteresting. He thus speaks of it in a subsequent letter:—"The Rambler gains ground every day, *viresque acquirit eundo.* It is a very rational performance, but I doubt wants more sprinklings of humour to make it popular. I am told that Miss Talbot is of the same opinion. Mr. Richardson had lately the honour of a visit at his house at North End, Hammersmith, from the Bishops of Oxford and Gloucester, and Mrs. and Miss Talbot. I am much more intimate with him now than I was when you were in town. The more I know, the better I like him. He is a hearty well-wisher to you and yours.

"Mr. Richardson says, as he believes you are quite reconciled to him *, he designs, with your leave, to print the Ode to Wisdom *entire*, in the next edition of Clarissa. In the second

* See his letter to Mrs. Carter given before.

edition,

edition, a few stanzas only were inserted with the music."

Clarissa was translated into Dutch in the year 1752; and with it, the "Ode to Wisdom" was given in Dutch verse, and set to music. It is said to be well done. The author was Mr. Stinstra, of Groningen.

It appears that Mrs. Carter did however translate for Mr. Duncombe one Ode of Horace, the fifteenth of the first Book, which is inserted in his work, as by a lady. No copy of it remains in Mrs. Carter's writing*, which is accounted for by her own request to Mr. Duncombe, in the following extract from her letter to him on this occasion:—

To WM. DUNCOMBE, Esq.

Deal, December 14, 1751.

"Dear Sir,

"I should have sooner acknowledged the favour of your letter, but for this last fortnight my untoward head has given me so much pain, that I have been absolutely good for nothing. I return your Odes; and as I should be sorry to appear unwilling to what you call obliging you, I have attempted a translation of the

* It is reprinted in the present edition of her Poems, from Mr. Duncombe's Horace.

prophecy of Nereus, and *talem qualem* you have it, though I really think it is by no means well done. If you should think fit to make use of it, I should chuse my name might be concealed, unless you should have any inclination to shew it to Miss Mulso *, to whose knowledge of the author I have no objection. I had the pleasure of a charming letter from her last night, and two most beautiful odes. To you I am extremely obliged for procuring me a sight of one of them, and to her own voluntary good nature for the other."

Mr. Duncombe, however, praised this translation very highly, though he proposed to the

* Afterwards Mrs. Chapone, and well known and much respected under that name. Her letters on the Improvement of the Mind are to be found in every library. She wrote also some highly finished poems and essays, dedicated to Mrs. Carter, among which is the much admired Ode prefixed to Mrs. Carter's Epictetus. Mrs. Carter had a very high opinion of this lady's talents and merit, and lived always with her in the most friendly intimacy. There was a correspondence between them for many years, Mrs. Chapone's share of which has since been published by her family, having been returned to them by Mrs. Carter's executor, at Mr. Mulso, her nephew's desire, who informed him that Mrs. Carter's letters were burnt, with many others, after Mrs. Chapone's decease.

author

author to make some small verbal alterations in it. That particular ode was selected at his own request, as he said he had never seen a good translation of it. This was the only assistance that he received from Mrs. Carter, excepting a good deal of criticism upon particular parts of Horace, and some explanations of obscure passages, concerning which Mr. Duncombe did not always agree with her.

About this time, the late Mr. Hawkins Browne published his celebrated Latin poem on the Immortality of the Soul. He was acquainted with Mrs. Carter, and wished for her opinion of that work while it was in MS. Mr. Duncombe, who was a friend of both, sent it to her with a letter, of which the following is an extract:—

"Mr. Browne desires me to forward these lines to you, with Mrs. Browne's and his compliments, &c. They are, he says, just writ, and designed, if approved of, to be inserted in his poem. He begs you will send him a critique on them with the utmost freedom. You may copy any lines that you like for yourself, and then return the papers with your thoughts upon them. He desires particularly to know your opinion of these lines, 'Quid memorem,' &c. to 'oblita priorem:' whether he shall insert or omit them. He hesitates about them. He and Mrs. Browne are in great distress:

their charming boy has been some time ill of a violent fever; and though thought to be better, it seems still doubtful whether he will recover. I hope in God that these lines will not be applicable to him *:—

"Heu! minime cum reris, in ipso flore juventæ
Mors inopina Domûs spem protinus abripit omnem."

In a subsequent letter Mr. Duncombe says, "Mr. Browne designs to write to you, and to send you his whole poem in MS. The Archbishop (Dr. Herring) is highly pleased with it †."

Mrs. Carter, like the rest of the world, very highly approved of this learned and excellent work; and says in her answer, "I heartily wish he may be prevailed on to attempt something on the same subject in English. They are very beautiful, and I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing the whole poem in print. I shall be truly rejoiced to hear that Mr. and Mrs.

* Happily for his parents, his friends, and the world in general, they were not. J. H. Browne, Esq. is still, as he has been in several previous successive Parliaments, M. P. for Bridgnorth. For this gentleman Mrs. Carter always entertained the highest regard and esteem, which he repaid by the most flattering and constant attention and respect even to the close of her life.

† It was dedicated to his Grace, and printed in 1754.

Browne

Browne are happy in the perfect recovery of their charming little boy."

To Miss Talbot, however, Mrs. Carter spoke in still higher terms of this admirable work. "I have just been making," says she, "some little foolish remarks upon a very excellent poem, which I hope will soon be published, on the Immortality of the Soul. It is written by Mr. Browne, and I extremely regret its being in Latin, though perhaps it may be just as intelligible to many of our pretty free thinking fellows as if he had wrote it in plain English. Mrs. Browne would have had me undertake to translate it, but I could as soon have built a house.

When the translation of Horace was quite completed, Mr. Duncombe sent it to Mrs. Carter for her corrections. Her general opinion of the work as a whole, may be collected from the letter which accompanied the return of it to the author; which may be supposed to be as favourable a report as she could make. In this she says, "I have made a few remarks upon Horace, but a perfect correction of them needs a more judicious critic than I. It is well and closely translated, but the poetry in some places wants a little heightening. The Ode to Bacchus, which I believe must be a very difficult one, appears to me to be translated with the

most spirit of any of them. I think we have formerly had some altercation, without any conviction on either side, on the subject of pauses at the end of a line; which, in small pieces of poetry particularly, I cannot help thinking quite necessary." This was dated in January, 1793.

During this correspondence, Mrs. Carter does not appear to have had any particular literary pursuit, though she was much pressed by her friends to undertake some work of more consequence than what she had hitherto published. To this, however, she seemed but little inclined. Fame she never courted, but was so feelingly alive to censure, as to dread the exposing herself to it, or indeed to the observation of the world at all. Her character was truly feminine, however strong the powers of her mind might be; and even to the last, she shrunk from too much notice, and felt a certain timidity in company whenever her friends brought her forward in too strong a light. Literary and religious conversation was her great pleasure, as those subjects formed her most interesting studies; yet she was also very fond of works of mere fancy, provided there was nothing in them contrary to religion and morality. True genuine humour, as distinguished from broad farce, if unattended by ill-nature or ribaldry, she

she enjoyed very highly; and though there was not much of what is generally called wit in her own conversation, yet it was always interesting, sometimes humourous and lively, but never stupid or prosing. No one indeed could be more sensible to the fascinating powers of wit than she was; but then it must be such as sparkled in the elegant vivacity of her friend Mrs. Montagu's conversation, not such as captivates the *profanum vulgus*, too often immoral, and sometimes indecent.

This lady, who was about two or three years younger than herself, was one of her earliest as well as one of her latest friends in the great world. She was too well known in it to make it necessary to tell in these Memoirs who she was*. Her beauty in youth, her great endowments and powers of mind in maturity, added to her own and Mr. Montagu's high connections and large property, made her the delight of that elevated station in life, which she was so peculiarly calculated to enjoy, as well as to

* To this lady's friendship for Mrs. Carter, the author of these sheets is indebted for his Christian name, for many obliging attentions, and for a journey to Paris for four months in the year 1776, with herself, Miss Gregory, now Mrs. Alison (daughter of the late Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh) and her nephew and heir, Matthew Montagu, Esq. of Portman-square.

adorn.

adorn. She was indeed the ornament of every society; and the Latin adage, applied by Dr. Johnson to Goldsmith, might with equal propriety, be said of her—*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit* *.

Their friendship began early, and continued, without interruption, till the end of Mrs. Montagu's life. It was both intimate and affectionate; and there was a regular correspondence between them, during every absence, from the year 1754. It is much to be lamented, that the request of Mrs. Carter to the author of this sketch of her life, mentioned before, prevents him from publishing this series of her letters, as well as some others in his possession. They are such as would do honour to all the parties concerned in them, and might perhaps even be of service to the world. Such was at least the opinion of an excellent judge, a very amiable as well as intimate friend both of Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Montagu, the late Mrs. Vesey †, to

* This elegant and comprehensive expression has also, I think, been somewhere applied, and very justly, to Mr. Burke.

† Wife to Agmondesham Vesey, Esq. of Lucan, near Dublin, and of Clarges-street, London. He was a gentleman of large fortune, and ancient family, and was a Member of Parliament in Ireland. He died some years before Mrs. Vesey.

whom

whom one of Mrs. Carter's Poems was addressed. This lady desired Mrs. Carter's letters to be returned to her with the following affecting note, not to be sent till after her decease.

To Mrs. CARTER.

"*Lucan, Nov.* 22, 1774.

"Accept, my dear Mrs. Carter, my last thanks for the benefit and delight of your friendship and conversation. Perhaps at the time you open this box I shall have still more reason to be grateful*. I leave you Mrs. Dunbar's † picture, and the inestimable treasure of your own letters, wishing much you would give them for the improvement of future minds. You will be still doing that good you loved upon earth, when you are removed to those happy regions where I wish I could deserve to meet you."

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* Alluding to the pains which Mrs. Carter had taken to explain and remove some religious difficulties which had oppressed Mrs. Vesey's mind.

† Now the relict of Joshua Iremonger, Esq. of Whorwell, Hants. She was a very dear and intimate friend of both ladies.

Even

Even this interesting recommendation, a communication, as it were, from the grave, from a friend whom she dearly loved, and highly respected, did not produce the desired effect*. She always alledged, that many things, either allusions to passing events, or the common chit chat of society, might injure, if published, the characters of those who were gone, or wound the feelings of those who remain. That this is the case, with respect to many collections of letters, is sufficiently known; but all who were acquainted with Mrs. Carter, need not be told that no kind of calumny or ridicule found a place either in her conversation or letters, that she was always ready and desirous to excuse, or

* It is not certain, however, that Mrs. Carter ever saw this note, for it was on the top of the inside of the parcel which contained her letters, returned to her after Mrs. Vesey's death, which perhaps she never opened; at least I never heard her mention it. Mrs. Vesey did not die till several years after the date of this letter, and was for some time previously in a most afflicting state of mental imbecility. During this period, Mrs. Carter never omitted, while in London, to go every day to see her unhappy friend, though she was wholly incapable of conversing with her, and probably not conscious of her presence. Mrs. Carter thought she might know her, and it might give her comfort, though she was unable to express it; and however it affected herself, she never indulged her feelings at the expence of what she considered a duty.

throw

throw a veil over the common failings of humanity, and that nothing raised her indignation but vice persisted in, or daring impiety.

It has been mentioned before, that Dr. Carter had a large family: Henry, the youngest of these by his second wife, was designed for the Church, and his father began his education himself. After some years, however, Dr. Carter's health and spirits being then depressed, and his mind and time much engaged by other occupations, Mrs. Carter offered to take upon herself the sole care of the education of this her youngest brother. The offer was gladly accepted; and with unwearied pains, and the most maternal attention, notwithstanding an aching head, and the variety of her own studies, she completed her task. In the year 1756, her pupil was entered at Cambridge, a pensioner of Bene't College. The important event of his previous examination, Dr. Carter announced to his daughter by letter in these words:—

"My dear,

"I imagine you will want to know how your pupil went through his trial at Cambridge. I suppose the apprehensions he was under from the expected examination had no small effect upon his spirits. He was examined first by two of the Fellows, and last by the Master, who all well

well approved of him. I saw only the Master, and one of the other, both of which spoke in his praise."

Mr. Henry Carter is perhaps the only instance of a student at Cambridge who was indebted for his previous education to one of the other sex; and this circumstance excited no small surprize there, when it was enquired, after his examination, at what school he had been brought up. He passed through the University with reputation, and has for many years possessed the living of Little Wittenham, in Berkshire, then in the gift of the Oxenden family, and given to him by Sir George as soon as he was able to hold it *.

For several years previous to the completion of her brother's education, Mrs. Carter was so much engaged with him, as to spend but little time from Deal. Having devoted herself to this task, she considered it a duty to attend conscientiously to it, and indeed, from the manner

* Mr. Henry Carter has four sons living, of whom the two eldest, Benjamin and Charles, are Post Captains in the Royal Navy. Thomas is a Captain in the Royal Marines, and George is in Holy Orders. He had also a daughter Elizabeth, who married the Rev. William Palmer, of Ilton, Somerset, and died, leaving issue four children.

in

in which she speaks of her pupil in some of her letters at this time, it seems as if it soon became a source of pleasure also to her. She resisted therefore all the pressing solicitations of Miss Talbot, and her other friends, to spend part of the winter, during these years, with them in London; and however strong the temptation to comply with them might be, she persevered in fulfilling the engagement she had made. But her leisure hours were well employed, since to them the world owes her greatest work, and that which principally contributed to make her known, the translation of Epictetus.

This was undertaken, as will appear by the following letters, at the desire of Miss Talbot, enforced by the Bishop of Oxford. It was begun in the summer of the year 1749; and was sent up in sheets, as fast as it was finished, for the entertainment of Miss Talbot, and to receive the Bishop's corrections. It was not originally designed for publication; and therefore at first some chapters were omitted, as not being likely to give her friend any pleasure, which were afterwards translated, and added in their proper place.

Mrs. Carter was therefore in her thirty-second year when she began this great and very difficult work; and as she wrote it leisurely, as her time would allow, which was then much occupied

pied by her brother's education, it was not finished till the year 1756. The following extracts concerning this work, from Mrs. Carter's correspondence with the Bishop and Miss Talbot, are peculiarly interesting, not only on account of the circumstances attending so remarkable a translation, but because the Dissertations concerning the morality of Epictetus, and the enquiry how far it was likely to be influenced by the Christian writings, then pretty generally dispersed abroad and known, must be very acceptable to the world.

Miss Talbot was a woman not only of elegant accomplishments, but deeply read, and possessed of no inconsiderable share of learning. She was well skilled in the Latin, as well as in the modern languages; but the shining part of her character, like that of her friend, was her piety; a piety not kept, as is too often the case, for mere Sunday uses, but such as mixed in all her conversations, and every employment of life. She seems, therefore, to have feared, that to those whose minds were not completely sensible of the truth of the doctrines of the Christian Religion, the Stoical opinions of Epictetus might do hurt. Could this, however, have been the case, the notes which Mrs. Carter added to the translation, would probably have been a sufficient antidote to the poison.

In

In printing this part of Mrs. Carter's correspondence, there does not seem to be any breach of her injunctions on this head to her executor, both because it merely concerns a literary, as well as religious, subject, and because the letters are all properly arranged and dated, as if for publication, by Mrs. Carter herself, and the names of persons mentioned in them carefully erased. It must, however, be sufficiently evident to every person who reads them with attention, that they never could have been written with that view. It is moreover particularly delightful to see a man of Archbishop Secker's learning, eminence, and, in general, loftiness of character, as it were in his every day clothes. But though indeed Dr. Secker's manners were not usually considered as prepossessing, (one satisfactory apology for which may be found in his constant bad health, as is well stated by the distinguished Prelate who wrote his life) yet nothing could be more easy and pleasant than his intercourse with his own family and particular friends. One instance of this, among many, Mrs Carter used to relate with much satisfaction. She was complaining to him one day in the palace at Lambeth of the unfair manner in which our translators have rendered the 12th and thirteenth verses of the 7th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians; that

for the evident purpose of supporting the superiority of the husband, they had translated the same verb (αφιεναι, and αφιεω) as applied to the husband, *put away*, and as applied to the wife, *leave; Let him not put her away*, and *Let her not leave him.* The Archbishop denied the fact, and asserted that the words in the original were not the same; but finding his antagonist obstinate, "Come with me, Madam Carter," said he at length, "to my study, and be confuted." They went, and his Grace, on consulting the passage, instead of being angry that he was found to be in the wrong, said with the utmost good humour, "No, Madam Carter, 'tis I that must be confuted, and you are in the right."

The following extracts from the correspondence, are relative to, or illustrative of, Epictetus. From this first of them it will be seen, that the translation was begun in consequence of some conversation that had passed between Miss Talbot and Mrs. Carter, when they were together; and that Mrs. Carter entered upon her task upon her return from London to Deal, in May 1749.

FROM MRS. CARTER TO MISS TALBOT.

Deal, *June* 20, 1749.

"I have really no patience with the translations I have inclosed you, for they appear to me neither sense nor language; but I had much rather give you proof that I can write obscure and bad English, than that I could refuse to attempt at least any thing which you command me."

The Bishop of Oxford, however thought very differently of the merit of the translation, as appears by Miss Talbot's answer to the letter which contained the foregoing passage.

MISS TALBOT TO MRS. CARTER.

"I trust to your honour in venturing back two of your translations, which I send inclosed; for remember they are mine, and must be returned. I give you a thousand thanks for having thus far complied with my request, and I hope at leisure hours you will go on with the same excellent work.

"The Bishop of Oxford says your translation is a very good one; and, if it has any fault, it is only that of being not close enough, and writ in too smooth and too ornamented a style.

Epictetus was a plain man, and spoke plainly; a translation that should express this would, he thinks, preserve more the spirit of the original, and give an exacter notion of it. The next day after I had your pacquet, he wrote down the two hasty translations I have inclosed to explain what he means. This is all he has to say, except that he much hopes you go on in a work you are so well fitted for, and for which I hope to be much the wiser. Should you leave off now, I should almost be tempted to think that you take this critique amiss; but indeed if you knew how much I admire these specimens, you would, I am sure, gratify me with more, provided the application does you no harm, and does not hinder you from being employed in any way you like better. You will be so good to return me both your translations, and my Lord's, when you have compared them."

To Miss TALBOT.

" Return my most sincere thanks to my Lord for the instructions he has been so good to give me about Epictetus, which I will endeavour to observe. I have not done any more, for I really thought what I sent you so wretchedly ill translated, that I had no heart to make any further attempt. I believe I had some important

portant thing to say in defence of my passion for ornament, and to have drawn in poor Epictetus to assist me; but my head is really so confused, that I cannot tell what I mean."

From Miss TALBOT.

"My Lord desires to hear all you can say in behalf of ornaments; but unless you can prove to him that Epictetus wore a laced coat, he will not allow you to dress him in one. You are welcome, I dare say to the copy, [of what the Bishop had translated] and pray go on and translate."—P.S. [*In the Bishop's hand-writing.*]

"Let me speak a word for myself: why would you change a plain, home, awakening preacher into a fine, smooth, polite writer, of what nobody will mind? Answer me that, dear Miss Carter."

Mrs. CARTER to the BISHOP of OXFORD.

"It must be acknowledged, my Lord, that the Enchiridion is merely plain common sense; but is not Arrian's Commentary much less simple? The reasoning often requires a much closer attention than the generality of readers are willing to bestow, and in some places appears even

abrupt and unconnected; should it not, therefore seem necessary to translate such a book rather in a paraphrastical way? With regard to style, one certainly ought not to introduce tropes and figures which the author himself never dreamed on; but if the sense is preserved, is it not lawful to endeavour to make him speak such a language as will make him appear natural and easy to those with whom he is taught to converse, rather than to retain any peculiar modes of his own country, which, to those who do not understand them, may appear uncouth and awkward: and moreover books of morality, which have no sacred authority to recommend them, will find it difficult to recommend themselves without some little external helps."

The latter part of this letter was unfortunately lost before it came into the editor's hands; but the Bishop's reply to it is as follows.

Cuddesden, *Sept.* 13, 1749.

" Good Miss Carter,

"This naughty girl [*Miss Talbot*] hath sealed up her packet without giving me notice; and so you must take what I have to say by itself. Arrian is not a commentator on Epictetus, as Simplicius is; but professes to exhibit his very conversations and discourses, as Xenophon doth those

those of Socrates: and a translator should represent him in our tongue, such as he appears in his own: not indeed copying the peculiarities of the language he speaks in, but still preserving his genuine air and character, as far as ever is consistent with making him rightly understood. Where the terms of his philosophy are now become obscure, or the manners of his age and country unsuitable to ours, I allow the one to be cleared up, and the other softened, to a requisite degree, in the translation itself, and still more in a short note. Nay, some parts, those for instance where he digresses into logical niceties, provided a general notice be given of what nature they are, I think may be entirely passed over. Et quæ desperas tractata nitescere posse, relinquas*. But with proper exceptions of this kind, every ancient writer should, in common justice, be laid before the modern reader, if at all, such as he is. And Epictetus in particular should, because he will make a better figure, and have more influence in his own homely garb than any other, into which he may be travesti. Abruptness and want of ornament very often add much force and persuasion to what is said. They shew the speaker to be in earnest, which hath the greatest

* Applied from Hor. De Art. Poet. v. 149, &c.

weight of any thing: and the same sentiments delivered in a smooth and polite, a florid and panegyrical, or a formal and professional style, are no longer the same. These last were the methods in vogue when Epictetus lived; and they had brought philosophy into disregard and disgrace. He saw it with grief; and reproved Messieurs les Philosophes with an honest zeal. Surely then we should be very careful to do nothing that may but seem to approach towards transforming him into one of these gentlemen. And I am fully persuaded, that plain and home exhortations and reproofs, without studied periods and regular connections, in short, such as they might be supposed to come extempore from the fulness of the old man's good heart, will be more attended to and felt, and consequently give more pleasure, as well as do more good, than any thing sprucer that can be substituted in their room. I do not mean by all this to vindicate my own specimens. I confess myself to have bent the stick as strongly as I well could, the opposite way to yours. But I am content to divide the difference with you; which, perhaps, after we have both explained ourselves, will be no great one. Yet indeed, of the two, I think a rough and almost literal translation, if it doth but relish strongly of that warm and practical spirit, which to me is the characteristick of this book, infinitely

infinitely preferable to the most elegant paraphrase, that lets it evaporate, and leaves the reader unmoved. I know you experience so much of this way of thinking in general, that I may very safely trust you with the particular application of it; and therefore shall only add, that I am, with high esteem, and every good wish,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

THO. OXFORD."

The strong sense of this letter, and the justness of the reasoning contained in it, will, it is hoped, to most readers be a sufficient apology for its length. It had the desired effect of convincing Mrs. Carter, as will be seen hereafter. Mis Talbot was also of the same opinion, which had deservedly great weight.

MISS TALBOT TO MRS. CARTER.

"I am much of my Lord's mind (so far as I can judge from the manner in which things strike me) for energy, shortness, and plainness. I return

I return you a thousand thanks for your goodness in providing me this high and useful entertainment; and so far as the application is not hurtful or disagreeable to you, should extremely wish you to go on. But in either of these cases I had rather learn Greek, Arabick, or Hottentot myself, than put you on an unplesant task, or give you an hour's head-ach."

In her answer to this Mrs. Carter says, "You need be in no trouble about my head, for it is upon the whole much better, and receives no kind of injury from Epictetus. It is impossible I should find a study disagreeable, which you are so obliging as to say gives you pleasure. I am only provoked with myself for doing it so awkwardly; however, I hope to make some improvement from the excellent instructions which my Lord has been so good to give me."

Miss TALBOT to Mrs. CARTER.

"Enough of this subject: 'tis high time I should talk to you about your better employment, which, for my sake, you are so obliging as to persevere in. It is but fair to tell you, that we copy out your papers in a little book, so that you need not take the trouble now to return them again. I wish I could deserve half your

your goodness; but the fig-tree must have time you know to grow good for any thing*."

The following letter is written with so much spirit, and puts in so strong a light the manner in which Miss Talbot made the lessons of the Grecian sage useful to herself, that I am tempted to transcribe it. And here it is proper to observe, that this was the only use to which the translation was then proposed to be applied, as no mention had been made as yet of any design to publish it.

Miss TALBOT to Mrs. CARTER.

Dec. 5, 1749.

"Indeed you are mistaken for once, dear Miss Carter, and I like your last packet of Epictetus better than any I have yet had. Not that it is without its difficulties; but a few difficulties which put one upon thinking, and which thinking will get over, are surely infinitely preferable to a languid diffuse explicitnesss. What force, what life, what strength, and shortness of expression! What excellence of sentiment!

* See the Parable, Luke xiii. 6.

What dignity and authority of reason, and common sense! And what an excellent reproof and lesson has the honest, plain old man given to me, (thank you a thousand times for transmitting it.) Whenever I am seized with an impertinent, untimely fit of reformation, or with a splenetic dissatisfaction either with the company or tedious lowliness, methinks I hear his voice sounding in my ears*—"But you are wretched and discontented; be pleased, and make the best of every thing. Call society an entertainment and a festival."—You are right, most revered Epictetus. In society our hearts should be open to every cheerful, good-humoured kind affection. 'Tis a time of festivity when our business is to delight and do good to one another. What an idea, and how does it brighten up London to me! I will no longer call it—I dare no longer sigh to myself in secret, that it is a tumult, a chaos, a confusion, vanity and vexation of spirit; but I begin to feel myself grow sociable and tolerating.

"My Lord has read what you have done with great approbation; and do not be discouraged from going on, for you do excellently, and you give us all high pleasure."

* See Book I. Chapter 12. Section 2. of the Translation.

This

This letter seems to have determined Mrs. Carter to proceed with her work, though the Bishop had refused to give her any more assistance by specimens of his own manner of translating the author; for this is the manner in which Mrs. Carter replied to this last letter.

To Miss TALBOT.

Dec. 16, 1749.

"'Tis not to be told, dear Miss Talbot, how miserably I looked upon Epictetus, and how miserably Epictetus looked upon me, at the news that my Lord had so inhumanly given us up to our own devices; however, in consequence of our philosophy, we are determined to go peaceably blundering on; he in being translated till I cannot understand him, and I in translating till nobody can understand me."

Miss Talbot's answer to this was dated on Christmas day; and this circumstance very naturally led her mind to one of her usual, just, and pious reflections:—"I cannot," says she, "omit sending you just now all the kind compliments and good wishes of the season. A season poor Epictetus was unacquainted with. Noble as his notions were, he knew not the happiness and dignity acquired to human nature by

by this day. His powerless Jupiter, that would have made him richer and handsomer if he could*, offends me as Homer's and Virgil's melancholy Elysium used to do—What wretchedness!"

In Mrs. Carter's reply, she appears to think rather differently upon the subject of the Pagan Jupiter; and her reflections on the Heathen Philosophers are very interesting.

To Miss TALBOT.

"Perhaps the passage you mention is not to be taken in an absolute sense as a total want of power in Jupiter to make him richer, &c., but only that it could not be done without altering that constitution of things which he has thought proper to appoint. "Placed in such a body," &c. I think follows somewhere in this chapter, and seems to justify this meaning. I must confess I have a much higher pleasure in reading Plato, and the other philosophers who wrote before our Saviour, than Epictetus, Marcus Antoninus, and the others who lived after. The remarkable difference in the clearness of their notions, shews that they must have been ac-

* See Book 1. Ch. 1. Sect. 3. of the Translation.

quainted

quainted with the Christian Religion; and that such men should have been acquainted with it, and borrowed their best lights from it, and yet not be Christians, gives one a very painful feeling."

This last circumstance struck Miss Talbot in the same light; but rather inclined her to be angry with the poor philosopher than to pity him. In a letter, when the translation was considerably advanced, she thus expresses herself upon this subject.

Miss TALBOT to Mrs. CARTER.

"Every now and then I am shocked at the pride and harshness of the Stoic doctrines. *If affections make me suffer, I renounce them*. I*, the self-sufficient *I*, proud and confident in the dignity of a soul that is ——— what? *To mingle with its elements.* No! poor Epictetus! If laudable affections give me pain, I humbly submit to it as the due lot of frail and fallen nature. If the giving a due check and restraint to those affections and sorrows is a difficulty, I thankfully and cheerfully undertake it, (satisfied that the goodness of God wills us to be as happy as we can, and to make the best even of

* See the reasoning in Book III. Ch. xxiv.

this

this mortal state) nobly ambitious to exert myself as becomes a being restored to the hopes of a blessed immortality, and confiding in superior help to succeed its poor endeavours.

"Is it possible that Epictetus should have read St. Paul, or known any thing of Christianity, and not become a Christian? *He* ought to have been above prejudice, and a real votary of truth. And could he not see that the narrow Heathen system contradicted every notion and feeling of his own heart?"

In December 1752, Mrs. Carter says in a letter to Miss Talbot, "I have now just ended the translation, and will soon begin with the fair copy, or wait till my Lord has been so good to correct the fourth book, as you think best."

In the spring of the next year, 1753, Mrs. Carter was prevailed upon by the earnest entreaties of her friends in London, assisted by her father's request also, to spend between two and three months there, after an absence of about four years. The greater part of this time she was in lodgings, in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, and part of it was passed at the Deanery there, as the Bishop of Oxford was then Dean of

of St. Paul's, with her friend Miss Talbot. During this period she paid a visit of two days to Mr. Richardson, at North End. They had always kept up a friendly intercourse from the time of their correspondence concerning the insertion of her Ode in Clarissa, and she had a great respect and esteem for him. This visit she spoke of as having been very agreeable to her, though she does not mention what company she met with there. Sir Charles Grandison was published soon afterwards, and Mr. Richardson sent her a copy of it, and she admired the work very much.

At the Deanery she met with that good man and eminent scholar, Dr. John Burton, upon whose heart, in Mrs. Talbot's opinion, she seems to have made some impression. Her letter to Miss Talbot, who was then absent from town for a few days, gives an amusing account of the Doctor's manners in society, which seem to have been less polished than his pen.

MRS. CARTER TO MISS TALBOT.

"I know of no extraordinary news to tell you, excepting that Mrs. Talbot does opine that I have made a conquest of the unaccount-

able heart of Dr. J. Burton—(μη γενοιτο *)—one cannot mention Dr. J. Burton without talking Greek. The symptoms no doubt were mighty strong, such as the Doctor's being somewhat less vociferous and obstreperous than usual; and when he was accosted by the appellation of Dr. Jack, insisting upon his right to the more considerable title of Dr. John. But however forcible all these arguments may appear, to convince you that they have no manner of effect upon me, it may suffice you to be told that I am still within twenty miles† of the Doctor."

But however loud the Doctor's voice might be, to which Mrs. Carter had always a most particular dislike, and however unpolished his manners, she had a great respect for his talents and learning, and a much greater for the goodness of his heart.

It was probably at this time, while Mrs. Carter was in London, that she was prevailed upon by the Bishop and Miss Talbot to consent to the publication of her Epictetus. The following note from his Lordship to her seems to prove that it

* St. Paul's usual deprecatory expression, translated in his Epistles, *God forbid.*

† He was then one of the Fellows of Eton College, and resided there; and there too he died in 1771, in his 76th year.

was then in agitation at least, if not completely settled.

Saturday Night, Seven o'Clock,
March 31, 1753.

Mr. Foulis translated the first book of Arrian's Epictetus some years ago; but hath proceeded no farther: and being told the other day, that a new translation was in hand, wished success to it, and said he would further the sale of it as much as he could. This intelligence I have just now received from Dr. Wishart, Principal of Edinburgh College; to whom the Bishop of Norwich [*Dr. Hayter*] hath blabbed, that the translator is a lady. It is a little premature: but be not grieved, good Miss Carter."

But though the translation was now finished, much still remained to be done. As publication had not been originally thought of, many corrections were required, and some notes, to prevent its doing harm instead of good to those whose want of judgment might lead them to draw wrong conclusions from it. This seems very much to have occupied Miss Talbot's attention; for in a letter to Mrs. Carter, dated Sept. 1753, she thus expresses herself.

" The Bp. of Oxford has been hard at work for you, and pray let him have soon a paper of

queries for Mr. Harris*. When this main matter is done, it will perhaps be time enough to think of some kind of prefatory discourse, for the information of us uninformed readers; giving such accounts as can best be collected of the life and character of Epictetus, and the plan of the Stoic philosophy; in doing which, or in your notes, you will have good opportunities to mark out those points in which it is false, wild, or defective; and to draw comparisons between that and the only true philosophy, the Christian."

This scheme, as appears from Mrs. Carter's reply, she determined to adopt; though many other occupations prevented her from doing it so soon as she wished. "Epictetus and company," says she, "arrived very safely; and both he and I are very greatly obliged to my Lord, and the other gentleman, who have done him so much honour; and I will as soon as possible

* James Harris, Esq. M.P. for Christ Church, Hants, and father to the present Earl of Malmesbury; a gentleman of great eminence, as a deep Scholar, a Philosopher, and Philologist. Mrs. Carter was well acquainted with him, and esteemed him much. He made her a present of his works. The queries mentioned above related to some difficult passages in Epictetus, which Mr. Harris's critical knowledge of the Greek language induced the Bishop and Mrs. Carter to submit to his consideration. He died in 1780.

endeavour

endeavour to profit by their instructions, and your exhortations, though it will not be so soon as I could wish. I have intended all this summer to give the translation a reading, but have been too often interrupted, even in my common employments, to set about it."—"I mention these circumstances" (her own head achs, and the sickness of her nearest relations) "that you may not think me less industrious than otherwise I ought to be. As to any lions and bears, which merely my own imagination may have conjured up against this undertaking, I am determined most heroically to knock them all on the head. All I have yet been able to do is reading Simplicius and part of Salmasius, which the Bishop of Norwich was so good to lend me."

"I find, to my sorrow, that Mr. Harris insists on the translation of that wicked logical chapter from which my Lord had in great clemency absolved me. To be sure it would be an excellent piece of revenge to prevail on him to do it himself; but I really know not how to make him such a request; so I must even attempt to do it as well as I can. It is but leaving it just as unintelligible as I find it. I am greatly obliged to Mr. Harris; and I hope my Lord will be so good, when he has an opportunity, as to mention my grateful acknowledgments of the favour he has done me."

"This has made the scheme public, however; and so this poor foolish translation, if it ever does appear, instead of the comfort of sneaking quietly through the world, and being read by nobody, will be ushered into full view, and stared quite out of countenance; but there are holes enough in the world for me to run my poor head into, whatever becomes of poor Epictetus."

About this time some of Mrs. Carter's friends had formed a scheme, unknown to herself, of getting her into the Princess of Wales's household, to be about some of the children; and Miss Talbot wrote her word of it, begging her at the same time not to refuse such a place, should it be offered. Mrs. Carter's answer gives so humorous a picture of herself, that I am tempted to insert it.

To Miss TALBOT.

"And now my dream's out, for I was a-dreamed—Not that I saw a huge rat, but really and truly did I dream the day before I received your letter, dear Miss Talbot, that for the greater convenience of curling my hair, I had cut off my head. Now whether this dream was the consequence of pretty violent pain, or the

the presage of the scheme you mention, I leave you to guess; but surely it was marvellously applicable to the last; for what is going to court, but setting one's cap handsomely at the expence of losing one's head?

"You charge me, my dear Miss Talbot, not to refuse such an offer, if it should be made me; but let me intreat you to consider how absolutely unfit I am in every respect for a court. Need I remind you of the very awkward, and even ideot figure I make in company where I am under the least restraint*; and that I have no one popular art of conversation to remove in any degree the prejudice which must infallibly be raised from so foolish and unpromising an appearance. Only consider how long and how nearly it is necessary for any one to be acquainted with me, in order to make the important discovery that I have any tolerable share of common sense; and how very unlikely it is that any such discovery should be made by people who will scarcely think it worth their while to make any very laborious search after it.

* Mrs. Carter was extremely near-sighted, and was always obliged to use a glass; and this circumstance, which caused her to be afraid of making continual mistakes, encreased her natural timidity. This excessive bashfulness however wore off, and was very little perceptible in the latter part of her life, if at all.

" Another objection to this scheme is the state of my health, which at present, from an almost continually aching head, renders me utterly unfit for such a way of life.

" Besides I have not the least idea of my being capable of the very important employment which it is said I am designed for; though perhaps of this I am not a proper judge, as I cannot precisely guess what is the particular office to which, if there should be any truth in this report, I should be named. If it be only to teach the children to read, would it not be a more eligible life to be a country schoolmistress *with apron blue?* If for any thing higher, it would be forming too advantageous an opinion of myself to think I was qualified for it. Of Latin and Greek indeed I might perhaps be able to give them some notion; but this surely cannot be the scheme; for since the days of Queen Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey, who ever thought of teaching princesses Latin and Greek? But I am in hopes it will all blow over; for this very scheme was mentioned some years ago;" (alluding probably to the time when she learnt German by the desire of Sir George Oxenden, as mentioned before.) " It has given me many a fright; but I now begin to be quiet again, and to hope that nothing will come of it."

Nothing

Nothing indeed did come of it, and I believe such an offer was never made. A life of that kind would have been probably very ill suited to her in all respects. No one who knew her can doubt, that to her pupils it could have been productive of nothing but good; but it is not equally clear that her previous habits and manners had fitted her for a situation in which so much must have been required besides religion, virtue, and learning*; and it is very certain that she must in that event have sacrificed all the comforts of her own quiet life and studies; and, in a great measure at least, have given up the society of those friends and connections in which she took so much delight.

The translation of Epictetus being now finished, was left in the Bishop of Oxford's hands for revisal and correction. Mean-time he and Miss Talbot earnestly pressed Mrs. Carter to collect what particulars she could, and to write the Philosopher's life. This she at first declined, both for want of sufficient materials, and for another very good reason, but so little to be ex-

* If the ideas of a very able and excellent female writer of the present age upon this subject are well founded, there requires a great deal more to fill such a situation properly, than is likely to be found in any one person.—See Mrs. H. More's "Hints," &c. 1805.

pected

pected by those who consider her as a scholar only, and therefore unwilling to attend to the details of domestic life, that it seems worth telling in her own words to Miss Talbot.

Deal, March 1755.

" Whoever that somebody or other is, who is to write the life of Epictetus, seeing I have *a dozen shirts to make*, I do opine, dear Miss Talbot, that it cannot be I. However, seriously, I did think of the thing; but there are so very few particulars to be met with upon this subject, and those few so universally known, that it seemed to me quite unnecessary."

Nothing can shew her character in a higher or more amiable point of view, than the consideration of such conduct. Attached to her studies as she was, caressed and flattered by the great and learned, she never allowed herself to shrink from those familiar but less pleasing engagements, which she considered as a duty to her father, though their burden was not lessened by praise, nor their performance attended by eclat. For she had learnt in the best of all schools, that it is not in the most known and ostensible parts of human life only, that religious duties should be observed, but that the practice of them should pervade all those scenes of

of retirement, and those every-day occupations, which make up the sum of our present existence.

After the Bishop of Oxford's revisal of the translation of Epictetus, which took him up near a month's constant study, during which he was confined by a fit of the gout, it was returned to Mrs. Carter, with the following request from Miss Talbot, concerning the notes which she thought should be added to it. "It is terrifying," says she, "to think what effects a book so mixed up of excellence and error might have in this infidel age, if it be not sufficiently guarded with proper notes and animadversions. It seriously lies upon my conscience to suggest as many of this kind as I can. And I beseech you let it lie upon yours to insert very diligently in your blank leaves all such alterations and additions as you shall judge proper. And do not grieve at the task, for 'tis a noble one to complete such a work; which, when finished, will be of more use and entertainment than most books I have read; and will do honour to Epictetus, yourself, your country, and womankind."

To this request, Mrs. Carter replied thus:—

To

To Miss TALBOT.

Deal, July 1755.

"Demitto Auriculas, ut iniquæ mentis asellus
Quum gravius dorso subiit onus *."

"Well, if you will have it so, dear Miss Talbot, the creature must e'en trudge on, in vicum vendentem thus its odores †, and there quietly deposit its burthen.

"Seriously, however, I will receive your old friend with as much good humour as I possibly can, considering the intolerable impertinence of his interrupting me in the delectable exercise of running about the fields like a wild colt. Oh that my Lord could have done so too, instead of being confined ‡ to plot mischief in his chair!

"I have not, however, quite so strong apprehensions as you have of the mischiefs which the errors of Epictetus might occasion; for I am strongly inclined to think, that he will be read by none but very good Christians. To such, indeed, the observations you hint at will be received with advantage and pleasure. No in-

* Horat. Sat. 9. Lib. 1. V. 20.
† Id. Lib. 1. Epist. 1. V. 269.
‡ *i. e.* by the gout.

fidel,

fidel, I believe, will find any great comfort in the study of Epictetus, unless he is perverse enough to take comfort in finding himself obliged to practise the morality of the Gospel without its encouragements and supports. From what causes infidelity does arise, must be left to the Searcher of hearts; but perhaps one might venture to say, that it does not arise from an admiration of the sentiments of the wise and good, and religious writers among the Heathen Philosophers; and it is with great consistency that Lord B*. has treated Plato and St. Paul with equal virulence, as I am told he has."

Yet still the Bishop appeared to be of a different opinion, and to think it necessary that notes should be appended to the translation, in order to prevent danger to careless readers. There was at this time a correspondence between him and Mrs. Carter, concerning the meaning of several Greek passages in the original, and the manner in which the terms of the Stoic philosophy should be rendered. These letters are omitted, because they relate principally to grammatical niceties, and difficulties attending the translation of some of the Greek expressions; but in one of them Mrs. Carter says, "Your

* Bolingbroke.

Lordship

Lordship seems to be of opinion, that this translation may do mischief, and I cannot help being a little alarmed and terrified about it. Epictetus, however well guarded in the translation, will, I fear, do but very little good to the unhappy people your Lordship mentions; and is it not therefore better that he should remain buried in Greek, where we may be pretty well assured he will do them but mighty little harm? Indeed I was always of opinion that the book would be of no use, but to those who the least need its assistance; but it never entered into my imagination that it would do any body any hurt. God forbid it should!"

By Mrs. Talbot's next letter, it appears that Mrs. Carter had written to her a more ample defence of the Philosopher, but that letter is not preserved in the collection. What arguments she used will appear, at least in some degree, from Miss Talbot's reply to them.

Miss TALBOT to Mrs. CARTER.

"I have shewn my Lord your letter to me, and I think he is rather of your first opinion about the θυρα ηνοιχται *, that *Epictetus is inconsistent*

* *The gate is open*, i. e. *of death*. The question was, whether Epictetus, by this doubtful expression, meant to encourage

sistent with himself, than of what you afterwards suggest, that his permissions are all ironical. The same inconsistency I suspect you will find, in his sometimes speaking as if he could do every thing by his own strength, and at others bidding us invoke Divine assistance. Experience taught him, Conscience told him at some times, that we are poor helpless creatures, and then he spoke the language of truth: at other times proud purblind Reason, untaught, and unwilling to be taught by Revelation, that we were in a fallen state, supposed us noble and perfect creatures, capable of attaining whatever we would. And, by the way, to creatures fatally fond of all extremes, 'tis so much easier (seems falsely so much more heroic) to root out our passions than to regulate them, that I have seen very good Christian writers run into the absurdities of Stoicism. Whereas to keep carefully the narrow middle path, do diligently our best, own humbly that best to be wretchedly imperfect and faulty, and yet rejoice in the most unbounded hope, and aim continually at the most unlimited improvement—*this* is the truth and

encourage suicide, contrary to his own principles, and the practice of the best of his own sect, or spoke ironically. If the former, he was inconsistent; if the latter, he should have made the irony more evident. The expression is used in Book 1. Ch. 9. Sect. 5, Book 1. Ch. 24, Sect 4, and in other places.

harmony

harmony of conduct suited to our nature and state, which Christianity, and its peculiar doctrines alone, can teach and enable us to attain. But these peculiarities were what raised the pride and prejudices of the world against it, and made it *to the Greeks*, even to Epictetus, *foolishness* *. And as the same principle influences so many modern heathens, I think it cannot but be most useful to point out to them how strangely blind and inconsistent he was, and what it was that blinded him as well as them.

"My Lord says there is a great deal in what you say in your third page in defence of Epictetus, when you suppose that he might enjoy the benefit of a light generally diffused, without knowing distinctly whence it came. Poor Epictetus! I hope it was so. Yet this I must say; had he not been dazzled with the little light he had, and too well satisfied that himself was a luminous body from whence it proceeded, he would have sought more diligently for the true sunshine, and seeking would have found it †. If he had approved the Scriptures, you say, why should he not have quoted them? I own I apprehend he did imitate what he approved in them, the moral precepts; and the doctrines which he both disapproved and despised he did

* 1 Cor. i. 23. † John i. 5, and 9.

not

not mention. Still I am more willing to believe that he never did read the New Testament, than that, reading it, so worthy a man should have been unconverted.

"Indeed I never meant to speak harshly of Epictetus, for whom my reverence and my pity are equal. But 'tis so much the way of the world to reduce Christianity to a mere moral system (not only consonant with, as it *is*, but) discoverable by mere reason and natural light, that I could not help earnestly wishing to have persons continually reminded in reading *his* excellent morals, how insufficient and imperfect *mere* morality is, and how much of *his* is borrowed, at least, if not stolen, from true Religion.

"I never can think of the immense task you have undertaken without great gratitude to you for so cheerfully going through it, originally, I think, at my request, and rather contrary to your own inclination. But this thought of its having been at first my own suggestion, has made me consider it the more attentively, and will, I own, give me very great and very lasting uneasiness, if this excellent translation, when it appears in the world, is not guarded in such a manner with proper notes and animadversions, as may prevent its spreading a mischief that I tremble to think of. The strict

morality of it the infidel will throw aside for impracticable nonsense, but be perfectly satisfied that while it deprives him of the encouragements of the Gospel, it frees him from its terrors; and when such a life as he likes is no longer worth living, Epictetus himself will recommend the pistol. In the mean while, he will parade not a little with the exalted sentiments of Heathenism, and plume himself on the self-sufficiency and independency of man, and the Epicurean in practice will be a Stoic in debate.

"It will surely therefore be of use to shew him, that these greatest lights of the heathen world, (I do not include Socrates, who honestly owned that his sublimest notions were such as he had learnt, and wished very earnestly for clearer discoveries) were themselves poor, proud, purblind, wayward creatures; who, when the light of Revelation shone around them, were obstinately stumbling on by their own dark lanthorn. It will be fit to shew them to what precipices this dark lanthorn led; to pride, to hard-heartedness, to self-murder:—so far even Epictetus. Had he been indeed religious, he would eagerly have pursued the least glimpse of Revelation; but humility and repentance were mortifying doctrines; and poor Epictetus could steal

steal phrases, and, I think, sentences, from the Bible, and yet continue a proud Heathen.

"Now what I want to see in this edition, is the right reasoning of Epictetus reduced by notes to those true Christian principles which alone can make them firm and sure, and practically useful. He bids us by our own strength root out every passion and feeling implanted in our nature. Christianity teaches us how to obtain that Divine assistance by which we may regulate and surmount them all. Epictetus assures us, that pain and misfortuue are absolutely no evils, and that if we feel them at all it is our own fault *. Christianity teaches us, that *the sufferings of this present time are not to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed* †, and that if it be not our own fault, we shall be abundantly rewarded for our patient sufferings. Epictetus treats us like perfect creatures, Christianity like fallen and redeemed ones, and teaches us at once our disease and our remedy.

"Many persons will study your book who scorn to look into the Bible: let them therefore be frequently pointed to the true source from whence all they can admire in the other is derived, and from which some passages are plainly taken.

* Book 1. Ch. 4, and in many other places.

† Romans viii. 18.

"You do not believe that any but good persons will read this book. Fine gentlemen will read it because it is new; fine ladies because it is yours; critics because it is a translation out of Greek; and Shaftsburian Heathens because Epictetus was an honour to Heathenism, and an idolator of the beauty of virtue.

"With the cautions at which I have hinted, the English Epictetus will be a most excellent book, whatever objections I have made to the Greek one. There is a warmth and spirit in his exhortations that would do honour to better principles; and this set off with a keenness of wit and gaiety of humour that make him a delightful companion."

This is the substance of two letters from Miss Talbot upon this interesting and curious subject; the second of which closely followed the first, so that Mrs. Carter replied to them both together. The excellency of the principles displayed in them, and the accuracy of the knowledge both of the spirit of Christianity, and of that of the Pagan philosophy which they shew, will, it is hoped, be a sufficient apology for their length. It may indeed perhaps be thought that her reasoning is not very conclusive, and that

that it is not probable that the opinions of believers should be changed, or those of unbelievers be confirmed by the uncertain morality of the Grecian sage. But her error, if it be one, was on the safe side; and it is to her fears, and the Bishop's opinion, that we are obliged for the admirable notes and introduction with which Mrs. Carter's translation is enriched. Possibly there may be still less foundation for Miss Talbot's first ideas on this subject, that the study of the philosophy of Epictetus might be of any considerable use. We have *Moses and the Prophets**; we have the completion of them in Christ; and if men neglect, or refuse to obey the moral precepts delivered by such authority, there is little reason to suppose they will be influenced by any others. The moral precepts of Epictetus can never make a Christian; those who are already Christians need them not; and the Shaftesburian Heathens, as Miss Talbot calls them, who profess to love and follow virtue for its own sake, are already as good as mere philosophy can make them.

Still however, in another point of view, the translation of the Heathen moralist may be of use to the world, even by means of those very faults and deficiencies which Miss Talbot so

* Luke xvi. 29.

ably points out. From them will appear the great inferiority of the doctrines of the very best and wisest of Pagans to those of Christianity; from them even those who are not yet believers, if they are sincere in their search after truth, may be induced to look for it in that sacred volume, where the darkest blindness only, or the most wilful obstinacy, can prevent them from finding it.

But Mrs. Carter's answer to the preceding letters is indeed so convincing a defence of her author, and of the improbability of any evil being produced by his being more generally known, as to supersede the necessity of any farther reasoning upon the subject. And now that half a century has elapsed since the publication of the book, which has gone through several editions, I believe it will hardly be affirmed, that any infidel has quoted it as having influenced his mind to unbelief, that any vicious man has produced it in excuse of his immorality, or that any suicide has left it on record, that he received a bias towards the fatal act from the perusal of Epictetus. The reverse of all this is more likely to have been the case; and the study of the philosopher's moral precepts may have assisted and enforced those of Christianity, by shewing that at all times virtue, though little understood, and less practised, was esteemed

esteemed lovely and honourable; and vice, though uncertainly and ill defined, was still deemed odious and degrading.—Mrs. Carter's answer is as follows:—

To Miss TALBOT.

"What shall I say to you, my dear Miss Talbot, upon the subject of Epictetus? Though I cannot help, in some instances, entertaining a more favourable opinion of him than you do, the probability which the Bishop of Oxford and you seem to think there may be of his doing mischief, fill me with uneasiness and scruples. You say, indeed, that with proper notes and animadversions, the translation may be an excellent work. But it is surely a dangerous experiment to administer poison to try the force of an antidote. For my own part, I never had the least apprehension that an author who enjoins so strict a morality, who censures even the fashionable vices which fine gentlemen at present consider as mere trifles, and who discovers so deep a sense of religion, could be studied by bad people; or if he was, that the effect would be any other than the convincing them that there was nothing to be gained, though an infinite deal to be lost, by their turning Heathens. At present I know not what to think. The

Bishop of Oxford and you, I hope, will think for me. The point which gives me the most uneasiness is that detestable θυρα ηνοιχται*. And yet how very inconsistent in this article is Epictetus with himself! In an address to his scholars he expressly bids them wait for God †, and not to depart unless they had a signal of retreat like Socrates: now Socrates did not kill himself. And in several places I think the θυρα, &c. means only a natural departure out of life, or a violent death inflicted by others. In passages where the permission seems most plainly given, it is sometimes (if not always) in some ironical way: 'Go and hang yourself like a grumbling mean-spirited wretch as you are; God has no need of such discontented querulous people as you.' But however impossible it may be to vindicate Epictetus in this particular, do not you treat him a little too severely in some others? Is, 'Remember God, invoke him for your aid and protector,' and more to the same purpose, the language of one who bids us root out every passion, &c. by our own strength ‡? The Bishop of Oxford has particularly taken notice, that Epictetus asserts the doctrine of

* See note in page 190.

† Book 1. Ch. 9, Sect. 4.

‡ See Book 3, Ch. 5, &c.

grace,

grace, and the duty of prayer and thanksgiving to God for his assistance in moral improvement.

"Though there is the utmost reason to think that Epictetus, as well as other philosophers since our Saviour, owed much more than they might be sensible of to the Gospel, I find a difficulty in persuading myself that he had ever seen the New Testament, or received any right account of the Christian doctrine. The great number of Christians dispersed about the Roman empire might probably have rendered the New Testament phrases a kind of popular language; and a general illumination was diffused by the Gospel, by which many understandings might be enlightened which were ignorant of the source from whence it proceeded.

"If Epictetus had been acquainted with the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles, and approved them, what should prevent his quoting and approving them in the same manner as he does Socrates, Plato*, &c.? If he disapproved them, what possible reason can be assigned for his not warning his scholars against them, as he

* The pride of the Grecian school might prevent this, since we know from the best authority, that some of the distinguishing tenets of the Christian Religion, as well as the humility and worldly ignorance of most of the founders of it, were *to the Greeks foolishness.*

does

does with regard to the Pyrrhonists, Academics, &c. It had been happy for him, if instead of rashly and ignorantly censuring the Christians for suffering death from mere obstinacy and habit*, he had enquired into the real principles which supported them under it. But it is possible he might be prevented by the character of the Christians, whom the mistaken notions, or the malice of their enemies, charged with the most shocking crimes. This appears from the Apologies of Athenagoras, and others afterwards, and it is probable they might lie under the same wicked scandal in the time of Epictetus†. After all, if he had read the New Testament, is it not strange that he should never once mention our Saviour, nor, as far as I can recollect, make any the least allusion to any of the peculiar doctrines of Christianity?

"It is a secret to myself if I have by a long intimacy with Epictetus contracted any such fondness for him as to give me any unreasonable prejudice in his favour. I entirely agree with you in thinking him greatly inferior to Socrates;

* It is remarkable that the younger Pliny, who was his cotemporary, makes the same observation concerning the Christians, and justifies himself for putting them to death by that absurd accusation. See his Letter to Trajan.

† They certainly did, at least as early as the reign of Trajan.—Eusebius, as quoted by Mosheim.

but

but I do not see sufficient reason to reduce him to a level with our modern Heathens. But however we may disagree in some particulars about Epictetus, I entirely approve the pointing out in the notes the absurdity of many of the principles, and the infinitely superior excellence of the Christian doctrines. I am extremely obliged to the Bishop of Oxford and you for the admirable remarks you have been so good as to send me, and which, if the book is ever published, will make the most valuable part of it."

This plan, therefore, was now finally agreed upon, of writing an introduction, and adding such notes as might be supposed to prevent all danger to superficial and incautious readers. These also were sent to the Bishop and Miss Talbot for their approbation and correction, but they made few or no alterations in them. Some few additional notes were found in Mrs. Carter's writing, in her own quarto copy of Epictetus, which have been added to the last edition published since her decease.

But the printing of this work was still delayed by another circumstance. The Enchiridion, or Manual, of Epictetus, had been translated by Dr. Stanhope, as well as by other writers

writers of less note, and therefore Mrs. Carter's first intention was not to translate either that or the fragments. The Bishop, however, requested her to undertake these also, which would make it a complete work, especially as they all thought, on comparing Dr. Stanhope's version with the original, that it was much too vague and diffuse.

These were finished in May, 1756; and in the same year her brother Henry's education being completed, he was sent to the University, so that after this period Mrs. Carter's time was in a great measure at her own disposal; a circumstance which appears to have given great pleasure to Miss Talbot, who congratulated her upon it in these words:—"One pacquet more, my dear Miss Carter, will convey all the fragments. Let me in this envelope congratulate you on your near hope of taking wing for the summer. Epictetus you will joyfully take leave of. Whether parting with your brother will be so joyous I doubt. But let me congratulate myself too in the hope, that next winter (if it is allowable to look so far forward) I may probably see you in town. For what signifies it for a bird to have wings (as a fragment writer would say) if they never carry her out of her nest!"

Both the fragments and Enchiridion were, like the rest, sent to the Bishop for revisal. He returned

returned part of them in August, with the following note in the mercantile style:—

"MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

"Madam,

"As per promise I send this small pacquet, to give you earnest of the others, but there is no peace in this town, and I am going out of it for four days to More Park, where there will be no leisure, and have no more at present than will serve to tell you we are all well and much your humble servants."

In the following winter, the translation being entirely finished, and her brother gone to Cambridge, Mrs. Carter was at liberty to follow her own inclinations, and at the same time oblige her friends, by spending the greatest part of it in London. She chose to be in private lodgings, rather than to stay in any friend's house, that she might be under no restraint. Accordingly, in January 1757, Miss Talbot took apartments for her at Mr. Willis's, Cabinet maker, in St. Paul's Church Yard, that she might be near the Deanery, where she and the Bishop resided. This house was then known by the sign of the Elephant, and was situated opposite to the South door of St. Paul's Church.

Here

Here she remained till the June following, when she returned to Deal.

It appears to have been Mrs. Carter's wish and first intention to have inscribed her Epictetus to Miss Talbot, under whose auspices the translation was begun; but the following extract from one of that lady's letters shews that she chose to decline that honour.

MISS TALBOT TO MRS. CARTER.

St. Paul's Deanery, Jan. 8, 1757.

"Your inscription I would have you consider as already made, and in manuscript thankfully accepted; nor can I ever forget the goodness you have had in undertaking on my idle request so laborious a work. But further than this your request cannot possibly be granted. Besides the impropriety and absurdity of placing so insignificant a name in so public a point of view, there are many reasons which make it utterly impossible; and I am sure you will think it a sufficiently strong one, that it would give your friend inexpressible pain."

This plan was therefore given up, and the book appeared without any address or dedication whatsoever. Mrs. Carter herself corrected the press, as the sheets were sent to her at Deal; but not so carefully as her friend, the Bishop,

wished; through whose hands they passed before they were returned to the printer. On this subject he gave her the following good-humoured correction, inserted in one of Miss Talbot's letters.

"Do, dear Madam Carter, get yourself whipt, get yourself whipt. Indeed it is quite necessary for you. I know you mean to be careful; but you cannot without this help. Every thing else hath been tried, and proves ineffectual. Here are some sheets come down. I have this moment opened them; and the first thing I have cast my eyes upon is *Epictetus* for *Epicurus*, p. 73. I will look over the whole in a day or two: but one needs go no farther to see what prescription your case indicates."

The printing of this work was begun in June 1757, and was not finished till April 1758. It was in one volume large quarto, 505 pages, besides the introduction of 34. There were 1018 copies struck off at first; but as they were found insufficient for the subscribers, in the following July 250 more were printed. There have been two subsequent editions in two volumes duodecimo, besides one in two volumes octavo, published since Mrs. Carter's decease, with some additional notes as before mentioned. It was printed by subscription, and the price was a guinea; one half to be paid at the time of subscribing,

scribing, and the remainder on the delivery of the book. The number of subscribers was very great; no less (as entered in her own copy, some of the names being in manuscript) than 1031; and the list of names was most respectable, comprehending a large proportion of those who were then most eminent in station as well as in literature.

The first delivery to the booksellers for the respective subscribers, was 650 copies. The whole expence of printing the work, including the proposals and receipts, as appears by Mr. Richardson's bill, who printed it, was only 67l. 7s. (that is, not including the 250 copies added afterwards) and as many more copies were subscribed for, by way of compliment, than were claimed, Mrs. Carter was a gainer by the work, nearly, if not quite, a thousand pounds. It sold so well, and the price kept up so remarkably, that some years after, Dr. Secker, then Archbishop of Canterbury, brought a bookseller's catalogue to her, saying, "Here, Madam Carter, see how ill I am used by the world; here are my Sermons selling at half price, while your Epictetus truly is not to be had under eighteen shillings, only three shillings less than the original subscription."

To that mode of publishing, however, she had strongly objected, and considered it in the light

light of laying a tax upon her friends; and therefore she positively refused to mention it to any person whatever. Even her father's advice, notwithstanding the great weight it always had with her, could not get the better of this delicacy. He wrote to her on that subject the following letter.

Deal, March 22, 1757.

"Dear Child,

"I am glad that Epictetus is to appear in an English dress. I take it for granted that your name is expressed; for that will be the greatest inducement to subscribers. You will, I suppose, be guided in the management of the whole affair, by his Lordship *(the Bishop of Oxford.)* I desire you will send the proposals down to me; for I choose to give you all the assistance I possibly can. It is just that you should have some profit for your labour; and I shall not think I am begging an alms for you when I promote your subscription; nor will any one of common sense ever entertain that notion of me or of others, who are zealous to assist you. Among those who know your person or character, your merit will be their uppermost thought; and that will be the inducement to subscribe, and afford them their pleasure in doing it."

Her friends, therefore, exerted themselves for her interest, and were on the whole completely successful. Most particularly the Bishops Hayter and Secker were indefatigable in London, and Sir George Oxenden, and many other persons of consideration, in her own county. Their kind endeavours were not, however, in every instance attended with success. In the following letter from Mrs. Carter to Miss Talbot it is painful to observe an implied neglect of so considerable a work in some learned persons and bodies, from whom the contrary might have been reasonably expected. As for the young man of fortune mentioned in it, his refusal can excite little surprise; and any attention to morality or learning could hardly be expected from a man capable of making such an observation in such a case.

To Miss TALBOT.

"A second edition, no doubt, may modestly be presumed from the encouragement which my Lord and you tell me the first is likely to receive from those promoters of the study of morality and Greek, the Irish Bishops and the two Universities. I should not have been so saucy if the Bishop of Oxford had not put it into my head. However, I am in very little pain about

the matter; and Epictetus must comfort himself under the neglect of the Universities, by the civil treatment he meets with among the ladies.

"I believe I did not tell you of one young man of large fortune, (it is not long since he left the University) who being asked by another to subscribe, refused, with an affirmation that he would have done it, if the book had been some treatise of œconomy for the use of the ladies. Is not this a most notable youth? And might not one be sure, by applying to him, of getting the best receipt extant for making modern dumpling; for I believe he has much too good a taste to have been perverted at Oxford by the soups and sauces of the ancients."

But though Mrs. Carter spoke with some little asperity and contempt of the impertinent manner of this youth's refusal, yet her humble and grateful heart thought the exertions which her friends were making vastly beyond her deserts, or the merit of her book. In order, therefore, to make the work more acceptable to subscribers, she wished to have all their copies sent to them bound: but this was so strongly opposed by her friends, as tending to frustate the intention of promoting the subscription, that she was prevailed upon to abandon that plan, excepting in some few instances, where she wished to pay a particular compliment.

This work was much admired and talked of as soon as published; and the extraordinary circumstance of a translation from the Greek of so difficult an author, by a woman, made a great noise all over Europe. Even in Russia, where, as Mrs. Carter humourously observed, they were just learning to walk upon their hind legs, an account was published of her, which was on the whole pretty correct; and this, as a curiosity, shall be given in the Appendix.

In her own country, however, some persons would not be persuaded that the work was her own; but chose to assert, some, that her father wrote it, and others, that the Bishop of Oxford did. But in reality her father had nothing to do with it at all; and the preceding letters clearly show, that the only assistance which she received from the Bishop, was the benefit of his corrections of her manuscript, and advice with respect to her style.

The introduction, as well as the translation, met with the approbation of the best judges, and were very generally praised. Of the former, George Lord Lyttelton wrote his opinion to Mrs. Montagu in these words:—"I have lately read over again our friend Miss Carter's preface *(meaning the* introduction, *for preface there is none)* to Epictetus, and admire it more and more. I am also much struck with the poem

prefixed

prefixed to it by another female hand *(Mrs. Chapone.)* The English ladies will appear as much superior to the French in wit and in learning, as the men in arms."

In the following year, 1758, Dr. Secker was promoted to the Archbishoprick of Canterbury, upon the demise of Archbishop Hutton: and after his family had removed to Lambeth, Mrs. Carter was frequently an inmate with them in that palace; and there, as she often declared afterwards, she passed some of the happiest part of her life.

At Lambeth she not only enjoyed the society of the friends there, to whom she was so much attached, but had also the opportunity of cultivating the regard of many other respectable acquaintance in and near London. Among these Mrs. Montagu, as mentioned before, was in the first rank. She also was on terms of intimacy with Miss Talbot, and at her house Mrs. Carter always spent a great deal of her time, whenever she was in town, or at Lambeth. There she often met with persons of the highest rank, both in station and letters; among these were two equally distinguished characters, though in very different lines, who both honoured her with their particular regard, to the close of their lives. These were George, the first Lord Lyttelton, and William Pulteney, Earl of Bath.

The former virtuous and respectable nobleman shewed her, upon all occasions, the most flattering attentions; and presented her with his excellent Essay on the Conversion of St. Paul, his Dialogues of the Dead, and with his History of Henry the Second. Their acquaintance began in a manner which shall be related in her own words.

Mrs. CARTER to Miss TALBOT.

Deal, May 3, 1756.

"Will you pity me for a trial I lately went through, from which I received a great deal of honour at the expence of looking, as you have very often seen me do, most grievously foolish? It was no less than a visit from Sir George Lyttelton*. To my great consolation, however, it was very near dark when he came, and I had taken special care not to have candles introduced till I might reasonably hope some few, at least, of the idiot features might vanish from my countenance. By this contrivance, and the assistance of a work-bag, from which he must conclude me extremely notable at a time when it was impossible for one to see a stitch, I be-

* He was not created a Peer till 1757.

haved

haved myself with tolerable fortitude; and if he had staid a quarter of an hour longer, it is very probable I might have so far improved as even to speak articulately. I forget whether I mentioned to you some time ago my taking the liberty of writing to Sir George Lyttelton*, to solicit his favour for a person in singular circumstances of distress. He answered me with a politeness and humanity with which I am sure you would have been charmed; and it is to this correspondence that I owe the favour of his visit."

Before this correspondence, however, Sir George knew Mrs. Carter's name and character. He had been shewn by a friend her verses, then unpublished, to a lady too fond of life and of the world, which begin, "*Say, dear Emilia;*" and he highly approved of them, and earnestly entreated the lady who shewed them to him to persuade the author to print them. He also begged for a copy, which the lady refused, having promised Mrs. Carter not to give any. It is not known to whom these verses were addressed; and as they seem to convey a certain degree of censure on the lady to whom they were written, Mrs.

* At that time he was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Carter was unwilling to mention her name: and even very late in life, when she was asked concerning them, declined giving an answer to the question.

The correspondence to which Mrs. Carter alluded to in the foregoing letter, does so much credit to Lord Lyttelton's amiable character, and to his manner of conducting himself in that high office, that it cannot be improper to insert the two letters, which make his share of it.

To Mrs. CARTER.

Hill Street, Dec. 25, 1755.

"Madam,

"Upon applying to Sir Everard Fawkner in favour of Mrs. Parker, I found the vacant office had been immediately disposed of in favour of the children of the deceased Post-mistress, who were represented to Sir Everard as being left in great distress.

"But I will do my best endeavours to find some other way of procuring a maintenance for Mrs. Parker; and in the mean while you may draw a bill on me for twenty pounds, which will afford her a present support.

"I return you a thousand thanks for the honour you do me in the kind opinion you are pleased

pleased to express of my character. Your own is such as makes me particularly proud of your praise; and I shall think myself happy in any occasion of shewing, that I am, with the sincerest regard and esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

G. LYTTELTON."

To Mrs. CARTER.

Hill Street, Jan. 15, 1756.

"Madam,

"I am very glad to hear that Mrs. Parker has recovered some part of her fortune; and as I hope that the English factory will soon be restored, she may reasonably expect to recover the rest; but if she does not, I will endeavour to get her a pension from the Treasury; and in the mean time, if her wants should be pressing, she may draw upon me for the sum that I mentioned.

I am, with the truest regard and esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

G. LYTTELTON."

From

From the time of their first acquaintance, Mrs. Carter lived with this excellent nobleman on terms of very confidential intimacy. He died in 1773; and the opinion which she had of him will be seen in the following extracts of letters, which she wrote at that time to two different friends. The first is to Mrs Vesey.

"It is impossible for me to begin my letter with any other subject than that which I am sure must at present be so near your heart, as the loss of our excellent and dear Lord Lyttelton. To his friends alone this is a melancholy event; to himself, I trust, it proves most joyful. From a world which so little deserved his virtues, he is removed to the applauding society of saints and angels, and to the righteous Judge who will reward them. Except the testimony of a good conscience, a long series of disappointments in every human pursuit left him a very small portion of happiness below. His great integrity, his amiable simplicity, and the gentle temper of his mind, rendered him unfit for the advancements of public life, which in this bad world are procured and supported by arts to which his soul was an utter stranger: and the affections of his heart were disappointed in every scheme of that domestic comfort, which he was so peculiarly qualified to impart, and to enjoy. He was a noble and edifying example of the power

of

of Christian principles, in many instances, and very particularly in that absolute resignation to the divine will, which calmed his mind amidst all the storms, which, with almost unremitted violence, beat upon him. In all the conversations upon his misfortunes, to which I have been witness, I do not recollect ever to have heard him utter a single murmur or complaint. It pleased God to try him in the furnace of affliction; and like gold, he came out with the brighter lustre, and the greater purity.

" The concluding scene of his life was conformable to all the first. The account is very affecting, but very delightful. His sun set in calm splendour without a cloud. His mind was supported by Christian faith, and his hopes were full of immortality. I had a letter from Mrs. Montagu last night, upon this subject. She appears as deeply affected by it as one would naturally suppose her to be: and expresses herself with as much piety as sensibility on the loss of such a friend."

The other letter is to Mrs. Talbot.

" The newspapers must have informed you of the death of good Lord Lyttelton. He was indeed an Israelite without guile. Never, I believe, was a human heart more free from every bad inclination, or more filled with the kindest and most benevolent dispositions. He was a sincere

sincere Christian; and amidst the many and various afflictions which he suffered, he always preserved the most absolute and uncomplaining submission and resignation. The trial of his virtues is now over, and he is called away to the reward of them. All who intimately knew him must regret their loss of so excellent a friend: but most severely, in all probability, will it be felt by his daughter-in-law, to whom he afforded so kind a protection."

The other nobleman before mentioned, Lord Bath, had been for many years the intimate friend of Mrs. Montagu, at whose house Mrs. Carter was accustomed to meet him often. This produced a very sincere friendship on both sides. His wit, strong sense, knowledge of the world, and elegance of manners, made him the delight and admiration of every society; but of the admiration of general society he well knew the vanity; and often declared, that he passed no time so happily, nor with so much improvement, as that which he spent in the company of those two ladies. With Mrs. Montagu he kept up a constant correspondence, and an occasional one with Mrs. Carter. His letters to her were found after her decease; but as they were for the most part on confidential subjects and family concerns, she had written a memorandum on them, that they were to be destroyed;

stroyed; and they were burnt accordingly by her executor.

It was this accomplished nobleman, aided by the persuasions of Mrs. Montagu and Lord Lyttelton, who prevailed on Mrs. Carter to publish a collection of her Poems, in one small volume duodecimo, of which, besides the present, there have been four editions. She had been often persuaded to this measure before; but was always very averse to it. However, in the beginning of the summer of 1761, when she had been for some time in very bad health, Mrs. Montagu earnestly requested her to accompany her to Tunbridge Wells, and at length succeeded; and there the plan was arranged.

This excursion had the happiest effects on Mrs. Carter's health and spirits. Both Lord Bath and Lord Lyttelton were there at the same time; and Mrs. Carter always spoke with great delight of the time which she passed there. She wrote from thence the following letter, to which Mrs. Montagu added a postscript.

To Miss TALBOT.

Tunbridge Wells, August 3, 1761.

" It is such an age, my dear Miss Talbot, since I have flattered myself every post with the hopes

hopes of hearing from you, that my patience is at last exhausted; and I can no longer forbear signifying to you, that I am living and looking with all my hopes and fears, and wishes, and recollections, in full force; and consequently, in such a state, exceedingly averse to the thought of being forgot by you.

"I writ to you some days before I set out for this place, where I have been ever since the 13th. I had been so very ill ever since my return from London, that it was with some scruple that I ventured to leave Deal: and nothing less than that confidence which I have so much reason to place in Mrs. Montagu's affection, could have encouraged me to run the hazard of the uneasiness and perplexity into which it seemed probable that the state of my health might engage her. I should not say so much on this subject, but for the sake of mentioning with great thankfulness how much I am mended since I came here.

"I am greatly pleased with the country about Tunbridge, which is in a fine romantic situation. The prospects indeed have nothing of the sublime and magnificent rudeness of Bristol; but the wildness is all soft and agreeable. The airings would be delightful, if it was not for the terrors of the roads, which are sometimes very formidable."—"Thus far I had writ when I received

received your letter, a plain proof—no matter of what, for you will never hear it from me. I rejoice in the account you have at last given me of your being so well, and in such good spirits. But victories and triumphs are occasional things, and the Park and Tower guns do not fire every day: so, that you may not lose ground before the next rejoicing, get into your favourite equipage, and gallop down to Tunbridge Wells, where you will find two play-fellows exactly of your own age, as neither of us is a day above fourteen. Come, if it be but to confute by your eyes the scandalous report of your fine laced intelligencer. To be sure the man must have got that fine coat by writing newspapers; for no other genius could have represented things in so false a light. It is true indeed that my Lord B. *(Bath)* does sometimes draw his chair in a sort of a kind of an edge-way fashion near my Lady A. But pray consider the difference. It is by mere dint of *scratching and clawing*, that Lady ——— can draw Lord B.—poor man—a few plain steps across the pantiles: while we, by the natural power of sober attraction, draw him quite up *Tug-Hill*, to the top of Mount Ephraim, and keep him there till we are afraid he will endanger his life in returning. In answer to his Grace's most malicious message of condolence, to myself in particular, I will only ask

ask a few plain questions. Did my Lord B. [*Bath*] ever take the very nosegay from his button hole, and deliver it into the hand of Lady A——? Did my Lord Bath ever go to a toy-shop, and purchase a knotting-shuttle, painted all over with Cupids, and cages, and fishes on a hook, and present it to Lady A——? And may not people who have such distinctions to boast of, bid defiance to all the witcheries of Lady A——? Well: but my Lord Lyttelton. Let any impartial person only ask Lord Lyttelton's postillion, and his horses, and his dog Pert, whether many a long evening's attendance upon Mount Ephraim, has not given them good reason to wish there was nobody that detained his Lordship longer than Lady A——? Then your wretch of an intelligencer to discover such a total disregard to the tenderness of literary reputation! When one fine gentleman said to another fine gentleman upon the Pantiles, "*She talks Greek faster than any woman in England;*" pray was this meant of my Lady A——? Or, when the market-folks in the side walk left their pigs and their fowls to squall their hearts out, while they told each other, *Sartainly she is the greatest Scollard in the world;* was the person they stared at, and directed their sticks to, my Lady A——?

"Absit

"Absit invidia! It is dangerous, no doubt, to alledge such instances of illustricity as these: but in an age when people are not allowed to call their Greek their own, it would provoke the most dove-like patience to speak.

"As to your informant's account of my inseparability from Lady Mary Coke*, it does me so much credit, that nothing but the same love of truth which has obliged me to confute his other false assertions, could make me contradict it. But alas, the real fact is, that because I was particularly charmed by Lady M. Coke's appearance, and because I would have given my ears to hear her talk, and because Mrs. Montagu strictly enjoined me to open my mouth: for these causes, and for every other cause that would have made every other person sit still, whenever she did me the honour to speak to me, I constantly ran away.

"Mrs. Montagu will add a postscript. I have a world to tell you about a very serious difficulty, in which, it is possible, I may be engaged, in consequence of a plot contrived by Lord Bath and Lord Lyttelton, aided, abetted, and comforted by Mrs Montagu."

* Youngest daugter to John, second Duke of Argyl, and wife of Edward Viscount Coke. This venerable and respectable lady is still living, and always honoured Mrs. Carter by her particular friendship and regard.

This plot was to oblige her to publish her Poems. Mrs. Montagu's postscript to this letter was as follows.

"I am surprized to find that a person of Miss Talbot's rank and figure should not only keep company with people whom *nobody knows*, but also with such as know nobody. One may be a little modest about one's self, and cast a veil over one's illustricity; but surely one may do justice to one's friend. The moment a stranger comes he is shewn a lady who is daughter to Plato, grand-daughter to Socrates, and cousin-german to Xenophon. The Muses came all the way from Parnassus to Penshurst Park, to inspire Lord Lyttelton to write some verses upon her. And but last night, taking a turn among the rocks, Minerva sent an owl with her compliments and a thousand thanks to Mrs. Carter for her kind enquiries after her, and assurances of her perpetual regard; and that she would never leave her a moment, either when she spoke or held her tongue; which indeed I was glad to hear; for though I know the Goddess guided her conversation, I was not so sure she presided over her silence. There was a report *I* was dead; and my Lord Bath immediately wrote a Greek epitaph upon me; and my Lord Lyttelton has ordered me to make Mrs. Carter a Pompon of Bays, with which she is to appear next

winter*; and indeed, Madam, I shall die with glory, or live with renown, in spite of any insinuations you may have heard. More has been said in verse and prose about *my* rose colour gown this morning, than ever I read of Iris's scarf. As to my Lady A——, I will own, that if any one loses a silver spoon, she is the first consulted about it; and I have overheard my Lord Bath bargaining with her for a fair wind to bring over the Princess of Mecklembourg†. I thought she asked a great price, being indeed by nature and habit more apt to sell a *contrary* wind; but his Lordship gave her what she asked, as I am sure he would even au pied de la lettre dedicate his life and fortune to his Sovereign's service. I think I have said enough to set things in a true light, especially to a person of your candour. I join with the greatest earnestness with my friend in wishing you would come to Tunbridge; and indeed you are obliged to me for doing so; for when one has Mrs. Carter, one says to one's self an hundred times a day, that one has nothing to wish for—but Miss Talbot's society even then would be a great addition."

One more letter of Mrs. Carter to Miss Talbot from the same place, shall be inserted, as

* Alluding to the proposed edition of her Poems.

† Her present Majesty.

it gives a pleasing and interesting account of a tour which she made with Mrs. Montagu into Sussex.

" Every day since I received your letters, I have been wishing to thank you for them, my dear Miss Talbot; but two public breakfasts, two days excursion into Sussex, one fit and a half of the head ach, the making up four dozen of franks, and then falling violently in love with the man who signed them, you must allow to be such a series of employments, as, added to the ordinary routine of a Tunbridge life, could leave me but very little leisure for any other occupation.

" Our excursion to Hastings, about thirty miles from hence, was very delightful; and I thought much the more so, as we left all the good company on the Pantiles behind us; and I had Mrs. Montagu entirely to myself. As from all the accounts I had ever heard of Sussex, I should not have imagined one could travel through it, except by main strength of oxen, it was an agreeable surprize to find ourselves passing through a pleasant country in a fine turnpike road. We spent some time in wandering about the remains of Battle Abbey, which I have often wished to see, without the least notion that it could ever fall in my way. There is, I think, a very peculiar pleasure in the sight of a

place

place distinguished by any memorable events; and there is something singularly interesting in this spot, the scene of an action which produced the greatest revolution in the whole English history, and which must necessarily furnish me with a great variety of observations and reflections. We soon caught that enthusiasm which any striking antiquity is so apt to inspire; and losing all attention to modern tsansactions, were so effectually engaged in the events of 1066, that, I believe, from that year to this, no two people ever so passionately bewailed the fall of Harold, or commented so critically on the history of his life.

"How could one help lamenting that there should be any one striking blemish of weakness, or of guilt, in a character so wise and so good in almost every other instance! How happy was it for poor Harold, if the disastrous event of this decisive battle could expiate the failings of imperfect virtue! And how much more dreadful appears the success of his triumphant enemy, who was suffered to proceed unchecked in a course of prosperous wickedness! One could not help forming a variety of serious reflections in surveying the spot where Harold fell; and on which, traditionary superstition still points out the traces of his blood. You see I am still infected by the air of the place.

"Battle Abbey stands in a fine lawn, and the the ruins make a solemn and venerable appearance: but unfortunately one part of them is repaired into a dwelling house disgraced by modern fopperies. The country all round is much too pastoral and riant, to suit the ideas which belong to such a spot; and we wanted extremely to have the ground planted with yew and cypress, to turn Sir Whistler Webster out of his usurped abode, and restore the schrich owls and ravens. Into this wish, perhaps, there might enter some small degree of personal pique; as to be sure it must be very vexatious to persons of our distinguished fame, to be so totally overlooked by the insensibility of Sir Whistler Webster, who will not suffer that part of the Abbey which he inhabits to be seen, and made no exception in our favour. It is barely possible, indeed, that he might not have heard of our illustricity on the Pantiles: but then if the servant, from whom we gained some intelligence about the antiquities of the place, reported our conversation, he must have had all the reason imaginable to conclude, that we were descended in a right line from Earl Harold.

"We left Battle just time enough to reach Hastings, which is about eight miles farther, before it was quite dark. The next morning we had a full enjoyment of the sea prospect, by sitting

sitting or walking two or three hours on the beach and the sand. We then returned to Battle, where we sat on a bench shaded by trees, in the middle of a lawn, and drank tea in full view of the ruins of the Abbey. We then visited the church, but found no monument there, but some very ancient figures of armed Knights in brass plates: one of them of a date as old as the twelfth century: but nothing less than the genius of Browne Willis could have enabled us to read the whole inscription. We then returned to Tunbridge, after two days spent in an expedition the most completely delightful in every circumstance, that ever happened, I believe, to any two adventurers.

" On Tuesday evening we went to the rocks, and, like people of spirit, rambled on foot, which is seeing them to much greater advantage than in a carriage, as we travelled to them through a country the most perfectly romantic I had ever seen, except in the descriptions of poets, or the paintings of Salvator Rosa. On one side of the path, perhaps, was a rocky steep, shagged with rushes and heather; on the other, a valley of the gayest verdure, terminated by a wood of the deepest gloom. At some places we met with a naked plain: in others the trees opened into a glade; and we were often stopped beneath their boughs to listen to the murmur of a spring.

Scarcely ever any traces of human art or cultivation; but all was wild spontaneous beauty, and what Mr. Mason finely calls, "the lone majesty of untamed nature."

"The rocks themselves, shaded with trees, and half overgrown with ivy, discover just enough of their own composition to give them the appearance of ruined buildings; and reminded us of the romantic descriptions of the abode of the Enchanters. We drank tea in this wild region after sunset; and then waited to see the effect of moonlight on so solemn a scene: this was extremely fine, and so very amusing, that it did not suffer us to get home till a good while after ten."

It was during this stay at Tunbridge, as was observed before, that the plan of the publication of Mrs. Carter's Poems was settled. She had already hinted it to Miss Talbot in the foregoing letter; and as soon as she returned to Deal, she sent her the particulars of the scheme, and a copy of the dedication for her's and the Archbishop's approbation. Miss Talbot's reply was as follows.

To

To Mrs. CARTER.

" If you was here, my dear Miss Carter, we might have a long conversation on the subject of the little manuscript; but all I can say at present must be in a short letter. My commission is to tell you, that what Lord Bath, Lord Lyttelton, and Mrs. Montagu so earnestly desire, cannot possibly have any objection made to it from hence. What you say of the size indeed is mortifying; and I could see that it was thought no small degradation from a quarto of Greek Philosophy, to dwindle into an eighteenpenny pamphlet of English verse. But that matter you must settle as well as you can with your uncle Epictetus, your cousin Socrates, and all the rest of your kindred sages. But I had rather you should write two or three lampoons upon me, than not swell it into a little volume. But be it ever so little a volume, consider how you could answer it to your conscience to deprive the world of so excellent and uncommon a dedication as is intended for it. Indeed considering how much you have always set your heart on *being married*, you may perhaps be afraid, lest appearing as a poetess should spoil your preferment; but depend upon it, that quarto of Philosophy has done your business with

with *the Captains*—and what care you for any body else? But to be serious; Dr. D—— is returned from Russia. Let me congratulate you on the admirable effects of your Epictetus. The Czarina has some time ago read it quite through with high approbation."

In the following year, therefore, 1762, the Poems were published; and it is not often that so inconsiderable a volume has been ushered into the world in so respectable a manner. It was dedicated to Lord Bath, and introduced by some very few lines in blank verse by Lord Lyttelton, with an allusion in them to Mrs. Montagu as her friend. A blank indeed was left at first for that lady's name, by her own desire*, from motives of delicacy, as the office assigned to her in them was no small compliment. But it was soon known, that she was the person meant; and in the later editions the blank was filled up with her name.

These Poems were very generally admired, and some of them were translated into French and Latin. One of the latter, as a specimen,

* In a letter to Mrs. Carter, after they had left Tunbridge.

will

will appear in this edition, as it has never (I believe) been printed. The French translation was a selection of twelve Poems, six of them rendered in prose, and six in verse, by the Count de Bedée, who published them in London in 1796, accompanied with a dedication to herself in very good English, and a French preface. Who the Count de Bedée was, or is, I do not know*; and believe that Mrs. Carter herself did not; but the translation both in verse and prose is such as does him great credit, and must have been attended, for reasons which he gives in the dedication and preface, with considerable difficulty.

Of Mrs. Carter's Poems the general character seems to be rather ease, correctness, and elegance, than fire or strength. Though she felt, and warmly admired the *thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,* yet her own poetry bears no marks of genius of so high a stamp †. Still, among the minor poets of the age, her rank will

* See Vol. ii. p. 119.

† Subsequent to the first Edition of these Memoirs, a somewhat different, and much more favourable account of Mrs. Carter's Poems has been published by a much better judge, the Editor of the *Censura Literaria.* In the same Essay is also an admirably drawn character of Mrs. Carter herself; more highly finished, and with more just discrimination than any which has yet appeared.—See Cens. Lit. July 1807.

be

be far above mediocrity; and the classic purity of her language, the sweetness of her versification, and her undeviating attention to the only true morality, that of the Gospel, have caused them to be much read, and justly approved, by the wise and learned, as well as the good. They were all addressed to friends whom she loved; and what she really felt or thought concerning them, she expressed. The names of most of them appear in this edition for the first time. With respect to her own opinion of these, and indeed of all her writings, the only circumstance on which she valued herself, or dwelt with pleasure to the end of her life, was, that they could have no bad effect, that they could do the world no harm. And whenever she was brought to speak of her own Poems, which she never did willingly, she used to say, that she never wrote a line without considering whether it was possible that it could do mischief; whether it could be so much misunderstood, as by any construction to be made to have a bad tendency. How happy would it be for the world, and how much more happy for themselves, if all authors could make a similar declaration!

The dedication to the Earl of Bath, prefixed to this volume, is wholly unsullied by that flattery which is too often a disgrace both to the author and the patron. But there is some reason

reason to believe that this circumstance, which appears so creditable to both parties, is more particularly so to Lord Bath. For indeed the following extract of a letter from Mrs. Carter to Miss Talbot, seems to imply that he wrote it himself.

"The proposal of printing these trifles was made by my Lord Bath, who did me the honour to desire they might be published and dedicated to himself: and that I might be under no kind of difficulty, added that he himself would write the dedication. Lord Lyttelton is so good to allow that the verses which Mrs. Montagu mentioned to you from Tunbridge, shall be prefixed to the collection; and I think too some others *, which he addrest upon another subject to Lord Bath. I have in vain used every endeavour to prevail upon Mrs. Montagu to deliver me from this operation, but she is absolutely impenetrable; and as I believe it is the only request she would refuse me, she seems determined to do it as effectually as possible. But all the encouragement which has been given me, is too weak to overcome my own diffidence and reluctance."

If indeed this was the case, and Lord Bath wrote the dedication to himself, he seems to

* These last, however, do not appear in it.

have

have done it in such a style as she herself would probably have used; for she had so great an aversion to every thing that might appear to savour of meanness, that she could not even prevail upon herself to say what she really thought, where the motives to flattery were so obvious as well as powerful. This appears evident from the verses in this collection addressed to the same nobleman, which are so far from being complimentary, that Archbishop Secker's observation upon them to her was, "Why, Madam Carter, you have not been tolerably civil to the man." Yet what her real opinion of him was will appear from the following letter to a friend wholly remote from the great world, and who did not know him at all.

It was written from Sandleford, where she was then on a visit to Mrs. Montagu, after Lord Bath's death, and consequently after her disappointment in not being remembered in his will, had she formed any such expectations, which indeed there is sufficient reason to suppose that she never did. Nor could she then have the least idea of being benefited by the liberality of his heirs, to whom she was afterwards so much obliged, for his large possessions descended at first to General Pulteney, his brother.

To

To Mrs. ——.

Sandleford, Aug. 14, 1764.

"I know you are too much interested in my happiness not to be glad to hear that I am well, and that Mrs. Montagu is much better than was to be apprehended from what she has suffered, by a loss which she must so deeply feel. I believe indeed our being in the country is much better for us both, than if this melancholy event had happened at a time when we were in town, where we were so much accustomed to my Lord Bath's society almost every day. None of his friends, I believe, will remember him longer, and very few with equal affection. Indeed there was something in his conversation and manners more engaging than can be described. With all those talents, which had so long rendered him the object of popular admiration, he had not the least tincture of that vanity and importance, which is too often the consequence of popular applause. He never took the lead in conversation, nor ever assumed that superiority to which he had a claim. As he was blessed with an exemption from many of the pains and infirmities of old age, he had none of its defects. In so many months as I past continually in his company

company last year*, I do not recollect a single instance of peevishness during the whole time. His temper always appeared equal. There was a perpetual flow of vivacity and good humour in his conversation, and the most attentive politeness in his behaviour. Nor was this the constrained effect of external and partial good breeding, but the natural turn of his mind; and operated so uniformly on all occasions, that I never heard him use a harsh, or even an uncivil expression to any one of his servants.

"The world, without paying the tribute to his virtues, is, I find, sufficiently eloquent upon his faults; and his memory is severely treated. No partiality ought to make one defend what is not to be justified. Yet though his bounty was not equal to the great opportunities which he enjoyed of exerting it, he often did very kind and generous things. I know that a few days before his last illness he gave a hundred pounds to a man whom he knew only by character; and I have heard of many instances of the like sort.

"Indeed I believe his own disposition was naturally compassionate and generous; but his

* In a tour on the Continent, which will be mentioned more particularly in its place.

unfortunate

unfortunate connection with a wife of a very contrary disposition, and to whom he was too good-naturedly compliant, had checked the tendency of his own heart, and induced a fatal habit, which he must find it difficult to alter at so advanced an age. Yet he nobly broke through it in paying above twenty thousand pounds of Lord Pulteney's debts, for which there could have been no legal demand on him. I know you will forgive me for saying so much on the subject of a friend for whose memory I shall always retain so high a degree of gratitude and affection. His loss appears so much the more grievous, as his death did not seem to be occasioned by the decay of old age. But God alone knows the proper time for all events."

After the publication of her Epictetus, Mrs. Carter's circumstances became so easy, that she was no longer wholly dependent on her father, though she still resided with him whenever she was at Deal, which she always considered as her home. But she was now enabled to live for several months every winter in that part of London which she never afterwards quitted. She thought herself more independent in lodg-

ings, as well as more at her ease, than she could be in visiting at any friend's house, many of whom would have gladly received her. She therefore engaged a small but neat apartment, the first floor of No. 20, in Clarges-street, Piccadilly, in which she lived for many years. This was next door to the house in which she died; and except an interval of a year or two after the death of her old landlady, at No. 20, when she had lodgings in Chapel-street, May Fair, she resided constantly in the winter in Clarges-street. Here she had handsome and comfortable apartments for herself and a maid-servant at No. 21, and never afterwards had occasion to change them. She kept no table in London, even after this time when she was well able to afford it; nor ever dined at home, but when she was so ill as to be unable to go out. The chairs or carriages of her friends always brought her to dinner, and carried her back at ten o'clock at latest. Her acquaintance was large and highly respectable: and most of them loved her with a warmth of affection which is not often seen even amongst the nearest connections.

In this same year 1762, her establishment in the country also was put upon a different footing. Her brothers and sisters were now all married, and of course had left her father's house, (except his youngest son her pupil, and her youngest

youngest sister, who both married soon afterwards) and he lived in a hired house at Deal, subject, from different causes, to the inconvenience of frequent removals. She thought it best therefore to buy a house for herself, in which her father might live with her, and she embraced the opportunity of purchasing one at the southern extremity of the town, commanding a view both of the country, and of the sea, in which she took great delight. Her mother-in-law, with whom she had always lived upon very kind and friendly terms, was now dead, and the task of keeping her father's house had devolved upon her. She performed it as she did her other duties; and to one of her dearest friends, who lamented the trouble which this arrangement gave her, she made the following reply with her usual modesty and good sense:—

"I am much obliged to you for the kind partiality which makes you regret my giving up my time to domestic economy. Indeed I have but very little employment of that kind in a very private and retired family. Yet it is proper that I should be rather more confined at home, and I cannot be so much at the disposal of my friends, as when my sister supplied my place. As to any thing of this kind hurting the dignity of my head, I have no idea of it, even if the head was of much more consequence

than I feel it to be. The true post of honour consists in the discharge of those duties, whatever they happen to be, which arise from that situation in which Providence has fixed us, and which we may be assured is the very situation best calculated for virtue and our happiness."

In pursuance of this excellent principle, when Mrs. Carter had bought her house, her father hired it of her, and she resided with him as before. Each had their separate library and apartment, and they met but seldom, except at their meals; but they lived together with much comfort and affection, and had a very high opinion of each other. This way of life continued till Dr. Carter's death in 1774.

In her annual journies to and from London at this time, Mrs. Carter usually travelled in the stage-coach. Later in life, when her brother-in-law, Dr. Pennington, was enabled, chiefly by means of the preferment which her interest with Archbishop Secker obtained for him, to keep a carriage, she used to travel in that, generally accompanied by the author of this account, or his elder brother. Her stage-coach journies were sometimes productive of very diverting conversations, one of which she related in these words, in a letter to Miss Talbot in 1763:—

"As

"As Nancy might possibly give you a formidable account of my three fellow-travellers, I think it necessary to inform you, as soon as possible, my dear Miss Talbot, that they did not eat me up, for which I was the more obliged to them, as they seemed disposed to eat every thing else that came in their way. By their discourse I believe they are pilots to the packet boats. One of them in great simplicity gave a very comic account of one of his passengers. He said he had once carried over 'one *Warbritton*, a very old orator, you may read about him in the almanacks. He was a Member of Parliament then, but he has been made a Bishop since. As we were upon our passage, he said he would sing me a song, and the song that he sung was *Rogues all.* He is a very old orator, you must have read about him in the almanacks.' Poor Bishop Warburton, to have all his fame reduced to what one may read about him in the almanacks!

"After he had finished all he had to say about the old orator, he fixed his eyes in my face, and asked if I was not one of the Carters; to which I answered, Yes. About half an hour afterwards he looked at me again, and broke forth with some vehemence, 'Why surely you cannot be the lady that is reported to be so well read in the mathematics, that she has puzzled

all the naval officers, and a gentleman came on purpose to have a *confer-rence* with her about it.' 'No indeed Sir, I am not.' 'Was it any of your sisters then?' 'Not that I know.' After many interrogations, he seemed very dissatisfied and unquiet with my answers, and I believe the poor man is to this hour in a perplexity, whether I am the lady that puzzled all the naval officers, and had a *confer-rence* with the gentleman, or not."

This story of Mrs. Carter's puzzling the naval officers, is one of the many which took their rise from her reputation in the country for even super-human knowledge, proceeding in part from her well known habits of early and late study, and partly from her general character for deep and extensive learning. Hence she gained among the vulgar (like Bacon, Agrippa, and others) the name of a conjuror, an almanack-maker, and of being able to foretel the changes of the weather. An instance of this kind is mentioned in one of her letters to Miss Talbot, which is related in these words:—

"It has yet been fair to-day, but I fear will not continue so. However, I must be cautious of uttering my conjectures here, *(at Wingham)* where I already pass for more than half a witch. Mrs. ——— was lately told by somebody in the village, that a *very cunning gentlewoman* had foretold all the bad weather we have had this

this summer, and likewise that there would be a worse storm before the end of it. Poor Mrs. ———, from her long acquaintance with me, was far enough from suspecting that I could be the person characterized by the name of a *cunning gentlewoman*, till hearing this Cassandra lived at Deal, she was led into further enquiries, which fully proved the charge against me. From my foretelling a storm, it will be a mighty easy and natural transition to my raising it; so upon the whole, it seems to be well for me, that the repeal of the Witch Act will suffer me to do it with impunity. There was just such another ridiculous story two years ago about my foretelling the high tide. I really thought there had been no such nonsense left even among the lowest of the people at present."

A similar proof that such was the general idea entertained of her supernatural knowledge, once occurred in a conversation to which the author was himself a witness. He was accidentally walking with a friend in Canterbury Cathedral, when a very young man, and had occasion to make some enquiry of one of the verger's wives about a tomb. In the course of their conversation, his friend observed that it was very cold. "Yes," said the woman, "and it will be a dreadful winter, and a great scarcity of corn, for the famous Miss Carter has foretold

it." And so far indeed is true, that she often did foretel the change of weather from dry to damp; but that was owing to what she used to call her "atmospheric constitution," and not to her learning; for the approach of damp weather invariably, even to her last hours, occasioned her fits of languor and head-ach, which prevented her from applying to any thing, and sometimes confined her to her couch for the whole day.

After the translation of Epictetus, when, as has been observed, she began to have some property of her own, she immediately disposed of it by will. Many subsequent wills having been made, this, which was the first, is not now extant; but happily among her loose papers there still remained a note and prayer to be appended to it, which shew a mind so well regulated, so grateful, pious, and affectionate, that it ought, in justice to her character, and for the good of the world, to be made public. It shall therefore be given in the Appendix; and it will appear from it by what principles she was guided in the performance of that solemn and affecting duty. Exactly conformable to this instance of piety was her truly Christian spirit even to the close of her life; and she always delighted in embracing every opportunity in conversation of expressing her gratitude to God for a long and

happy

happy life, in the enjoyment of many and great comforts and blessings, and unmarked by any signal calamity.

The great intimacy subsisting between Mr. and Mrs. Montagu and Lord Bath, has been taken notice of already; and soon after the signing of the treaty of peace in the beginning of the year 1763, they formed a plan for a continental journey together. This was partly a scheme of pleasure, and partly on account of Lord Bath's health, which was declining, and for whom the Spa waters had been prescribed. At Mrs. Montagu's earnest request, Mrs. Carter was prevailed upon to join their party, which was of course attended with no expence to her. Dr. Douglas also, now Bishop of Salisbury, the learned and well known detector of literary forgeries, who was then Chaplain to Lord Bath, as well as his intimate friend, travelled with them *.

Lord Bath and Mrs. Montagu had their separate suites and establishments, though they travelled together; and when one house was not sufficiently large to contain both families, Mrs. Carter was always with Mrs. Montagu. At such times, however, the whole party usu-

* The Bishop died after this was written, but before it was published, in May 1807.

ally

ally met together at dinner at Lord Bath's. They landed at Calais on the 4th of June, 1763, and returned to Dover on the 19th of September in the same year. They went first to Spa, and then, after a short tour in Germany, proceeded down the Rhine into Holland; and from thence, through Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, and Dunkirk, to Calais again.

Mrs. Carter's letters from the Continent to several of her relations and friends, though evidently never intended for publication, are yet very interesting. It is both amusing and instructive to see how objects struck a mind like her's; and how the various absurdities of Roman Catholic belief and worship appeared to one so versed in historic as well as classic reading, and so deeply impressed with the excellence of the Reformed Religion, as it appears in the liturgy established in her own country. These letters, therefore, the editor thinks he may be allowed to give to the public, because they can do no harm, may be productive of some good, as well as pleasure, and cannot disgrace the revered memory of his excellent relation. He is indeed the more induced to believe that he may exercise his own discretion about them, because they were returned to Mrs. Carter, many years since, by the executors of the deceased friends to whom they were addressed; and

and had she wished them to be suppressed, it was in her own power to have destroyed them. Instead of which they were found among her papers, rolled up and labelled, but without any direction upon them to her executor, as there was on some others. He is therefore firmly persuaded, that in printing them he is not acting contrary to Mrs. Carter's will, and believes she meant that he should be guided by his own judgment concerning them, especially as she knew, and did not disapprove, of his intention of writing her life if he survived her. They are printed therefore exactly as they were written, except the omission of descriptions of the same place, which are sometimes nearly similar, being addressed to different correspondents.

To Miss TALBOT.

Calais, June 4, 1763.

"God be thanked I can give you the intelligence which you kindly desired, my dear Miss Talbot, of our being safely landed at Calais. We set out about four this morning. The wind was not much either for or against us, so that we had neither a long nor a short passage, but arrived between nine and ten o'clock. Most of our company bore the sea extremely well. Mrs. Montagu, who looked miserably when she came

to

to Dover yesterday, and had been very ill on the road, was surprizingly well during the whole passage*. I held out tolerably for about two hours, but after that grew deplorably sick: however it was sans consequence, so I gave nobody any trouble. I grew better after we were set on shore, and well enough before we reached the inn to find myself extremely inclined to laugh at the objects that struck me in passing the streets; and particularly in crossing the market, where I saw such a mixture of rags, and dirt, and finery, as was entirely new to an English spectator. The women at the stalls, who looked as if they were by no means possessed of any thing like a shift, were decorated with long dangling ear-rings. To own the honest truth, however, there is a *politesse*, and an *empressement pour vous servir*, among the lower kind of people here, that is very engaging, and I find quite a pleasure in talking to them. You will wonder how I have found time to discover all this already, but the French rapidity carries one a great way in a short space. There is a little *perruquier*, with a most magnificent queue, belonging to the inn, with whom I am upon the most friendly terms imaginable,

* So she was also when the author went over with her in the year 1776, when it was blowing extremely hard, and every person on board, the sailors excepted, was sick.

and

and he is my second page. My first is one provided for me by my Lord Bath, a little French boy with an English face.

"As soon as we had breakfasted, Mrs. M. thought it an advisable scheme to go to bed, as we had been up ever since two in the morning. It was some time before I could get rid of the motion of the ship, but I at last got an hour or two of tolerable sleep, and for such a kind of head I do pretty well.

"Instead of the miserable dirty hole which, from the descriptions I had heard of it, I expected to find Calais—by all that I have been able to see, it is a pretty clean town. I am sorry to say it, but it is fact, that the *Lion d'Argent* at Calais is a much better inn than any I saw at Dover. I have a large comfortable room, and a very good bed, which was far enough from being the case last night, and I hope by to-morrow morning I shall have quite worn off the little remains of sea-sickness.

"I went into the parish church, which is a very large handsome building, and finely ornamented with all the decorations of Popish devotion. The paintings seem to be very good, though the cloudiness of the afternoon prevented my seeing them very accurately: yet this *dim religious light* added to the solemnity of the building; and the meeting at several parts of the

church with people singly at prayers with great appearance of seriousness and devotion, was inexpressibly striking and affecting. Nothing I think could have prevented me from falling down on my knees, but the dread of appearing to worship painting and sculpture. After quitting a place where religion was dressed out in superfluous and dangerous ornaments, I was shocked to see it disgraced by rags and indecency in the person of a mendicant friar, who was one of the dirtiest animals I ever beheld*."

To Miss TALBOT.

St. Omer's, June 7, 1763.

"We stayed at Calais till yesterday morning, but my head was too bad to suffer me to see much of the place, except the church—not that I went to high mass. On one side of the high altar is a picture with an impious representation of him '*whom no man hath seen nor can see.*' Over the head of the figure is a triangle. On another part of the piece, a dove, and a heart, and crown of thorns. The motto *Vive le sacré cœur de Jesus.* At the bottom of the church is

* The latter part of this description was addressed to Miss Sutton; but is here joined to Miss Talbot's letter, in order to make the account complete; a liberty which will be taken in similar instances.

a piece

a piece of sculpture, consisting of several little figures, and representing our Saviour in the tomb. Below is an inscription, *Et erit sepulchrum ejus gloriosum*, which I suppose may be the Vulgate translation of the original. You will think I have made this quotation to convince the Archbishop that I have left neither my Bible nor my Hebrew behind me.

"On Monday we set out towards St. Omer's. The country near Calais is flat and disagreeable: the road perfectly good. At about seven miles from thence we got out to view a little bridge, which is so constructed as to cross two streams. I did not understand the mechanism, but the appearance of the arch is extremely beautiful*. While the postillion stopped to bait his horses at a village, I straggled about, and got into the church, which being very small, and as fine as dolls and tinsel could make it, had quite the appearance of a baby-house. Before three we got to St. Omer's, which is a very pretty town; the houses handsome, and the streets wide and well paved; which, to the mortification of my

* This is called the *Pont sans pareille*, and has often been described. Two streams, or canals, cross each other at right angles under it, and as many roads over it. At Croyland, in Lincolnshire, is a bridge something similar to this, but with three streams under it, and three roads over it. The difficulty was probably equal in both.

English

English vanity, is the case with every town we have seen. We went to the Jesuit's College, which, since the expulsion of that order, is given to the College at Douay. It is a pretty large building of four sides: in the middle is an open square. The library did not seem to contain much besides School divinity. There is something strangely melancholy in the appearance both of the buildings and the inhabitants, We endeavoured to talk to some of the schoolboys, who are chiefly Irish, but they looked stupified, and had such a dejected spiritless air that it quite sunk one.

"In the cathedral is a silver shrine, I suppose near five feet long, with the several stories of Omer, the titular saint, finely chased in different compartments. On the top is a crucifix of gold. The base is of a composition resembling blue and white marble, which grows wider at the bottom, and is surrounded by a broad fillet of silver gilt. Below that is a square tomb with an opening of glass, which discovers two large silver chasses, containing the reliques of two saints whose names I never heard before, and which I have forgot. In this church there is a picture by Rubens, representing the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, which is extremely painful, but very fine. The strong expression of suffering, and at the same time of hope and comfort

comfort, is blended in a manner that exceeds all description. His eyes are fixed on a ray of light issuing from above.

"In another part of the church is a piece which our guide told us was *St. Job sur le fumier*. His wife has the most complete look and attitude of a vixen I ever saw. In each corner of the picture are several chanoines, bishops, and other ecclesiastical figures. I asked our guide if they were Job's comforters, and he answered 'Yes.' He then shewed us the plate, which is very rich. Among the rest, a chalice set with stones, in which he told us St. Omer performed the mass. I asked him how long it was since St. Omer lived; he answered, 'a hundred thousand years;' but another who stood by, corrected him, and said, 'three thousand years' but however did not contradict his living before St. Job.

"Yesterday morning we set out for Lisle. By the frugality of our guide to save eight miles, we came for about twelve miles in a very rough road, but through one of the finest countries I ever saw, and the same charming views lasted the whole fifty miles. Between St. Omer's and Lisle are several towns, all very pretty, and vexatiously superior to our country towns in England; but we have advantages enough to compensate this and every other circumstance

in which they excel us. The fields are very highly cultivated here; and the people look very clean, and have nothing of that air of poverty and wretchedness that one should have expected in a land of slavery. The corn-fields and woods are intermixed in a most delightful manner, and many parts of the prospect put me in mind of those which we admired so much in going from the Devizes to Bath. We arrived at Lisle yesterday about three, and have continued all the day to rest ourselves, and see the place. Hitherto, I thank God, our journey has been very prosperous, and all continue in health. Mrs. M. much better than when she set out.

" Lisle is a large and very fine city: but a fashion of strong iron cross-bars before the windows gives the houses an uncomfortable look, and makes them resemble prisons. It is like all the other towns we have passed, paved like St. James's-square. The glare, and foppery, and childishness of the ornaments of the churches are beyond what any thing but the testimony of my own eyes could have given me any idea of. The decorations of the altars are much more fit for the toilette of a fine lady, than for a place dedicated to the solemn service of religion. I am quite sick of looking at so much tinsel, and such a variety of *colifichets*. The only thing which has struck me with any thing like solemnity, was

was a sight of nuns this afternoon singing vespers. We should have been glad to have staid longer here; but the apprehension from what our guide told us of an elevation of the Hostia, obliged us to return before the service was over. Mrs. Montagu and I were at two other convents, and had some discourse with two nuns. We took notice to one that she appeared *bien contente*, to which she made an answer which had much more sense than enthusiasm in it.—"*Quand on a pris une vocation on seroit bien folle de ne n'etre pas contente.*" We asked whether it was possible for us to see the inside of the convent, to which she answered very archly, "*Pas sans y rester au moins;*" at which the little rogue of a page who was with us was excessively entertained. We are to set out to-morrow for Ghent."

To ——*

Lisle, June 8, 1763.

"Last night we all arrived at this place. Here we took an hackney coach, which is quite another thing than at London, for they are extremely easy and clean, and set on springs, so that they turn in a place surprisingly small, and

* All the letters of which the direction is left blank, are addressed to Mrs. Carter's different relations.

in this machine we visited the principal places. The churches are excessively rich, but there is such a profusion of childish finery as is very inconsistent with that sober and simple dignity which ought to characterise the ceremonies of religion. We visited the fortifications, and were shewed the gate where the Duke of Marlborough entered when he took the city. Many cannon-balls are remaining in the walls since the last siege. We were likewise shewn at some distance the encampment of our army at Fontenoy. A fortified town appears to me a dreadful object, and I feel very thankful for being born in a country which Providence has guarded by the Ocean, and by Liberty."

Ghent, June 10.

"We arrived here last night, and were to have set out for Brussels this morning, but my Lord Bath's coach and the chaise marine wanted so much repair, that it kept us here the whole day. Yesterday we quitted French Flanders, and came into the territories of the Empress Queen. We passed through Menin, and stopped for some time at Courtray, where we had an opportunity of seeing a procession of the Hostia, as it is now the feast *du saint Sacrament*. Whenever the priest came from beneath the canopy, and elevated the Hostia, all the people

people fell on their knees in the streets. The procession was accompanied by priests, and monks, and quiristers, who sung all the way, but I could not distinguish a syllable. Ghent is a very large city, but does not by any means make so noble an appearance as Lisle. The houses are painted of different colours, but chiefly a dazzling kind of white, which makes a very disagreeable glare. We saw several of the churches, which are very pompous. As we were in the side aisle of the church, we saw mass celebrated at the high altar. The vestments and motions of the priests give the service more the air of a pantomime than a solemn office of religion.

"We went to the convent of the Benedictine Monks, which is extremely fine. The refectory is a much more magnificent apartment than I recollect ever to have seen in any of our palaces, and finely ornamented with paintings, &c. The library is a noble room, and the books make a very handsome appearance, but they have hardly any manuscripts. We went to the English nunnery, where Mrs. Montagu visited one who had been her playfellow in England. But there is no admittance within the grate without an order from the bishop. At this convent there was one sweet pretty girl, of a very elegant figure, who made our hearts ach: she

had not that air of gaiety which appears in most of those which we have seen.

" To-morrow we hope to get to Brussells, which is about thirty miles from hence, and we propose staying there till Tuesday. If it please God we go on as well and as prosperously as we have hitherto done, I hope we shall reach Spa by Thursday or Friday at farthest: of which I shall be very glad, for I am not fond of this unsettled kind of life."

To ———.

Bruxelles, June 12, 1763.

" We arrived here all safe and well yesterday afternoon with no worse accident than some fractures in our tackle, which is perpetually out of repair in this country, though the roads are so very good. But the horses are all harnessed with ropes, and it seems the Empress Queen travels with no other equipage. All the middle of the road is paved with flat stones, so that you have the same jingle in your ears as in driving through a town, for it is very seldom that the postillions chuse to quit the pavement, which makes sad work with the carriages. For the last fifty miles which we have travelled, the roads are bordered with very fine trees, and the whole looks

looks like an avenue to a great house. The country is very flat, and the prospects on each side are often extremely beautiful, and the fields highly cultivated; but one scarcely ever meets with a villa, or a farm-house. Lisle is by much the finest town we have seen. Ghent is very large, but has nothing particularly striking in its appearance. The Benedictines convent is very rich; and some of the apartments resemble rather the palace of an eastern monarchs than a college of mortified monks.

" Brussells is the most disagreeable town which I have yet seen in our way; the houses are extremely high, and the streets narrow, which makes it dark and close; and I shall be heartily glad when we leave it. We took an airing to-day in a place used for that purpose by the inhabitants: I believe we went about a mile in a straight road by the side of a dismal looking canal. We afterwards drove about the park, which is pretty enough, but very trifling compared to our St. James's and Hyde Park. There is an English monastery here, which we visited out of compliment to our country-women. We sat about twenty minutes without the grate, and talked with three of the nuns; both these, and those we saw at Ghent, desired us to call on them on our return. They told us one of their amusements was country dances, and that they

had the newest from England. They have almost universally the same air of gaiety, which would give one pleasure, if it did not seem to be as much an uniform as their habit: they have all an unhealthy cadaverous kind of look, which is no wonder from the want of air and exercise in such a confinement.

"At a convent in Lisle is a kind of an altar with an image of the Virgin and our Saviour, both with black faces; for which we could get no better reason than that our Lady of Loretto was the same. They bid us get up upon a chair, and peep into a little hole of a closet behind the altar, to see the kitchen furniture of the Virgin; all I remember of the contents was a stove and a little brass kettle. I think nothing but the testimony of my own eyes could have perfectly convinced me of the miserable, trifling fopperies of Popery. Most of the images are such mere dolls, that one would think the children would cry for them. Even the high altars are decorated with such a profusion of silly gewgaw finery, as one would think better adapted to the amusement of girls and boys, than to inspire sentiments of devotion. I feel extremely uncomfortable with hearing bells ringing all day long, without being able to go to church; but I hope this heathenish kind of life will be over when

when we get to Spa, and we shall have a kind of worship in which I can join.

"We have been to see the Arsenal, which contains the armour of the Emperor Charles the Vth, and other great men. The shield is very beautiful; the story, Jason and the Minotaur; the figures a fine relief in steel. We were likewise shewn the armour of poor Montezuma, which is formed of silk and whalebone. The good woman who shewed the place touched us with the sword of Charlemagne, and pronounced a benediction in the name of St. George. The room is a bad one, and in no respect equal to our armories in the Tower; yet two or three of the suits of armour are exquisite pieces of workmanship. The town-house is a fine building, and the tapestry in the highest perfection, particularly one piece, which represents the abdication of the Emperor Charles V."

To Miss TALBOT.

Bruxelles, June 13, 1763.

"I have writ to you twice, my dear Miss Talbot, since I left England. The last time I think was from Lisle, which is much the finest city through which we have passed; though indeed all the towns are very good: yet there is

is something so schocking in the dreadful apparatus of ramparts, draw-bridges, and port-cullises, which strike one at every entrance into a place, with ideas of war and despotism, that I think with great transport on our own ill-paved open country towns.

"We came from Ghent to this place on Saturday through a very fine road bordered with tall, handsome trees, and the country on each side as pleasant as possible for an absolute flat, which has been the case almost the whole way from Calais. The streets here are narrow, and all up hill and down, and the houses so high, that it is very dark, and the air seems damp and close. I am moreover devoured by bugs, which is the more provoking as they attack none of our company but myself. We designed to have seen the cathedral to day, but could get no further than the body of it; for the person who had undertaken to shew us the rest was forbid, for what reason we could not learn. I do not design to finish my letter till we arrive at Spa, for which place we are to set out to-morrow."

Liege, June 15.

"We sat out yesterday from Bruxelles between six and seven, with the hope of reaching this place early in the evening. The distance is near sixty miles; but our journey was much perplexed

perplexed by some accidents to the carriages, by which however, God be thanked, none of us got any hurt. Our equipages consist of a coach, a vis-a-vis, a post-chaise, and a chasse marine, with ten or twelve out-riders. These roads, which appear so very fine, and certainly are so, yet tear our English vehicles all to pieces. When we were got about eighteen miles on our way yesterday, my Lord Bath's coach lost one of the hind wheels, and it was above two hours before it could be repaired. After we had got above half way, the road grew more rugged, and we were obliged to move very slow, so that there was no hope of getting here by day-light, which was to be wished in this lawless, undisciplined country. However, the evening was fine, and we went on in good spirits, except some apprehensions from the crippled state of the coach.

"Liege is situated at the bottom of a very long, and in some parts a steep hill. After we had got to the end of it, and had just passed the gate, Mrs. Montagu and I, who were in the vis-a-viss heard a violent crash, followed by a fearful yelling in the street, which the darkness, by rendering it impossible for us to see what was the matter, made still more terrible. We soon found it to be, what we apprehended, that the coach was broke down. We had soon the happiness

piness of hearing, that nobody was hurt; but in the mean time Mrs. M—— was so frightened by the first shock, that I was afraid she would faint. In this perplexity I spied an honest looking man with a candle at the side of our vehicle, who, to my great comfort, could speak French; and I begged he would let us come into his house, to which he very readily agreed; and, with great good nature offered to call an English gentleman who lodged with him. Here I procured some hartshorn for Mrs. M——; and by the time she was got a little better, my Lord Bath and Mr. Montagu came to us perfectly unhurt. The axletree broke, which was the occasion of the overthrow. It was very providential that no accident happened as we were coming down the hill. We soon after got to our inn, and have been obliged to stay here all day, instead of pursuing our journey to Spa. By to-morrow I hope the coach will be in a condition to travel. As it happened we should not have had very good travelling if we could have set out this morning, for it has thundered, and lightened, and rained excessively this afternoon.

" Between Bruxelles and Liege we passed through Louvain, where there is a University; but saw nothing worth remarking in our passage but the town-house, a fine Gothic building

in

in the same style as that at Brussels. I have somewhere read that the scholars of the University once defended the town very bravely in a siege; but I forget the particulars*. From thence we went on to Tirlemont, which by its situation on a very rising ground, in the midst of a fine landscape, makes a very beautiful appearance at a small distance, though it seemed a shabby little town as we passed through it. We dined at the village of St. Tron.

"All that I have seen of this city *(Liege)* is detestable: the streets narrow and dark, and the people of a disagreeable countenance. The English gentlemen who dined with us give them a very bad character. The murderer of Colonel G. till very lately has walked about unmolested. It is said he has now absconded. The wretch was assisted by, I think, fourteen of his relations in this horrid act of revenge. You may imagine we shall not be sorry to leave a place of which we hear so wretched an account. Our journey from hence to Spa is about twenty-one miles; but the road is so mountainous and bad, that we must proceed very slowly. It is not, however, thought to be at all dangerous.

"Mrs. Montagu and I have been to visit an English convent, which is a compliment we pay

* It was against William, Prince of Orange, in 1572.

to

to our country-women in every town in which we make any stay. They always appear glad to see us, and desire we will call on them on our return. If we are able to do it here, an English gentleman has promised to procure us admittance within the grate. One of the ladies whom we saw to-day is named Plowden, a Yorkshire family. She is not very young, but very handsome, and perfectly well-bred; and has more the appearance of unaffected cheerfulness, than any with whom we have conversed.

"This afternoon we went to see the Benedictine church, which has the finest coloured Gothic ceiling I ever saw. As we came out we were turning the wrong way, but were met by one of the monks, who told us we were not to pass through the convent; but with great civility he conducted us out the right way, and attended us quite to the coach, and sharply rebuked a man who was at work in the court, for shewing some disposition to be impertinent."

Spa, June 16.

"At length we are all safely arrived, I thank God, at the end of our journey. We sat out from Liege before nine this morning, and did not reach Spa till about six, though it is only twenty-one miles: but such a road as I never passed before, nor ever desire to pass more than once

once over again. It has one advantage, however, that in this wild region of precipices, the carriages do not approach near enough to give one any kind of terror; but there are hills to which Clifton is a mere plaything. A very long and steep hill, about a mile from Spa, is most beautifully romantic, and the more so probably from the great quantity of rain which has fallen yesterday and to-day, and which, I suppose, occasioned the rushing of torrents through the woods, which are in some parts so close, that there is but just room for a coach to pass. At the foot of a hill is a river, about which our people were a little doubtful, as it is sometimes so swelled by the rain, as to be impassable: but it proved to be nothing at all. All our carriages held out very well, except the chasse-marine, which was overturned; but this we did not hear till after our arrival, and providentially nobody got any hurt. The little page has been giving me a terrible account of the affair. A gun, which was deeply loaded, and broke to pieces by the overthrow, did not go off. Some parts of the country near Spa resemble Tunbridge; but the situation of the village itself is not by many degrees so pretty. I am pretty well after this rocky journey; but so tired and beat by the jolting, that I

could not dine at my Lord Bath's; but have been drinking my solitary tea in my own room, and am going to bed."

June 17.

"I know nothing more of this place to-day than I did yesterday; for it has rained almost incessantly since we have been here: and while the rain continues there is no drinking the waters. There is but very little company yet arrived, but a great deal expected. Mrs. Montagu's house is just opposite to my Lord Bath's, with whom we are to dine every day. The houses here are by no means comparable with those at our water-drinking places. The walls of the chambers are white-washed, and the floors the colour of dirt. They are much in the style of the better kind of rooms in our farm houses. Mrs. Montagu's chamber looks upon a river, and mine upon a wooded mountain; so she is entertained by the gurgling of the water, and I by the song of a cuckow. I will observe the Archbishop's direction of beginning moderately with the Geronsterre waters. The Pouhon I drank to-day at dinner. It seems very little, if at all, different from that which I have tasted in England."

To

To ———.

Spa, June 17, 1763.

"At length I have the pleasure of acquainting you that our journey is finished; and we arrived safe and well, I thank God, at Spa about six last night. Spa is only twenty-one miles from Liege; but such a road as I never passed. We were fifteen hours in performing it, including about two which we stopped at a kind of alehouse in the way, to bait the horses. It rained all the morning extremely hard; and in our way over a heath on a high ground, the wind blew so high, that it was quite a tempest. Some of our company said that it thundered and lightened at the same time; but this I did not perceive. It cleared up in the afternoon, which I was extremely glad of on many accounts, besides the opportunity which it gave me of walking down two monstrous hills. The last of them is about a mile from Spa, and the postillion affirmed it to be a quarter of a league in length, but I think it was scarcely half a mile. Part of it has woods on each side, in some places so close, that there is but just room for a carriage to pass. All the way through the woods we heard the dashing of torrents; and the whole scene was wild and romantic to the greatest degree."

To ———.

Spa, June 24, 1763.

" Our journey, I thank God, was very prosperous, and some of our party seem much the better for it: my head, to its honour be it spoken, is just the same unchangeable head in all varieties of soil and climate.

" We are not yet got into any regular course of drinking the waters, as some little previous repose and preparation was necessary: but I began pretty much in earnest this morning. One of the springs rises in the midst of the village; but this is but little drank except at dinner. There is another at about two miles distance, which it is usual to drink for about a week; and with this I am at present engaged. The road to it is very rough, and to a coward not very delightful; but the prospect on all sides is in the highest style of savage beauty. The fountain is on the top of a hill, with woods, and rocks, and precipices all round: the walks are delightfully wild; they are deeply shaded with unplanted trees, and the ground broken and diversified with an unbounded irregularity; and all the way one wanders along them, there is the perpetual murmur of springs, unless when it is lost in the dashing of cascades. I shall be sorry

sorry when our dose of this fountain is finished, as I am told the next will be less pleasant. It is at a still greater distance from the village. What I have hitherto drank of the water agrees with me very well, except some such confusion of head as I felt from the Tunbridge waters, and which makes it a little awkward to me to write.

"The company here is but very small at present; but great numbers are expected, and lodgings taken: among them are several German Princes. At present we have only one, the Bishop of Augsburg. We are invited to dine with him to-morrow at half past twelve. Prince Clement of Saxony, Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, and his Princess, and the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, have houses taken for them; so the assembly will soon become very magnificent; it is dull enough at present. Mrs. M. and I only went one evening for about ten minutes, in which we found time to grow excessively tired. We dine with my Lord Bath every day, and generally go with him to the fountain in the morning; but to-morrow I propose to follow my own devices, and to skip from rock to rock like a wild kid, instead of jolting, to the utter derangement of all my features, in this horrible bad coach track.

"It has rained many days since we came here; so that I have walked but little through

the village. The streets are clean and light; but the disposition of the houses not comparable to Tunbridge. The way of living here is very sober; the whole town seems asleep by ten o'clock; young people, I believe, will be the better for this, whatever they may be for the waters.

"The soil here is so rocky, that the vegetables are very bad; if one's eyes were shut there would be no distinguishing carrots from green pease, nor either of them from a dried rush. The strawberries are equally tasteless. The people here all talk French, but it is not good. I am sorry to find but few French among the company; but there is one fine lively old lady from Paris, who has all the characteristics of her country."

To ———.

Spa, June 28, 1763.

"I was really very glad when our journey was over; for I began to grow quite weary of such an unsettled state—one is not, to be sure, settled to much purpose in such a place as this; but still it is a kind of habitation, and one knows where to find a room to sit down in. The way of life is much less agreeable here, I think,

think, than at Tunbridge, as I believe the waters render people still more unfit for any kind of application.

"We set out for the spring about six o'clock. It is at least three miles, I believe, from the village, and all the way up hill. The time of drinking lasts little more than an hour, and then we return to breakfast; but tea is absolutely prohibited to all the water drinkers. There is nothing but mere sauntering from this time till we dress for dinner at two; and about five begin visiting, and going to the rooms; then supper, and to bed before ten.

"We all dined on Saturday with the Prince Bishop of Augsburg. The company were Lord Bath, and the rest of our party, Lord and Lady Robert Bertie, a Russian Embassador, and some others whom I did not know. His Highness is extremely well bred and obliging, and looks like a very quiet good kind of man: but had nothing of an episcopal appearance in his dress; for he was in a blossom coloured coat, with an embroidered star on his breast, and a diamond cross; but his behaviour is extremely proper; and it seems as soon as his guests are withdrawn, he always reads prayers himself. He dines at a little after twelve, so the company is dismissed a little after two. We have another Bishop here whom I saw at the Geronsterre this

morning, Prince Clement of Saxony, fourth son to the King of Poland. He does not appear to be twenty years old; he is one of the competitors for the Bishoprick of Liege, which is now vacant, and the election referred to the Pope. Any body, I think, must have an outrageous love of sovereignty who can wish to rule the people of Liege, who have the worst look of any human creatures I ever saw, and inhabit one of the most disagreeable cities. Their character is very conformable to their appearance, and we were all heartily glad when we left the place.

"The company at Spa increases every day. I have just been for half an hour to the assembly, where I was tired to death with making forty curtsies; if this direful formality is to continue, I will take care to get but very seldom into the scrape. I suppose it is in compliment to the Princes, who were both there. The most sensible and most agreeable man whom I have met with here is a Russian, who is Embassador to some of the German Courts, and who does not look at all as if he came from the *Pays des ours*.

"The general language here is French: most of the English talk it so ill, that I find no reason to be scrupulous, where there are so many to keep me in countenance. There are some

French

people here; but the greater part are English and Germans. Some of our countrymen complain of the treatment they have met with in the dominions of the Empress Queen, who it seems has taken a mortal antipathy to the English. A nobleman of the first distinction waited on Prince Charles at Brussels, in his way to Spa; and the Prince did not speak to him, which was the more remarkable as they had been very well acquainted; and I heard of another instance equally strange.

"The country all round Spa is wild and romantic to the highest degree; but I dare not ramble far by myself, and I do not like the incumbrance of a guard. I have found one very pretty walk however, where I may venture with safety: it is not half a mile long; but in that compass I have great variety of hills, and woods, and valleys, and springs, and cascades. It is terminated by a little brook, which I should certainly pass, if I saw any thing beyond it that much tempted my pursuit.

"It is very grievous to me to hear so seldom from home. I have yet had but one letter, though I have writ several times when we were upon the road. I know it is not the fault of my friends that I do not hear oftener; but the post *va tojours son train* without any regard to my impatience."

To ———.

Spa, July 2, 1763.

"There is not the least hazard of my growing too much in love with foreign parts from any amusement we have hitherto met with at Spa. The weather has been so rainy, that there has been no opportunity of our enjoying this place as a rural scene; and I do not find much to engage my attention among the human creatures that make up the public assemblies. Our company consists of Germans, French, Dutch, and English; but nations that have such frequent intercourse with each other, have so much resemblance in their manners, that there is very little to gratify the curiosity of a Speculatist. Our assembly room at Spa is just like an assembly room at Tunbridge or Bristol, only more formal, and consequently more dull. There are several Germans of distinction, but no English, except Lord and Lady Robert Bertie. The Bishop of Augsburg keeps a table, and invites all the company by turns. We have dined there once, and are to dine there again to-day. The dining with a Sovereign Prince is an affair of more honour than pleasure, and is nothing like society. One circumstance is very awkward to little folks, that the attendants are all men of quality;

quelity: and we must either choke with thirst, or employ a Count or Baron to bring a glass of water. An *Excellence* with an embroidered star comes to us from his Highness when dinner is upon table, which is half an hour after twelve. I must go and dress for this most serene visit; but was unwilling to lose this post to thank you for your letter.

"Prince and Princess Ferdinand have a house taken for them; so there will be no end to bowing and curtsying, and standing *pede in uno*. An inundation of English nobility is likewise soon to pour in upon us. Adieu."

To ———.

Spa, July 2, 1763.

"I begin my letter to you now, though I do not design to send it till I hear from you again: but I am obliged to write *a diverses reprises*, as I can seldom sit down long together. I have begun to drink the waters; but my head will not suffer me to go on so regularly with them as I could wish. I do not mean by this that it is at all worse than usual; but as it is pretty much the same, you know it must give me frequent interruptions. We all dined today with the Bishop of Augsburg. In the spirit

spirit of prudence I came home as soon as it was over, to sit quiet instead of going to tire myself with making curtsies at the rooms; and by this means have time to write some letters.

"The balls at Spa are not yet begun, but I suppose will soon, as July will be the height of the season. The players are soon expected, and there is a building preparing for fire-works. The weather has been so rainy, that there has been but little going out, except in a coach. We were on Thursday in one of the public walks, which is very pretty from the views which strike one from every part of it. On one side of it is a very high hill covered with green, and in appearance almost perpendicular. Yet there are terras walks so contrived, that it may be ascended without any hazard. The appearance of people who are climbing this mountain, sometimes in full view, and at others half concealed by the trees, makes the prettiest scenery imaginable to the company walking below. You may be sure I marked the practicability of this ascent, which I have this afternoon been putting into actual execution, while the rest of our party were airing, or rather stifling in the coach, which I always renounce when I can. I found my ramble extremely pleasant. The mountain from the bottom to the top is cut into wood walks, in such a manner as reminded me of the hanging gardens

of

of Babylon. With all my dread of precipices I had no sort of shuddering, as the trees make so good a fence, and in a great measure conceal the depth below. The top leads to a large wild heath, from whence there is an unbounded prospect. The nearest object is the village of Spa, which makes a very pretty appearance from that height. I saw some green lanes that exceedingly tempted me to ramble on to a greater distance; but as I was alone, and recollected that I was in the lawless territory of Liege, I checked my roving inclination, and contented myself with sitting down to enjoy the prospect, and breathe a most reviving air.

(July 8.)

"We grow every day more and more crowded at Spa, and the assembly room looks more bustling and cheerful; but there is still more and more bowing and curtsying, as there are still more Princes and Princesses. Prince Ferdinand of Prussia is arrived to night; every body is preparing to pay their court to the Princess: as I have no hoop I am out of the scrape, and shall content myself with seeing her, or with not seeing her, as it may happen at the rooms. There is a world of English arrived within this week; but there are very few French; but German Counts and Barons innumerable. Let me mention,

mention, however, the Germans with respect; I believe they deserve it in general: but I am inclined to be particularly fond of them at present, if it was only on the account of one lady whom I have lately met with, and with whom I am exceedingly acquainted, and exceedingly charmed. My English vanity is greatly flattered, by her earnestly desiring to learn our language, which I dare say she will soon accomplish, if a melancholy state of health does not prevent her. Of all the different people of different nations who are assembled together in this place, I have met with no one from whose conversation I have derived so much pleasure."

To Miss TALBOT.

Spa, July 14, 1763.

"I thought it a very long time, my dear Miss Talbot, before your conscience reminded you that I was in foreign parts. I beg you will not for the future lull it to sleep by an imagination, that it is necessary for people to travel as far as Constantinople, before they are solicitous to hear of their friends. I cannot tell how many measured miles there may be from Spa to England; but I know they are very long and very numerous by computation.

"Your

"Your letter, which I had at last the pleasure of receiving, was upon the whole a comfortable one; so far as that account goes, I am in charity with the Archbishop's gout: and I extremely applaud your living *al fresco* under the fragrance of roses; a luxury absolutely unknown at Spa, where the flowers are a mere picture.

"The life at Spa is just as idle and as sauntering as that of other water-drinking places; and the company does not strike one with any new impressions: it is made up of French, Dutch, Flemish, German, and English. The manners of nations who have so much intercourse with each other, have very little variety, and the language is the same, for every body speaks French. We have some illustrious personages here, and more are daily expected; so we shall be quite in a course of princes. The Bishop of Augsburg has company to dine with him every day: we have already been there three times *(c'est une visite fort illustre, et bien triste.)* Prince Clement of Saxony was here for a short time: he is a pretty young man about twenty, with two Bishopricks, and an orange coloured coat. The Bishop of Augsburg, who has all the appearance of being a very good kind of man, speaks very advantageously of him. He is youngest son to the King of Poland, and a competitor for the Bishoprick

Bishoprick of Liege, which is a disputed election, and referred to the decision of the Pope. He has only nineteen voices in the chapter, and Count Outremont a Liegois thirty-one.

"The Count de Mhandhershscheild Blaywnkheihimwn is another of our great personages, and a sovereign Prince. He and *Madame la Comtesse* dined at the Bishop of Augsburg's; they were attended by two figures, which, as far as I could guess by their motions, are of the human species; but there not being any telescopes in the room, it was impossible for me to see their heads. Mrs. ——— conjectures, that this pair of Colusses must be very useful to set the dishes on a table, whenever the Comte de Mhandhershscheild Bhlaywnkheihimwn happens to have a boiled leviathan at top, and a roasted behemoth at bottom.

"Seriously the Count is a well-bred man, very agreeable, and talked with sense and good-nature. If one could get into *a-tête-a-tête* with *Altesses*, the Princess of Esterhasy is the person with whom one would most wish to get acquainted; there is something remarkably pleasing in her look and manner, and both her understanding and character are much extolled. Prince and Princess Ferdinand of Prussia are to be here to night, and every body is preparing to pay their court to them; but with this I have

nothing to do; for I am told a hoop is absolutely necessary, and no hoop have I, and no hoop do I design to have; so I shall decline the honour and happinesss of looking silly in the presence of Princess Ferdinand. The hereditary Prince of Brunswick* is soon to be here: and for a day or two Duke Ferdinand and Princess of Amelia of Prussia: but it is in vain that you have set your heart on the conversion of the King, for he certainly will not come to Spa.

"After all there was a dispensation for going without hoops; but I was never the nearer, as I was sent to my pillow by the head-ach. However I have seen Princess Ferdinand and her

* Afterwards reigning Duke of Brunswick, and father of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. Too late for himself, for he lived to see the ruin of his country; but too soon for Europe, which never stood in greater need of a General so brave, loyal, and incorruptible. This Prince has now closed his long career of glory and honour by the death of a Hero and a Patriot. He is one of the many victims to the wild ambition of the modern Alexander, to whom may well be applied the character given by Lucan to his prototype:—

Felix Prædo———————
Terrarum fatale malum fulmenque quod omnes
Percuteret pariter populos; et sidus iniquum
Gentibus."

Lucan, Lib. 10. V. 20 & 33, &c.

suite

suite at the room, and at the walks, and a most extraordinary sight they are. They are laced within an inch of their lives, their stays excessively stiff, and their stomachers of an amazing length, nearly approaching to their chins. But what struck me the most is, that their features are all at a dead stand. I really never did see any thing in the human countenance before, that so much realized the fable of the Gorgon. The Princess has a very fine complexion, and is really as pretty as it is possible for her to be with such a stony look; with all this she is excessively lively, and danced three times a day when she was at Aix. Her French pronunciation *écorche les oreilles*, and is absolutely the worst I ever heard. Madam Keith, the *grande maîtresse*, is the most like one of the folks of this world among the set. She is a Prussian, but her face has learnt Scotch. With all this strange appearance of figure the whole court is extremely affable and obliging; and the Prince and Princess express great uneasiness at every instance of ceremony that seems to lay the company under any restraint. I have never been near enough to the hereditary Prince to get a full view of him."

July 12.

"This morning I had the pleasure of receiving your letter, and rejoice in the good account it

it brought me. You may comfort the heart of poor Mrs. F——, which you have so maliciously tormented, by assuring her that the painted gauze arrived safe, through all the perils of the Liege roads; and has been received by such an universal applause, as I never heard bestowed on any decoration of the kind in any age or country. Grave Bishops, Serene Princesses, English Lords and Ladies, High Dutch Barons, Low Dutch Burgomasters, and Flemish fat gentlewomen, have all concurred in their admiration both of the invention and the execution.

"You may set your heart at rest about any violent effect that the waters of Spa are likely to have on my spirits. The etiquette of Spa is to begin with the Sauveniere spring, by which I was extremely discouraged, as it dejected my spirits to the lowest degree, till I found that even Mrs. M——'s vivacity could not withstand its influence, from whence I concluded it a common effect. My head achs, and little fevers have a good deal interrupted me in the drinking of the Pouhon and Geronsterre; and if they had been worse than they have often been in England, I should have been tempted to desist; but as this is not the case I persevere, and I am upon the whole better than when I first came; and though I feel no immoderate gaiety, yet my nerves and spirits are much mended.

"I do not insist on your drinking the Spa waters if you have no languor or faintness; but if you have, I cannot help being very desirous that you would try it. My friends here, I thank God, are upon the whole very well. My Lord B. perfectly so. I extremely enjoy the universal respect which all the foreigners pay him, and the manner in which they talk of him. My English vanity suffers a good deal in some other respects; but these and sundry other points, I hope we shall talk over next winter. Mrs. M. has had some slight attacks of the pain in her stomach, but they have never continued long. There are infinite coquetries passing between her and the good little Bishop of Augsburg, *en attendant le Roi de Prusse*. As to my own part, notwithstanding your malicious conversion of a Popish saint into a classical lover, I have never since I came to Spa been in love to signify, except with a Russian ambassador, who is a pretty little man, who has cast the bear-skin, and does not at all resemble the plump gentleman with the arrow in his throat on my seal.

"I have not yet seen Lady Spencer *, who has not been at the rooms when I have happened

* Georgiana, now Countess Dowager Spencer. From this time, this lady honoured Mrs. Carter with her friendship, which was most sincerely returned; and there was ever afterwards a very affectionate and frequent intercourse between them.

to

to go. We have visited upon paper, the etiquette of this place is for the last comer to make the first visit. Mrs. Poyntz met Mrs. M. and me in the streets, and has since been with us at home: she is extremely fallen away, but in other respects *toujours le même.* This place grows every day more and more crowded, and I every day less and less attentive to the bustle from the pleasure I find in the conversation of one person, whom I have lately had the happiness to discover, and who is too ill to have much share in it. I had for some time frequented the Geronsterre without meeting any one among the various nations assembled there, that could much interest or amuse me; but one morning I was struck by the new appearance of a very elegant figure, and in a dress so perfectly neat, that to the honour of our country be it spoken, we took her for an English woman. As she was not able to walk without help, and could not find her servant, Mrs. M. led her to the spring where I was, and then being obliged to rejoin her own company, consigned her over to me. After I had conducted her to a seat, something more than mere compassion induced me to sit down by her, and I very soon discovered something in her very superior to what I had met with or expected to find in this place. We have since conversed with her every day, and every day

become more convinced of the extraordinary merit of her character. With the politest manners, and most engaging gentleness, she has a depth of thought, an extent of reading, an elegance of taste, and a sprightliness of wit, that I should never have expected to have found in a *Baronne Allemande*. With all this she discovers a nobleness of principle, and the deepest sense of religion. It is by degrees that one discovers the superiority of her understanding, which, instead of producing into full view, she seems to take all imaginable pains to conceal. She speaks French perfectly well, without the least degree of German pronunciation, and expresses herself very readily in Italian. She is extremely desirous of learning English, which she had attempted, by her own account, without success, but upon my procuring an English book for her, I found she could often read nearly a whole page without missing the sense of a single word. There is something so very English in her ideas and sentiments, that I feel fully persuaded she will soon be mistress of our language. She has too much, alas! of the English temperament, for I never saw a more dreadful excess of nervous disorders. Mrs. M. and I congratulate ourselves on the acquisition of such a prize, of which nobody in the place but ourselves seems to know the value.

" I will

"I will certainly make all the enquiry I can, and endeavour to procure some anecdotes relative to the excellent Bishop Benson: I have been directed to one person here who is the most likely to remember him.

"If my power of amusing you was equal to my inclination, you would receive very lively pacquets from Spa, but what I have not of my own, I will borrow from Mrs. M. though it is at my own expence. I thought it so impossible for you not to be entertained by the wicked account she has given of me to Mrs. Vesey, that I have with some difficulty prevailed on her to suffer me to let you see it. Be so good then, when you have read it, to seal it, and put it under cover, disected to Agmondesham Vesey, Esq. Dublin, and send it to the post. I am very sure you will not communicate it to any body but his Grace and Mrs. Talbot. Mrs. M. says I have drawn her into a pretty scrape, for that the Archbishop will certainly think her absolutely mad—her best compliments to you all. Adieu, my dear Miss Talbot; I am sorry to confirm any part of Mrs. Montagu's scandal, but it is an undeniable truth, that I am going to dress for the ball. My best respects to his Grace and Mrs. Talbot. If it be only for love, do pray write to me soon."

To ———.

Spa, July 15.

" We are now extremely gay, and very magnificent at Spa, and it seems the high season for Princes and Princesses. Last night was the first ball, which was opened by the Hereditary Prince of Brnswick and the Princess Ferdinand of Prussia; the Prince afterwards danced with several other ladies: he is not remarkably handsome, but altogether a fine looking young man. They afterwards danced some French and English country dances, and at last a Polonese dance, unlike any thing I ever saw before; in the other couples I thought it rather too romping; but in the Prince and Princess it was only lively. She is very pretty, and has a remarkably pleasing smile: she had all the disadvantage of a most horrible dress, for she had on a cap of such a size, as I never yet saw upon the head of the tallest plebeian gentlewoman. I had seen her before without any, which was by much the most becoming extreme.

" In proportion as the assembly room grows more crowded, it becomes more agreeable, for there is less form and ceremony, and these serene and royal personages seem to be very easy sociable kind of beings. The Hereditary Prince

Prince bears a most amiable character, which indeed belongs to the whole Brunswick family. The greatest part of the company here are English, the rest Dutch, Flemish, and German—very few French: they are so totally ruined by the war, that, poor souls, they are more solicitous to procure the necessaries of life, than its amusements.

"You will doubtless expect me to say something about my own health: it is at least not the worse for the waters, which I shall continue drinking without much dependance of getting better; my head-aches, and other little disorders I am subject to, prevent my taking them as regular as I ought, but I thank God I go on prosperously. Mrs. M. is upon the whole very well; but my Lord B. is the youngest, the liveliest, and the healthiest of the whole set: it does my heart good to see with what universal respect he is treated by all people, of all ranks, and all nations, in this place: indeed, there is so much dignity, and so much true politeness, and so much good-humour in his behaviour to all, that he well deserve the attention that is paid him."

To ———.

Spa, July 18, 1767.

"We are much frustrated at present in our water-drinking here, for there has been such continued and often violent rains for about a fortnight, that the waters are very much hurt, and extremely flat; however, what we want in spirits is made up to us in gaiety and honours. The Hereditary Prince of Brunswick invited himself to dinner on Sunday with my Lord Bath: there was to be no company but his Highness's own suite and Madame de Blum, my charming Brunswick friend, whom I mentioned to you, I believe, in my last letter. You may perhaps imagine that this was a dinner of great state, and very little pleasure: on the contrary, nothing could be more easy and cheerful.

"The Prince (I congratulate our Princess) is one of the finest young men I ever saw, and appears to greater advantage the more one has an opportunity of knowing him. The general expression of his countenance is deep thinking mixed with remarkable sweetness and good-nature. His conversation was remarkably sensible, perfectly obliging and polite: he reads and understands English, but does not yet talk it; however, he spoke a few words to me as I past

by

by him to-night at the ball, and seemed pleased to attempt it.

"You will imagine by this character that we are all extremely charmed with him; he has a very amiable character; indeed the whole house of Brunswick has a very uncommon degree of merit. His Highness is to leave Spa on Saturday, and the Prussian Prince and Princess are to depart at the same time. They are all very joyous and sociable—the Princess and her Court danced in the open air till eleven o'clock last night.

"There was a ball this evening—I stayed about an hour; but it was too hot, and too crowded for me, to run the hazard of a fit of the head-ach by continuing too long. We have besides the rooms a French play; the Princes, and consequently all the world besides, go every night—when I say all the world, I do not mean to include myself. We are entirely confined to the life of Spa at present, for the weather is so bad, there is no making any excursions. The town itself is very clean, so that if it ceases raining half an hour, one may contrive to get out very well between the showers, which is a great resource to me who do not love to depend on the motions of a coach.

"This place is as full as it can hold, and many more would come if they could find a house to put

put their heads in. I was so lucky as to get one for Mrs. Middleton* and Miss Bouverie, who came last week: Lady Westmoreland and Lady Primrose arrived at the same time. I am going with my Lord Bath to play quadrille with them this afternoon, at the expence of Mrs. Montagu's purse, for I never give myself the airs of playing with such personages on my own account. Mrs. M. is going to the play."

To Miss SUTTON†.

Spa, July 22, 1763.

"The life of a water-drinking place, my dear Miss Sutton, allows one so very little time for writing, that though I have longed to thank you for your letter almost every day since I received it, a hundred little avocations have prevented my sitting quietly down to do it. I rejoice to find you are safely arrived at the end of your long journey; our's was, I thank God, very prosperous, and very amusing, as we stop-

* Wife of Captain, afterwards Sir Charles, Middleton, now Lord Barham, and Mrs. Bouverie, of Teston House, Kent. Both these ladies were intimately acquainted with Mrs. Carter. They have both been dead some years.

† Of this amiable and excellent young woman, to whom Mrs. Carter was much attached, a more particular account will be given hereafter.

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ped to see every thing worth observation in our way. I will not trouble you with an account of particulars, which you must so often have heard described. In general, the country through which we travelled, from St. Omer's to Liege, is extremely beautiful, and in the highest degree of cultivation; the roads are perfectly good; the little towns are light and clean, and well paved, and, to the mortification of my English vanity, in every respect preferable to our's. The view of the idolatrous churches and fortified towns, the abodes of superstition, and the guards of despotism, soon brought me back to a sense of all our own happiness, and the inferiority of all advantages, when put in competition with the Bible and Magna Charta.

"As much as I had heard of the fopperies of the Popish worship, they appeared to me childish and trifling to a greater degree than I had conceived from any description. In the ornaments of the altars, where there is often such a profusion of riches, nothing is great, nothing that can excite sentiments of devotion, or impress an awful sense of the Divine Being; but all is glare, and finery, and littleness. I had expected to find some entertainment to my Gothic imagination in the architecture; but I scarcely met with any church that did not totally shock all my ideas of the sublime, as well in the structure, as

in

in the ornaments. I do not recollect that we met with one truly Gothic. The aisles are all too wide, the light too strong, and consequently that dim perspective, that undefined extent on which you and I have so often conversed with enthusiastic sensibility, are illumined into littleness, and bounded by feet and inches.

"We were at several convents, and talked with some of the nuns; their condition would have appeared less pitiable to me, if they had discovered any of that vivid spirit of enthusiastic devotion, which seems alone capable of supplying a vacation from the ordinary duties and amusements of life; but of this there appeared no symptoms, and their cloistered state seemed a mere profession: the want of air and exercise gives them all a flat cadaverous look, which is very painful; their behaviour is universally the same—an undistinguished kind of cheerfulness, which seems as much a uniform as their habit, and consequently could give one but little pleasure.

"We arrived at Spa the 16th of June; you would, I believe, be pleased with this wild region, which is in the highest style of savage beauty, and would be a fine subject for the pencil of Salvator Rosa. I reserve all particular descriptions of it till I have the pleasure of seeing you tête-a-tête in Clarges-street, where I hope

hope we shall, next winter, have, in spite of your melancholy system, many a cheerful hour. Alas! my dear Miss Sutton, how much I grieve that such a system should be founded on your your own feelings! I grieve the more sensibly from a late experience, how miserably the operation of constitutional disorders on the mind may counteract every advantage of external situation. My nerves were so relaxed, and my spirits so flat for some time after I got here, that it was from reasoning, not feeling, if I was capable of any pleasure. I am at present in that respect, thank God, much better, and have acquired some relish for the life of the place. My head is just as usual, and I am now writing on a pillow. I drink the waters because they do not make me worse, rather than from any great dependance that they will make me better. I had much stronger hopes of their effect on Mrs. Montagu: in these I have hitherto been sadly disappointed; she has but very little indeed of the pain in her stomach, but is more faint and languid than I ever remember her. I should be much more uneasy at this, if I was not assured by people who have made the experience, that this is often the case at first, where the waters do most good in conclusion. My Lord Bath and Mr. Montagu are most remarkably mended since they left England.

"Spa

"Spa is at present in high crowd, and very illustrious, for we have *Serenissimos* and *Altesses* without number; one third of the company I suppose is English, the rest consists of Germans, Flemish, and Dutch, with a very small number of French, for which you know I am too much an English-woman to be greatly concerned. In this untravelled spirit, only think how much I must be scandalized; some of our *compatriotes*, whom I had formerly known with decent unsophisticated faces, now staring in the highest glare of Paris complexion!

"Prince and Princess Ferdinand of Prussia, among many other great personages, are here. There is something extremely easy and sociable in the etiquette of the German courts—their attendants sit down to table with them, and share their amusements. Their manners are unaffected and agreeable; but their dress so ridiculously stiff, that the first time I saw them all together, they put me in mind of King Pharaoh's court in a puppet-shew. The Hereditary Prince is well made, and has one of the finest countenances I ever saw, with the strongest expression of deep thought, and easy good-nature; his conversation discovers strong sense, and much reading, though perfectly unaffected and polite: he dined one day with my Lord Bath, so I had an opportunity of hearing him talk a

good deal. All the acquaintance I have formed here is among the Germans: there is something that pleases me in their general character, and I am very particularly charmed with one lady, whose conversation gives me a superior entertainment to any amusements I meet with either in the walks or assembly rooms.

"I do not wonder that a mind like your's should feel much disgust at the wretched low arts of popularity. In the eye of virtue and of reason, nothing is more little than the practices of those who make a point of arriving at what the world calls greatness. But my speculations are only on paper. If you are so good as to write to me within a week after you receive this letter, I shall receive it, and have the pleasure of knowing how you do before we leave this place, and if you are not too much engaged, I hope you will not refuse me. I know not exactly the time of our return, nor of the route; but I believe we shall not set out till late in August: yet the post is so long in coming from England, that it will be necessary for you to write by the time I have mentioned. Mrs. Middleton and Miss Bouverie are here for a short time, which has made the bad weather we have lately had an unlucky circumstance to their curiosity. Mrs. Montagu's compliments attend you. Adieu, my dear Miss Sutton."

To

To ———.

Spa, July 25. 1763.

"We go on here drinking and clothing ourselves in water, for such perpetual rains I scarcely ever saw in any place: it is sometimes too violent to allow us to go to the spring, which is about two miles from the town. A company of French comedians is a great resource to about a thousand souls, who have no earthly thing to do unless they go out to fetch it. Yesterday morning Lord Drogheda gave a public breakfast, which is the first we have had: it was much enlivened by the Prince of Prussia's clarionets: it ended with a dance, or it would have been no fête to the Princess, who is the most indefatigable of all dancers. There is a sociability in the German courts that delights me: their attendants share all their amusements, and dine with them in a family way.

"There is some danger before I return home that I may be totally translated into high Dutch, for all my acquaintance here lies among the Germans. I am much too obstinately English for my friends to be under any apprehensions of my assuming *le caractere François*; but I can slide without much difficulty into one which a good deal resembles our own. I am sorry to say

say many of my country-women are not of the same way of thinking, for though they have with natural decency shewn their pale faces at Bath and Tunbridge, they are so polite as at Spa to appear in no other than a glaring Parisian complexion; it is prodigious how I long to beat them.

"The Encœnia at Oxford is no more an object at Spa than is the country of the great Mogul, so that I am entirely at a loss about the prize subjects. To the great mortification of my English vanity, the principal figure that we make in the Foreign Gazettes, is contained in accounts of the proceedings in the affairs of Wilkes.

"There is yet no time fixed for our leaving Spa, but I believe it will not be till towards the latter end of August. We are to return a different road from that which brought us hither, in order to see the greater variety of places. I beg that some one or other of my friends at Deal will continue to write to me every week, till I let them know that our time of leaving Spa is fixed. Some of our Princes are to leave us next week, but the place is not likely to grow thin, as new comers are daily expected, and only wait for room.

"The variety of dress in the company here makes the first coup d'œil on the walks of the Ge-

ronsterre very amusing: Priests and Hussars, Beaux and Hermits, Nuns and fine Ladies, stars and crosses, cowls and ribbons, all blended together in the most lively and picturesque manner imaginable. There is something chearful too in the appearance of the town, for the streets are all day long crowded with people without any bustle or hurry. I never was in a place of so little noise. The worst circumstance is the danger of rambling about a very romantic country without a strong guard, as there are robbers in the woods, who have infused much terror, though I have not heard of any worse mischief they have done than stripping a poor running footman. To people who can take no exercise but in a coach, this place is very inconvenient, for the roads are so insufferably bad, that there are no airings, except going in the morning to the fountain, and that is tolerably good. A small expence would make a great improvement in the environs of Spa, and might well employ a croud of stout and healthy looking beggars, that shock and torment the company at every step: I never saw a set of such hard-faced robust suppliants.

"There is one very fine public walk for the company, and very delightful alleys cut through the woods to the top of the hills, which are the work of a Mr. Berkley, either an English or Irish

Irish gentleman; they have been finished about seven years."

To Miss TALBOT.

Spa, July 31, 1763.

"Long before this, my dear Miss Talbot, I hope your very kind anxiety about me is over, as I writ you a very full and true account of myself, and all things in this place, just after I had the pleasure of receiving your second letter, and I likewise enclosed one which I begged you to get conveyed to the post for Ireland. I think I have not any thing new to tell you about myself, but I have the happiness of seeing Mrs. Montagu much better.

"I rejoice to find you all continue so well in such a summer, which the accounts from other places inform us is not confined to Spa; we have not had two days without rain, I firmly believe, for this month or five weeks, and it is sometimes so violent, that one is almost wet through stepping into the coach, and some days there is no getting to the fountain at all. Very luckily for me these streets are soon dry, or I should be stifled for want of air. I very seldom go to the ball, as it is an atmosphere in which I find it is impossible to breathe. I should more regret that my rambles about the environs of

Spa are so often rendered impracticable by the weather, if the villains, who are said to be lurking in the woods, did not render it unsafe to straggle out of sight of the town.

"The court of Berlin left us this morning; I was rejoiced to see the poor Prince of Prussia so much mended in his looks: he was so extremely polite and unaffectedly good-natured in his whole behaviour, that it was impossible not to pity and wish him well: he is said to have suffered much from the unkind treatment of his brother; for it seems this hero, who defies Omnipotence, this philosopher *sans souci*, is the slave of his own capricious humours, and consequently the torment of all who are so unhappy as to have any dependance on his favour. The court, however, was very gay and joyous here. *Vive la bagatelle* seems to be its motto. Indeed I am afraid there are too many other instances throughout the empire in which the German gravity *a culbuté* into the French philosophy and French manners, which seem to be growing as universal as their language—*nous parlerons de tout cela au coin de votre feu.* And by that time I may have learnt to rail at the French in some other language besides their own, which would be difficult for me to do here, where I speak hardly any other, and to be sure am far enough

from speaking that, but you need not conclude from hence that I am dumb.

"The Hereditary Prince too has left us, and attends the Berlin court to Brunswick, where they are to stay a week; but now I am talking of such things, pray, above all Princesses that ever grew, love and honour the Princess of Esterhasy, who desired a lady to take her own time as to the rest of the company, but to introduce her as soon as possible to the acquaintance of the English. This distinction in our favour is the more remarkable, as the said Princess is a very principal favourite of the Empress Queen.

"You will be pleased to hear that Lady Spencer does not frequently expose her health to the hazard of these heated rooms. Her looks do not quite satisfy me, but she always affirms that she is quite well. She sent a servant to stop me a few days ago, as I had escaped from the rooms, and was passing by her house, and I spent a most delightful hour with her.

"We talk of leaving this place the 18th of August, or thereabout; but as we are to go to Cologne, &c. and pass through Holland, it will probably be near the middle of September before we can get to England. If it was left to my own choice, I do not know whether my curiosity might be strong enough to carry me out

of the shortest and best road; but as we are to digress, I am glad that some part of the time is to be given to see more of Germany. About Holland I scarcely ever heard any thing that I would not wish to avoid. There are a good many Dutch here, but they keep all together, and have very little conversation with the rest of the company; but whether it be choice, or necessity, I cannot tell. I know not whether they might not have grown more fashionable, if one of their country-women, who went by the name of La Belle Hollandoise, had continued any time among us; her complexion and features were very fine, but there was something of the characteristic *pesanteur* in her countenance. The most complete beauty here, in my opinion—I beg pardon of Lady Mary Coke—is a Chanoinesse: she does not appear very striking at first sight, and indeed when one has looked ever so long, there is nothing to put one in mind of Venusses and Helens of old; it is merely such an expression of countenance as a good painter would wish to copy for an angel. I am not well enough acquainted with her to judge how far her character answers this idea; but all who are, describe it as very amiable. So much for beauties.

"You may perhaps expect that I should next give you an account of the beaux esprits; but I thank

thank my stars I have neither seen nor heard of such trumpery in the place, though we continue as full as ever, I believe; for new comers supply the room of those who leave us.

"My best respects wait on the Archbishop and Mrs. Talbot. We are not quite so early in the coach as his Grace is on horseback; but I have the start of you all, as I drink some glasses of the Pouhon water before we get out for the Geronsterre. I do not find that either of them have any such Lethean quality as you insinuate, with regard to my friends; but those of Greece and Rome, towards whom I have contracted a marvellous strangeness; but a little Deal air will, I hope, make up the quarrel.

"Mrs. Montagu knows as little of Doctor Monsey at the distance of a hundred leagues, as you do within half a mile. She desires her love to you; and that she can no otherwise account for his silence, than that his wit is all evaporated, and his nonsense too heavy to travel as far as Spa.

"Be so good as to continue to direct to me at Spa; for if we should be gone, your letters will be sent after me. Adieu, my dear Miss Talbot." [August 2, 1763.]

To ———.

Spa, Aug. 2, 1763.

"I very sensibly feel the kind concern of my father and the rest of my friends for my safety; and they may be sure I will take great care to follow their advice, and not expose myself to any hazard. I have never attempted so much as to climb the hill which is close to the village by myself, but once since the report of the robbers lurking in the woods, and even this I shall do no more. An accident which has happened to-day, it is said, has discovered two of the villains who have committed some robberies here: they quarrelled it seems about the division of the spoil, and one of them in the fray broke the other's leg. Thus much is certainly true, that the poor wretch's leg is broke, and he is brought into the town.

"We have too much of another kind of rapine here, not quite so liable to the gallows, a gaming table, which makes terrible depredations, particularly among the French officers: if it was not a folly too serious to be diverting, one should laugh at the consequences. One fine gentleman furnishes the rattling table with a ring, and another with a chaise and horse; and

and thus, when all the money is played out of their pockets, every ornament and every convenience flies after it. An Irish gentleman has been very successful, and almost ruined the Faro bank. He is departed, and carried off above a thousand pounds: he might probably have been a happier man, if he had lost even as much,

"The Prince and Princess of Prussia, the hereditary Prince, and all their train, left us on Saturday; so we are not quite as illustrious as we were, but just as numerous, and new comers continually supply the place of those who are departed. All the company is very peaceable and quiet, and there seems to be none of those fashionable pests of society, the bucks and choice spirits, among us. In a decent way, perhaps, it might not be amiss if there was a little more activity and bustle; and I thought I felt a little foolish at hearing one of my foreign friends observe most maliciously, that it would not be known there was any of our country at Spa, if a footman did not now and then run through the streets screaming in English after a stray dog.

"I hope you have not had in England such a summer as we have had here: there are never two days together without rain, and it is often dreadfully violent. This is an unlucky circumstance for those who drink the waters, as they

are

are not reckoned so good in wet weather; though, for my own part, I cannot say I find any perceptible difference in the taste.

"It was a servant of Lord Bath's who secured the fellow who broke his companion's leg, and carried him to a magistrate, who, in spite of the strong suspicions that both belong to a gang of thieves, discharged him in a few hours. The territory of Liege is a wretched, lawless, undisciplined country, and the more so from its situation, as it is surrounded by many little independent states; so that a criminal may in a few hours take refuge in some other dominion, and be quite safe from the pursuits of justice. The government is divided between the Prince, Senate, and people; this looks in description like liberty; but in reality is mere licentiousness and anarchy, worse evils than the most absolute despotism. Mrs. Montagu has, I think, given a very lively and exact description of this country, by calling it the *Seven Dials* of Europe. After all, I believe now, as I ever did before, that one may travel through the world without finding any country, which, taken altogether, possesses so many real advantages as our own.

"We are to set out from hence the 18th of August at farthest, and to proceed the first day to Aix la Chapelle, and then to Cologne, Dusseldorp, Bonne, &c. &c. After visiting these, and

and some other places in Germany, our scheme is to travel through Holland, and to stay a day or two at the Hague, and to return to England by the way of Calais. I suppose it may be near the middle of September before all this can be performed. Let my friends continue to direct to me at Spa; for if we should be gone our letters will be sent after us; and I beg to hear from Deal once a week, as usual.

"I am going to dress for dinner at the Bishop of Augsburg's. His Highness did me the honour, as I passed by him in the rooms yesterday, to desire me not to have the head-ach to-day; but the head-ach, alas! is no flatterer of Sovereign Princes: however, I am just able to go, which I am glad of, as I was sent to my pillow the last time our party dined there."

To ———.

Spa, Aug. 6, 1763.

"By this time I hope my letter of the second has set all your hearts at ease from the kind solicitude you have felt from the apprehension that my rambling genius might lead me too far: you may be assured I will not expose myself to the least hazard; for though I do not believe one half of the robberies I hear, it would be folly to run into any needless dangers, nor indeed

deed have I courage to do it: my discretion or my cowardice made me lose a very fine object the other day. It was the beginning of a storm, and I was climbing the hill. The growling of the thunder on one side of the mountain, deadened by the trees on the other, formed a most awful sound; and I longed to get up to the heath on the summit, and enjoy the whole progress of the tempest: but as I was alone, and the woods are so close towards the top as to conceal one from the view of the town, to my great mortification I was obliged to turn back again, and leave the solemn entertainment on which I had so much set my heart.

"There never has been the least foundation for the report of our going to Italy. We leave this the 18th.; but as we shall make so many digressions, shall not reach England till the latter end of September. Direct your next letter under cover, A Milord le Conte de Bath, presentement a la Haye. You may, I suppose, send it to Mr. Fector's. I ceased sending mine there as soon as I found it encreased the expence, and indeed I am much vexed that the postage comes so heavy.

"Our numbers begin to thin, as I hear from those who frequent the balls, where I very seldom venture. Princess Amelia of Prussia is expected here in about a week, and the good little

little Bishop of Augsburg is going away. We dined with him last week; indeed he has lived in a very princely and hospitable way, and his table is daily filled by all the company in their turns. I do not know whether his talents be of the most shining kind, like his diamonds; but there is so much good nature, and such a perfect decorum in his whole behaviour, as renders him a very respectable character; and his religion, such as it is, I believe him perfectly sincere. Surely, with the superstition of Popery, there is a strange mixture of profaneness. I was lately struck by an instance of this kind in the garden of the Capuchins at this place, where there is placed a crucifix, by way of fountain, spouting water from the wounds of the hands and feet. As little as I am inclined to image-worship, I could not help being much shocked at seeing so sacred a representation applied to such a purpose.

"We have all manner of religious orders and habits here; friars, priests, nuns, and chanoinesses. The last are not bound by vows, nor forbid to marry, nor has their dress any other distinction than a very becoming ornament of a blue ribbon, and a garnet cross; the chanoinesses are all ladies of fashion, and must prove their nobility before they can be admitted into the chapter. Two of those who are at Spa are are extremely agreeable; one is, I think, the greatest

greatest beauty here; the other, who is about eighteen, is rather pretty, and has all the innocence, and all the archness of a little roguish child; she loves to learn little scraps of English, and some of the gentlemen have tried to make her say, *Am I not very pretty?* But she is too cunning for them, and will not say any thing that is not properly explained to her. I was lately in company with these two ladies, who were going to a ball; but were hurrying home first, to say their *offices.* I asked the little Countess if it was very long: with a dolorous face she answered *oüi, un bon trois quarts d'heure —et qu'est que c'est que votre office?—ce sont des prieres—Et quelles prieres?—Je ne sais pas, car c'est tout Latin, et je n'entends pas le Latin— Mais au moins on met le François au coté?— Non ce n'est que Latin—Ainsi vous ne savez pas ce que vous dites?—Non pas un mot.—Est ce qu'on appelle cela prier le bon Dieu, de lui addresser des paroles dont on ne sçait pas le sens?* The elder chanoinesse looked rather ashamed, and the little Countess stared; but at last they both agreed that they did it, *par devoir et a l'intention de leur fondateur.* My little friend has promised to shew me her breviary, and to answer me all manner of questions that I may chuse to ask her. You may imagine that in this discourse I took care frequently to ask her whether

whether my questions were improper. She told me with great joy and simplicity, that an English lady had told her, that our religion was very much alike. I think it is very possible that she fancied us to be Heathens or Turks, before this profound theologist set her right.

" I have been so frequently interrupted, that I fear this is hardly legible; but I cannot conclude without assuring you, that you do me but justice in supposing that no amusement here can prevent my thinking with joy of my return to my friends at Deal."

To ———.

Spa, Aug. 10, 1763.

" Although I wrote you so long, and, I believe, so broad, a letter a few days ago, yet I cannot resist sending a few lines to say our departure is fixed for the 17th. I will endeavour to write to Deal sometimes while we are on the road; but if you should not receive any letters, do not be uneasy, as they so frequently miscarry.

" We are going to be very illustrious to-day; the Bishop of Augsburg and his suite, the Princess d'Esterhasy, and Lady Mary Coke, are going to dine with my Lord Bath. Dining with Princes

Princes and Princesses to be sure is one way of life, and playing at penny-quadrille is another; but is a mighty good thing in its turn; and I can very cordially accommodate myself to both. In spite of all the honours and amusements of Spa, I look forward with great delight to seeing my friends at Deal again; it is to be sure at present through a long perspective, as we are to travel so far about; however, it will be a very pleasant tour. I shall be particularly glad to see Aix la Chapelle, as it is the place where Charlemagne was buried, which renders it much more the object of my curiosity, than its being the place where the present Emperors are crowned.

" The Bishop of Augsburg leaves to-morrow, and the Princess Amelia of Prussia replaces him; but she, poor thing, is too unhealthy, to add much to the gaiety of Spa. There are parties of English arriving every day; and our number of French is much encreased. There is a General of this nation, Mons. de Ville Paton by name, who has been terribly treated in the wars, he has lost half his chin, and most of his teeth, yet he has so much of the vivacity of his nation, that he is always in motion, and skips and dances so when he means to stand, that he makes my weak head quite giddy when I happen to be near him. A lady invited him yesterday to a concert, but upon the severe condition of his

his being silent. Poor Ville Paton held out a few minutes; but soon run out of the room, and declared it impossible to stay any longer in a place where he must not talk. He professes great honour for the English; upon which somebody observed, that he had, however, been greatly their foe; he answered that he had fought against them with all his might, in order to gain their good opinion. Most of the foreigners, to the great delight of my English vanity, seem fond of the English, their fashions, and their language; several of them speak it very well. A lady who spent last winter at Bruxelles told us, that all Prince Charles's regiment set about learning it: it is to be hoped it will be to better purpose than the French philosophers, who learn it for the sake of reading Hume, whom they consider as *le plus beau genie de l'Angleterre:* unhappily his principles bear too great a resemblance to their own.

"This letter has been begun a week; but some impertinent head-ach or other has always prevented its being finished on a post day. Princess Amelia arrived this afternoon, and the English ladies are to pay their court to her Royal Highness to-morrow; en attendant we have been to wait on the Countess de Choiseul, who is just come from Paris, with a face like a coach wheel; this was less provoking to me,

however, in a French Countess, than in a chapter of German chanoinesses; it is really quite terrific when one meets them all together with such a fierceness of countenance. Our own silly mimicry of French fashions is out-done, I think, by other nations. I met with a striking instance of this to-day, in a German lady, who was mentioning the death of Abel, which she had read only in the French translation; on my testifying some surprize at this, she declared she did not understand her own language well enough to be able to read the original; and this laudable ignorance of their mother tongue is really the case with many of them.

"There is a competent degree of ignorance likewise to be met with on subjects, which, according to their persuasions, ought to be very interesting to them. I was examining the cross of a chanoinesse yesterday, and asked her what the little figure that was in the midst of it signified; she answered it was her patron, Saint Quirin, who had suffered martyrdom for his religion. What were the particular circumstances of his history? I cannot tell. What! do you not know the story of your own patron? O yes, we have an office for him. Well: under what Emperor did he suffer? I believe it was no Emperor; it was Pope Alexander the *Eighth*. I am not chronologer good enough to know when this

this pretty chanoinesse's Pope Alexander the *Eighth* lived; but I suspect her patron to be of higher antiquity than any Pope Alexander I ever heard of; and to be neither more nor less than the saint who built Rome, and killed his brother. You must not judge all Germans by these specimens of their ignorance: there are many here whom I shall leave with real regret, as there is little probability I shall ever meet them again; and the society here, though formed of so many different nations, is the least factious of any I ever met with at a water-drinking place; for there are neither quarrels, nor parties, nor lampoons among us; but people in general drink their water and hold their tongues."

To Miss TALBOT.

Cologne, Aug. 22, 1763.

"Though my letters have had such bad success in their journey towards you from Spa to England, I cannot forbear writing, my dear Miss Talbot, whether you ever have an opportunity of reading it or not. We left Spa, as we proposed, last Wednesday, in a very fine day, but excessively hot.

"The road to Aix la Chapelle had been represented to us so bad, that we found it very

tolerable; and I was not at all displeased at a few high hills, which gave me an opportunity of walking, and taking a more extensive view than if I had remained in the chaise. The country is in some parts extremely solitary and wild; but in others more cultivated and peopled than from Liege to Spa; and, upon the whole, very beautiful.

"The castle of Limburgh is situated on the edge of a precipice, along which the road continues descending for about a quarter of a mile. As the coach had passed it before the chaise reached the gate, I escaped all terror about my friends, and by getting out I avoided all terror for myself, and enjoyed the prospect in great tranquillity. The town of Limburgh is at the bottom of the hill; here we dined; and after dinner I straggled out for the air, and soon found myself in so pleasant a walk, and amidst such objects, that I could not help going back and tempting Mrs. Montagu to share them with me. The town is almost surrounded by hills; on one of these are seven little chapels placed at equal distances from the bottom to the summit. I suppose they contain the history of the Passion; for in the two which we had time to examine, were painted the garden, and the appearance before the High Priest. We were informed that this is a place of great devotion in Lent,

Lent, when the whole country round is assembled there.

"From this hill, the town of Limburgh, the river, the bridge, the castle at a vast height on the opposite steep, and a mixture of trees and open verdure, form a very beautiful prospect; and we were sorry to be obliged to quit it so soon in order to pursue our day's journey to Aix.

"The next day we went to visit the churches, &c. I had exceedingly set my heart on seeing some monuments of Charlemagne; but there are very few: he is said to be buried in the midst of the great church. Over the spot hangs a kind of crown of brass of several feet diameter; but I saw no inscription. His head and arms are kept by way of reliques in another part of the church. We attempted to see his baths; but the extreme heat of the weather, and the smell of the sulphur in small, close rooms, was insufferable; and we hurried away as fast as possible.

"The town-house has a very fine Gothic ceiling; but the paintings are very wretched. In one of the rooms is a vile conversation piece, containing the portraits of the Ambassadors who assisted at the honourable and lasting peace of Aix la Chapelle. We saw one convent, and for the first time were admitted inside. For the

sake of the poor recluses we were extremely glad to find several large airy rooms, and long galleries. In the chapel are two large glass cases, containing reliques consisting of little bits of bones, and odd teeth, set in embroidered silk.

"In the evening we went to see the fountain at Borset, about a mile from Aix. To my great comfort this was in the open air: it smokes and bubbles pretty strongly, and boils an egg in half the time of water artificially heated. On the top of a little hill at Borset is a monastry, the most agreeably situated of any I have seen. I know not whether it might have appeared so in full day light; but a very delightful evening, and the glimmering of the moon through the trees on a piece of water at the bottom of the hill, formed a very beautiful scene. Unluckily for us the ladies were at supper, so we could neither see the inhabitants nor the house, except one room.

"We quitted Aix on Friday morning, and proceeded on our way to Cologne. We stopped at Juliers, which, I believe, is well fortified; but such a poor, dirty, insignificant town, that nothing but the sagacity of ambition could have found out that it was worth contending for. The country from Aix to Cologne is pretty well cultivated; but there is nothing particularly pleasing in the views. After forty-five miles

of

of heat and dust, we arrived, I thank God, without any bad accident, though one was in pain for the servants in such a day. One of them was seized with a fever and convulsions, by riding too imprudently, and drinking cold liquors: but he is now tolerably well recovered.

" A fit of the head-ach, which I had had all day, sent me to my bed as soon as possible, hoping that rest and ease would cure it; but a very short time destroyed these flattering prospects; for hardly was my head fixed on the pillow, before the bugs attacked me with such outrageous violence, that for six or seven hours it was impossible for me to close my eyes. The heat of the weather, the pain in my head, and the fury of the poison with which these little monsters had inflamed all my veins, formed such a combustion as is past description. In the morning I had lost one eye, and my face and arms were so inflamed and swelled, that I was an absolute fright. I had the same amusement on the following night; but yesterday, by embalming myself in cucumber juice, though I was equally devoured, the effect of the venom was not so strong. No attack that I ever felt of this kind was at all comparable to the violence of this.

" On Saturday we went to see the Arsenal, which is not worth seeing, and the church of the eleven thousand virgins. There is a marble figure of St. Ursula, and at the foot the dove which pointed out the spot where her remains were found. The bones of these 11,000 *bien heureuses avanturieres*, who never existed but in a Romish calendar, are placed in galleries all over the church. In one of the chapels are about four hundred sculls piled up in great order, and each half covered with a cap of gold and crimson embroidery. The heads of St. Ursula and some of her principal ladies are enclosed in silver busts, which open at top, to shew the relique, which is covered with pearls, &c. &c.

" As the Priest who shewed us the church could not speak French, nor I German, I was obliged to have recourse to Latin, which he spoke very readily, and with tolerable correctness. I know not what he thought of me and my Latin; but I hope he was edified by the gravity of my countenance, and the simplicity of my questions.

" We saw the Jesuit's church, which is excessively rich in pageants of silver; but the workmanship is void of elegance and taste. Yesterday our party went to see the Electoral Palace

Palace at Bonn, about fifteen miles from Cologne; but as I felt that quiet was more necessary to me than fine sights, I got a dispensation to remain behind. In the afternoon, finding myself better, I walked out with an intention to go to Vespers, under the conduct of a footman, who spoke only English, and of a whiskered soldier, by way of interpreter, who, it proved, spoke French and German both together, and understood neither the one nor the other. As I was standing near a church waiting till some charitable fresh passenger would inform me when and where I might go to Vespers, I saw a livery servant endeavouring to transact some business with my two guides: I approached to see if I could make out what he wanted; when, after his talking unintelligibly for some time, I at last untwisted the two words chanoinesse Blankart, which being a name with which I was very well acquainted at Spa, I followed him till I found myself in the midst of the *très illustre chapitre de St. Marie*, and in half a minute exceedingly well acquainted with a sister of the said chanoinesse, on whom I had never set eyes before. We had been at the chapitre to deliver a letter the day before; but as we were in the coach I did not recollect it again; for the ladies were not at home, nor was there any such servant in the way as afterwards found me in the street;

street; so by what means any of them found me out, I cannot guess.

" The chanoinesses were just putting on their habits to sing vespers at their chapel, so I accompanied them thither; the service consists principally of the psalms. If I was surprized to find myself I knew not how transported hither, the chanoinesse was at least equally astonished to find me so well acquainted with her breviary; and as I apprehend she did not at all suspect the reason that enabled me to understand it better than I fear she did herself, her embarrassment which she expressed pretty strongly was very natural, and I was secretly diverted by it. After my chanoinesses had finished their offices, they very obligingly offered to take me with them to the assembly; but I excused myself, and walked back to my inn and my bugs.

" My friends returned about eight, as well satisfied with their expedition, as I was with my adventure. We were to have gone to-day to see the palace at Bruhl; but it rains too much for such an excursion; so we shall only see some more churches here, and pay our compliments at the chapitre, of which I am exceedingly glad, as I long to see the chanoinesses again. To-morrow we propose to leave Cologne, and proceed to Dusseldorp; and on Thursday I believe

I believe we are to go to Wesel. It would break my heart to leave Germany for Holland, if it was not the road to dear England.

" Well! we have been to the chapitre this afternoon, and our chanoinesses were so good as to accompany us to the cathedral; which, so far as it goes, is a noble Gothic building; but left unfinished, and the deficiency miserably supplied. The shrine of the three kings is beyond description rich in gold and jewels of all kinds; but the chapel was so close, that I was obliged to hurry out of it without seeing the heads. There are many other ornaments belonging to this church of immense value; but the workmanship, like all that we have seen, in a very bad taste. One of our chanoinesses, who in the whole of her conversation discovered a great degree of good sense and reading, after giving me an account of some Popish Saints, with whom I was not well acquainted, added with a frankness which surprised me, that a mistaken piety to increase the miracle, had converted the history into a fable.

" My best respects attend his Grace and Mrs. Talbot. If my last letter reached you, I have some hopes of finding a letter from you at the Hague. Adieu, I have written to the extent of my paper, and am moreover half asleep."

To

To Miss TALBOT.

Utretcht, Aug. 28, 1763.

"I must write you one more letter, my dear Miss Talbot, before the end of our travels: the next I hope will be dated from England. I gave you an account of our arrival at Cologne. On the 23d. we sat out for Dusseldorp; the road is tolerably good, and in many parts lies on the banks of the Rhine, which is indeed a noble river; but the banks of the Rhine are not like the banks of the Thames; and the whole prospect had very little amusement. About four miles from Dusseldorp we crossed the Rhine on a sort of flying bridge. Dusseldorp is a small town tolerably, clean, but without any other merit. The Elector's palace is out of repair, unfurnished, and in great disorder: it overlooks the Rhine; and from one of the windows we saw the bridge of boats by which the French transported their army in the last war.

"The gallery of pictures is the principal curiosity of this palace; but of these I can give you no account, as I was not able to bear the fatigue of looking at them. From Dusseldorp we sat out the next day for Wesel, a town in the Dutchy of Cleves, belonging to the King of Prussia.

Prussia. Our journey was said to be thirty-six miles; but I should suppose was much more, at least it was beyond all journeys that I recollect the most fatiguing. Figure to yourself a road broken and ploughed by heavy artillery and baggage-waggons, for it has never been mended since the war; and a great deal of rain, which had fallen for the last two days, made it still worse. I was not, however, much terrified at it; till, in passing through a wood where it was particularly bad, the servant who rode by the vis-a-vis called to me, and desired I would let down the glasses; I then thought it time to get out, and walked for above two miles. At Dusbourgh we stopped to change horses, and were detained a good while till a magistrate could press them from the plough. At length two of the voitures were set a-going, and dispatched to cross the Rhine, and there wait till my Lord Bath's coach came up. There we waited three hours, and I amused myself with rambling on the banks of the river, and gathering honey-suckles out of the hedges, and at proper intervals hearing the comfortable news from the postillion, that it must be eleven o'clock before we could get to Wesel, for we had then twenty-one miles of very bad roads to go. At length about four the horses had quitted the plough, and conveyed my Lord Bath's coach

to

to us across the Rhine, and we all sat forward together.

" The road lay either through thick woods, or over heaths cut into deep tracts, which we were continually crossing. Just as it was dark we reached a little village, where we were to bait the horses, and were informed we had still nine miles to go, but in rather a better road. To my inexpressible joy, at this place I saw the moon rising, which none of us had ever thought of. After a world of difficulty in getting the postillions to quit their drink, and mount their horses, we set out again about half past nine, through rain and wind. At length we crossed the Lippe just as a clock from the Wesel struck one. If I had been much in a condition to be amused, the appearance of the ramparts was very pretty; they are covered with tall trees, and the moon, which just then shone out very bright, glimmering upon the arms and caps of the centinels, formed a very singular view. In this uncomfortable journey, I thank God, we met with no accident to any of the carriages, though the carelessness of the postillions had twice nearly overturned the coach.

" To repose ourselves after all this fatigue, our beds at Wesel were troughs filled with musty straw, and a very thin sort of bed laid over it.

The next day Mrs. Montagu and I very strongly felt the effects of our journey; she got better by dinner, but I was obliged to betake myself to my trough, to which nothing but an utter incapacity of holding up my head could have reduced me. On Friday morn we crossed the Rhine again on a flying bridge in our way to Nimeguen, which is the first town in the Dutch dominions; we sat out at five for Utretcht; we stopped at Arnheim, and again crossed the Rhine over a bridge of boats, which was so shattered, that every board shook, and there is no fence on either side. Mrs. Montagu chid me after she found I had not left the carriage, which we had always done before; but by some means or other the tattered state of this bridge did not happen to give me any kind of alarm. I was less pleased in travelling over the dykes, which is a very high causeway, with a perpendicular descent on each side to the toaderies and frogeries below. The road is good, but not sufficiently wide; for if two carriages meet, (my Lord Bath told me after we were past) one of them must be within a few inches of the edge. My eyes were luckily not accurate enough to observe this in those we met, though I could plainly enough see the distance was very small. We did not travel far on this disagreeable elevation:

tion: most part of our road laid through sandy heaths.

"So far as I have seen of Holland it is just as wretched and unpleasant as I had always supposed it to be. You will laugh at one ridiculous distress which I felt upon the road yesterday; the excessive talkativeness of the Dutch postillions I thought would have made me wild; if I had been well, it probably would have diverted me; but my head was in miserable pain, and I had a little fever, which gave me such a sensibility of the horrid sound of their language, as is not to be described. As the road is very sandy, it obliged them to move very slow, so that they were perpetually quitting their posts, and walking in coteries by the side of the carriages. I could not help reflecting what a blessing it was upon such occasions not to be gifted with sovereign power; for a tyrannical Empress of Russia, with half what I endured, would have sentenced them all to the knout, and cut out their tongues. If I had suffered myself to be prevailed on by Mrs. Montagu to have them ordered to be silent, I should have concluded myself to be this very Empress, by going as far as I had the power; but to this I absolutely refused to consent; so I went through the same persecution for forty-five miles.

"We

"We got to Utretcht last night about ten o'clock, and are to stay here all day; so I hope I shall be tolerably rested by to-morrow, when we are to go to Amsterdam by water, which, I believe, will be much less fatiguing than some of our late journies by land. My Lord Bath and Mrs. Montagu are not in the least degree altered by our expeditions; but indeed they are much the youngest and healthiest of our party. Adieu for the present; I hope to finish my letter at the Hague."

"*Amsterdam, Aug.* 30.

"I saw but little of Utretcht yesterday, as it was much better for me to sit quiet; however I walked through two or three streets, but they seemed all alike. The houses are perfectly clean and light; yet, upon the whole, have such a broad, staring, stupid look, that their appearance to me was very disagreeable. The people are without motion either in their limbs or features; and Mrs. Montagu declares she never had any complete idea of what was meant by *stock still*, till she came to Holland. We sat out yesterday morning in the States' yatcht for this place. The banks of the rivers and canals through which we passed are lined with gardens and villas, which serve to shew what liberty, trade, and industry can effect in a very wretched

country. They are all perfectly neat and well kept up, but without the least degree of elegance or taste: the whole prospect is flat, and the land all pasture. The Amstel, on which Amsterdam is built, is a wide handsome river. All that I as yet know of the city is, that it is large, noisy, and dark, like all other trading cities. I believe we sailed two miles through it before we landed at our inn about six o'clock. The houses are very high; in some of them I am told there are seven rows of windows: the gable end is usually turned to the street. The town is intersected by canals and bridges without number. The trade of Amsterdam has lately received a terrible shock by the failure of not less than eighty merchants either here or at Hamburgh.

" At a place where I little expected to meet with any thing agreeable or interesting, I am just this minute surprized and made happy by your letter of the 11th, which was sent after me from Spa. As I could scarcely ever see an English newspaper, I was so lucky as not to know of the Archbishop's illness till you gave me the pleasure of knowing he is quite well again.

" Fie upon you to suspect me of being so *volage* as to forget Madame de Blum, whom I have so much reason to love and esteem, and whom

whom I quitted with so much sincere and real regret; but though I saw her every day, it was not necessary that you should be told so; and I thought you would be more amused with many subjects, than with only one; so I talked to you about *la belle Hollandoise*, to whom in a hundred years probably I should never have spoke. With all the chanoinesses indeed whom I ever saw, I am upon mighty good terms, and wish I had an acquaintance in every chapitre in Germany; and if I could but make out *seize quartiers nobles*, to be sure I would try to get among them; for you cannot think how ornamental the blue ribbon and garnet cross are: and as I find they may marry when they can, and flirt when they will, I see nothing in the establishment that might not suit me extremely well.

"I cannot tell you much about why we went to Cologne; but I know I was glad of it, because it is in Germany: and I am glad we do not go to Paris, because it is in France, and because I have not the least wish to know more than I do about French principles, French manners, French fashions, and French dirt. My friends are gone out to view the wonders of Amsterdam; but as I could not bear the heat of the coach, I have contented myself with walking through a street or two, and seeing the outside of the stadt-

house; and having found it a squat, four square building, am returned quietly to my own room, to chat with you, not feeling the least curiosity to make further discoveries. How frail are our determinations; for Mrs. Montagu has prevailed on me to go and see the inside of the square building, as it is very near, and to say truth it is extremely grand: there are some good paintings; and the subjects well adapted to the state of the republic. There is the story of Fabricius and Pyrrhus, and some other Consul, whose name we could not make out from our interpreter, who called him a *Burgomaster* of Rome*: there is likewise some fresco painting of the most astonishing relief I ever saw."

Hague, Sept. 1.

"From Amsterdam we sat out yesterday for this place (the Hague) by water. The houses are rather in a better taste, and the country less disagreeable the nearer one approaches to the Hague. This town, so far as we have seen, is extremely cheerful and pretty; but still I shall

* This is *Fabius Maximus;* and the same expression was used concerning him in the year 1791, to the editor of these letters, in the same place. The expression *Burgomaster*, as applied to a Roman Consul, sounds ridiculous in our ears; but it is probably the only Dutch word by which the meaning of Consul can be rendered.

rejoice

rejoice to leave Holland. We are to stay here three or four days longer; we then propose to take a view of Rotterdam, then through Breda to Antwerp. I am better since I left Utretcht; so I hope to go tolerably through the rest of our progress.

"I have just now the pleasure of receiving your letter, dated as mine was—not at all. I grieve for the distress of Lady E—— and Lady C——, and for the share which you feel in their afflictions: the losses which affect private and domestic life are indeed very real and distressing calamities. As to the public, I have lived long enough to be convinced, that while the whole system of politics is on so wretched a plan, it is of mighty little consequence by whom it is administered. I received a letter from Mrs. Vesey at the same time, by which I find the letter you forwarded from Mrs. Montagu arrived safe. You will, I am sure, pity poor Mrs. Vesey, with all her sensibility, and all her kind partiality for your friend, to be told that an article in the newspaper, which mentioned the death of a Mrs. Carter, could not possibly mean any other than me. Do not you admire the active good-nature of those who take so much pains to convince people of what they do not wish to believe?

"I am extremely obliged to you for your very kind concern about us: we have never had any very terrifying weather, nor any ill accident upon the road; but I thank God, have gone on very prosperously in all respects. I hope you will receive as good accounts from all your other vagrant friends. None of them in foreign parts will be more glad to follow your advice of coming back to sweet England than myself. Indeed there is nothing that I have met with abroad that has not served to heighten my ideas of the superior advantages of my own country, and confirm my strong partiality for it; and yet if it was in my power, and my health more equal to the fatigue of travelling, I know not but I might be often tempted to make excursions across the sea. Adieu for the present. I will not finish my letter till I have told you whether we have met with any thing worth seeing at the Hague, except Sir J. Yorke, whom we have not yet seen. You must excuse these wretched dabs of letters, which are writ at divers times and places, and often with the utmost difficulty of getting a pen and ink; the greatest part of this, for instance, is written with ink made from a powder I brought with me, and mixed in my thimble. I fear it will cost you more trouble to read, and more money in postage

postage, than it is worth, as I have some how straggled beyond my three sides; but my conscience is the easier, as it is the last I shall write you till our return. My Lord Bath has been to wait on Sir J. Yorke yesterday, and Sir J. was afterwards here. We are to dine with him to-day, and he is to accompany our party this morning to the Prince of Orange's cabinet, but my head achs too much for this expedition, and how I shall get through the rest of the day I know not.

" Well, we did dine with Sir J. Yorke yesterday, who has a very fine house, and appears as an ambassador extraordinary should do. You will love and honour him more than ever, for talking of nothing so much as of Lady Anson, whose death * he declared to be the greatest loss he ever had, or ever could have: he talked of her likewise the night before, and every occasion seems to bring her to his thoughts. There were about ten or twelve people at dinner, of whom I can give mighty little account, except that I thought myself very lucky in sitting next a German. After dinner the rest of our party went with Sir J. Yorke to the play, and I came home to my noisy pillow.

* His sister, widow of George Lord Anson.

" To-day (Saturday) we have been to dine with Count Bentinck: his house is not a mile from the Hague: it looks more English, and the gardens are in a better taste, than any thing we have seen in this country. We went first to Scheveling, a little town about two miles from hence; the road, which is very fine, is set with trees, and there is a wood on each side quite to the town, which is close by the sea. If the said town was fairly removed to some other place, and the wood continued to the sea, the effect would be very beautiful, and in travelling through it, one could have no idea of such a termination; but this dirty Scheveling breaks the enchantment, and spoils the whole affair. To-morrow, after church, we are to see Mr. Fagel's library, which, it seems, is a very fine one, but as I hate a library as much as some folks do a cat [do not laugh, for it is really true] I shall be heartily glad when it is over. I have no idea of merely reading the titles of books, and being convinced they are good editions, and well bound.

" If Miss Borezl had been at the Hague, I would certainly have done myself the honour by conveying your compliments to her, but I find she lives at Amsterdam; however, I have sent them to her by Madame Bentink. This lady

is

is lately married to Count Bentink's youngest son, and is coming to reside in England. I am fallen prodigiously in love with Count Bentink, and Count Bentink with me, and if we did not unfortunately leave the Hague so soon, I should have some hopes of fixing myself in his villa, and knocking down the town of Scheveling.

"We dined with Prince Lewis to-day; there was a company of about twenty; the English, Sardinian, and Portuguese ambassadors. Mrs. Montagu, and most of the company, are gone to Sir Joseph Yorke's country-house to supper, but I am already too much spent to be equal to such an expedition, and in great quietness am come home to go to bed. Mr. Fagel's library is, I believe, a very fine one, and his house is very pretty: he was excessively civil, and in return, as I sat next him at dinner, I talked the poor man dead *. We have been to see the Prince of Orange's house in the wood: there is one room entirely filled with the history of the famous Henry of this family, and I believe some of the painting is very good: there is not much worth seeing in any other part of the house. The Prince came there just as we did, but he was

* Mr. Fagel was Greffier of Holland, and was a near relation (I believe uncle) to the late Lady Holdernesse. He lived to be above ninety, and was highly respectable both in public and private life,

too

too quick in getting out of his coach for us even to catch a sight of him. By driving to different places, I suppose we have seen the greatest part of the Hague: there is no describing the beauties and agrémens of it: it is prodigious how such a town, which I imagine has nothing equal to it in Europe, came to be stuck in such a country. Prince Lewis, in his countenance and conversation, has all the characteristic honesty, good nature, and good sense of the Brunswick family. Helas!—I leave the meaning of this helas to your penetration.

"My best respects to his Grace and Mrs. Talbot. I begin to be quite ashamed of this intolerable long letter."

To ———.

Hague, Sept. 1, 1763.

"I writ to you on the 22d from Cologne, where we stayed four days. My friends went to see the Elector's palace at Bonn, which is about fifteen miles from thence; but I thought the attention and fatigue would be too much for me, so I chose to stay quietly at Cologne. I walked a little about the city, which is very large, very old, and very disagreeable, but some of the churches are very fine. In my rambles I got into

into a chapitre of Chanoinesses, and went to vespers with them; I knew some of their relations at Spa, and they found me out as I was wandering through the streets. We saw the famous reliques of St. Ursula, and the eleven thousand virgins, all finely adorned with precious stones and embroidery. As we returned to our inn, Mrs. Montagu asked me how I could contrive to preserve the gravity of my countenance, and ask so many questions of the priest who shewed us the reliques: but I found no difficulty in it, and I love to hear people tell their own story. The whole of this is, I believe, agreed to be an idle Popish forgery, and the most sensible among the Papists have honesty enough to say so.

"The cathedral, if it was finished, would be one of the finest pieces of Gothic architecture I ever saw, but unfortunately it is not. I thought Mrs. M. and I could never have quitted one of the doors, which is most exquisitely fine. In this church are preserved the bodies of the three kings, who came to worship our Saviour at the appearance of the star: they were transported to Cologne from Milan, but how they got there, unless the priests fetched them, I cannot tell: they are preserved in a large shrine, decorated with gold figures and jewels of immense value; and indeed there is such a profusion of gold and jewels

jewels in the ornaments of this church as I never saw before, but it is merely wealth, for the workmanship and the setting is usually ill executed, and without taste.

"From Cologne, on the 23d, we proceeded to Dusseldorp, along the banks of the Rhine, which we crossed on a flying bridge. It is a noble river, but there is nothing very pleasant in the view of the country on either side. Dusseldorp is a small city belonging to the Elector Palatine, who has a palace there, and a fine gallery of pictures, which we saw: the palace is unfurnished, and in great disorder ever since the war, which was very terrifying to the inhabitants of this place. From one of the windows of the palace we saw the bridge of boats over which the French past their army.

"The next day we went to Wesel, a town in the Dutchy of Cleves: this was a most fatiguing day's journey, the roads being all cut up by the heavy artillery and baggage-waggons. On better roads, and in pleasanter weather, some of the woods through which we passed would have been delightful, but this was far from being the case in our circumstances. I thank God, however, that we arrived safe at our journey's end, but not till one o'clock in the morn. We stayed all the next day, but I was too much fatigued to go about: the little I saw of the

town

town appeared pretty, but the inn was worse than any thing you can imagine, and our beds bad beyond description, stinking of musty straw in the most abominable manner. We next went to Nimeguen, the first town in the Dutch dominions. I was extremely sorry to part with our German postillions, with whom I made shift to converse tolerably about roads, distances, and so forth, and exchange them for Dutch, of whose language I did not understand a word. The next day we reached Utrecht, after a fatiguing journey of seventeen hours over flat sandy roads, my poor head aching sadly all the while. Here we stayed all Sunday, and on Monday embarked in the States' yatcht for Amsterdam. Nothing can be easier or more delightful than this mode of travelling: our navigation lay through the Rhine, a canal, and the Amstel; the banks, the whole way, are lined with villas and gardens, which strongly shew what may be accomplished by industry and perseverance, even in so unfavourable a subject as this country, which, after all that art has done for it, is but a very disagreeable place. There is a great appearance of wealth and prosperity, and a much greater want of taste and elegance.

"This city is, I suppose, one of the greatest magazines of trade in the whole world; it is built on each side of the river, and the streets are perpetually

petually intersected by bridges and canals. The Stadt-house is a very noble building, and finished in the highest state of Grecian architecture, and the quay is supposed to be the finest in the world: but this last I contented myself to take from report. The States' yachts conveyed us yesterday to the Hague. As we proceeded, the houses are in better taste, and the country improves, and as far as I have seen of this town, it appears a very fine place. We are to stay three or four days here: from hence we go to Rotterdam, Breda, Antwerp, Bruxelles, Ghent, Lisle, Dunkirk, Calais, which I hope we shall reach by the 16th, and then proceed, as soon as the wind will suffer us, to dear England, where, after all this journeying, I long to find myself in our quiet abode, which I rejoice to find so comfortable to you all. My party press me to go on to London, but this scheme would by no means suit my affairs, which now call me home, which I shall not quit till January. I therefore propose taking leave of my kind friends at Dover. I rejoice you have a prospect of so fine a harvest, which was hardly to be expected after such a dreadful wet summer, though the weather has been very favourable for our journies. Many thanks for your kind enquiries about my poor head—it is much as usual. If it please God I find

find all my friends well at my return, I am in mighty little concern about myself."

To Miss SUTTON.

Hague, Sept. 2, 1763.

"Your letter, my dear Miss Sutton, did not arrrive at Spa till after we had left it, but I had the pleasure of receiving it safely at Amsterdam. We left Spa the 17th of August, and proceeded to Aix-la-Chapelle: the road to this place is a delightful mixture of wild and cultivated prospects; the town itself is pretty large, and well-built. I had promised myself great entertainment in finding every where memorials of one of my most favourite heroes, Charlemagne, but there are very few. His tomb is in the center of the great church, and over it is suspended a crown of brass without any inscription. In another part of the church there is a very good picture of him, at full length, and his legs and arms are preserved by way of reliques, but these we did not see.

"From Aix we proceeded to Cologne, where we remained for some days, and where I wish you could have shared the sight which most struck me of all I have seen abroad—I mean the cathedral at Cologne. It is one of the noblest

noblest Gothic buildings I ever saw, but unfortunately it has never been finished. Like a true heretic, I could not help wishing that all the gold, silver, and jewels, which are employed to make a raree-show of the reliques of saints and virgins, who probably never existed but in a Romish calendar, had been appropriated to the completion of a structure that strikes one with such an impression of sublime and awful dignity, and which conveys ideas so much more worthy of religion, than can possibly be excited by the trifling fopperies of mere glitter and finery. The ornaments and vestments belonging to this church are most extremely rich. The shrine of the three kings particularly is beyond description; but both here, and in most other Romish churches, there is a much greater appearance of expence than of taste and elegance; the jewels are very ill set, and the workmanship of the gold and silver spiritless and clumsy.

"In one of the churches at Cologne is a very fine picture of the crucifixion of St. Peter; in several of them there is a large image of the Virgin, with a sword run through her heart, which I have seen no where else. This is evidently an allusion to Luke, the second chapter, and thirty-fifth; but I wanted to know how the Papists explained it: none of the people whom I questioned could tell me at all what it meant,

till a chanoinesse, in whom I discovered more sense, more candour, and more knowledge of her own religion, I believe, than any Papist I have met with abroad, gave me a very tolerable account of this representation. The church of St. Ursula, and the eleven thousand virgins, you know, is a very famous curiosity at Cologne. We counted above four hundred of their skulls here, covered with scarlet and gold embroidery. The skulls of St. Ursula, and some of her principal ladies, are richly ornamented with jewels and pearls, and enclosed in silver busts, which open at top to display this finery. There is a tomb with a marble figure of the saint, and at her feet the dove which discovered the spot where these venerable reliques were found in the year 1292. We had all this marvellous story from a priest that could talk no French; and I could not talk German, so I was obliged to have recourse to Latin, which he talked very readily, and with tolerable correctness, though I was sometimes a good deal perplexed by his pronunciation: if this did not mislead me, his chronology was not so good as his Latin, for some time after he had mentioned when the reliques were found, with no very Catholic intention, I asked him when the virgins were martyred? and he named — — and Attila. This to be sure would encrease the miracle, as their skeletons

would have been found a hundred years before they were dead; but this is of no great consequence in a story about people who in all probability never were born. I found even in the city of Cologne, where these reliques are, a Papist honest enough to confess she believed the whole a fabrication.

"The City of Cologne, which you know is situated on the Rhine, is very large, but dirty, dark, and ill-built; yet I know not how, I found myself more amused there than in any place through which we have past. My friends all went to see the Electoral palace at Bonn, which is very fine, but my silly head would only allow me to walk about the town a little, and amuse my curiosity in a quiet way. We next proceeded to Dusseldorp, a small but tolerably clean town, with nothing remarkable in it but the gallery of pictures belonging to the Elector Palatine. Here my head, which seemed to have taken a particular dislike to Electoral palaces, again stood in my way, and I was not able to look at more than two or three pieces before I was obliged to quit the gallery, which was a little vexatious, as I believe the collection is remarkably fine.

"From Dusseldorp, after a most fatiguing journey, we arrived at Wesel, and the day after went to Nimeguen. I could have cried at leaving my favourite Germany for Holland, if it had

had not been the road England. From Nimeguen we went to Utrecht, a very large and perfectly clean town, yet, I cannot well explain why, like every thing else I have seen in Holland (except the Hague) extremely disagreeable. The country is flat and watery, and without any prospect; and there is an appearance of stillness and insipidity in the people that quite petrifies one. We went by water from Utrecht to Amsterdam, and though there are villas and gardens in abundance all the way, yet the prospect is so dull I could hardly keep my eyes open. The city is extremely large, and a most stupendous instance of the power of liberty, industry, and trade. We again betook ourselves to our yacht, and yesterday arrived safe at the Hague. The nearer we came to this truly fine place, the more every thing improved, and it is by much the most lively and agreable place I have seen in Holland. In about two or three days we leave this place for Rotterdam, where we are to meet our *voitures*, and proceed the rest of our journey to Calais by land.

"If it please God, and no unforeseen accident prevents our intentions, we propose to be in England before the 20th of this month, and I shall hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you soon after my return."

To ———.

Hague, Sept. 3, 1763.

"I am quite disappointed in my hopes of finding a letter here from some of my friends at Deal, and particularly as we are to leave this before the next mail comes in. I writ you from Amsterdam, which place we left last Wednesday, and arrived here the same night in the States' yacht. The Hague is greatly superior to any thing I have seen in Holland: it is a fine town, perfectly clean, pleasant, and airy; there are several fine squares. We dined yesterday with Sir J. Yorke, who lives in that noble style becoming his rank. After dinner I was obliged to come home to my pillow, while the rest of the party went to the play. To-day we dine with Count Bentink, and to-morrow with Prince Lewis of Brunswick, who is temporary general of the army of the States, and governor to the Prince of Orange. It is happy for the Prince of Orange to be put under the tuition of a governor of so distinguished a character. Prince Lewis is brother to Prince Ferdinand, and the house of Brunswick is certainly one of the most respectable families in Euprope: they are a race of heroes, and what is of much greater consequence, of honest and good men, and one never hears any of

of them mentioned, without some honourable testimony both of their public and private virtues.

"On Sunday evening we are to be at Sir Joseph Yorke's, where we are to meet the ladies of this place. My poor weak head turns giddy with thinking of all these engagements, so I will think of them no more, but go through them as well as I can when they come. To keep myself well for dinner to-day, I lose the sight of the Prince of Orange's cabinet, which Mrs. Montagu is gone to see. The Prince is about sixteeen: he is such a critic in painting, that at ten years old he could name the master of every picture he saw; he is perfectly instructed in all the solid parts of education, and well acquainted with the constitution of his own country; but he has an unhappy timidity and reserve, which is very disadvantageous to his first appearance, which is not likely to be remedied by his way of life, for he always dines alone, and in great state. I have all these particulars only from report, as I never saw him, but our gentlemen have been to wait on him—he talks English very well.

"It would be out of all propriety to write a Hague letter without any mention of politics. We all talk extremely here of the restoration of Mr. Pitt: it is beyond a doubt, I believe, that he was three hours with the King, and after-

wards went to wait on the Queen. To my great joy, we are this morning going to the Ambassador's chapel, and after church is over we are to see Mr. Fagel's library. I have no great pleasure in the mere sight of books unless one can sit down quietly and read them. Mr. Fagel is secretary of state, and one of the greatest men in Holland. He speaks English tolerably well, but the language to carry you through the world is French; and I know not what I should have done since I have been abroad, if my father had not been so good to bestow the expence of my learning from another, almost the only language he did not teach me himself.

"Well, we have been to see this famous libray, and very fine it is, though we could not stay half long enough to see the beautiful editions of books, the medals, and other curiosities. We hope to see England in about a fortnight, but have a long tour to make yet."

To Mrs. VESEY.

Hague, Sept. 6, 1763.

"How much am I obliged to you, my dear Mrs. Vesey, for your kind solicitude about me! but here I am, exactly as much alive as you ever saw me, though much less so than I appear in

in the picture drawn of me by Mrs. Montagu's wit; but at all events—

"Il di s'appressa, e non pote esser lungi:
Si corre il tempo, e vola."

"Yet this flight of time is mighty apt to deceive our observation, when we consider it through the mist of human passions, and fancy his wings to be clogged and entangled amidst the intricacies of varying wishes, and undetermined events. How seldom is it that the mind can rise to that point of view from whence it surveys him hurrying on, with unobstructed speed, towards eternity, and thither inviting all our hopes and fears to follow him!

"I do not at all agree to your project of sending me into Mercury or Venus. As long as one remains in this solar system, I have no idea of being better situated than upon earth, which, with a true patriot prejudice, I am inclined to think as much preferable to any other planetary region, as England is to every other country on the terraqueous globe. You see I have not travelled away my English partiality. I am sure I can never be in any danger of losing it in Holland, which is beyond description disagreeable to my imagination. I do not attempt to give you any description of the places through which we have travelled, because

you have seen them all. Was you ever at Cologne? If you have, perhaps you may wonder that in this dark, dirty, ragged city, I found myself more amused for three or four days than in any other which we have seen.

"You ask why I prefer the German character and manners to the French? Because I believe the character more honest, and I find the manners less bustling, and less affected, but equally polite; indeed I always consider the French as the most pestilent corrupters of the human heart, and their writings, more so than any I ever read, tend to the subversion of all principles, and sap the foundation of morality, and the stifling of all sentiment. You will not imagine me extravagant enough to apply all this to each individual, though I met with an English lady at Spa, who has resided in France, and she declared to me that she never met with any one person while she was there, who had either principle or sentiment: to her great surprise, she once thought she had discovered a character possessed of both, but, upon further enquiry, the lady proved to be a Canadian.

"While we were at Spa, I bestowed more words upon all the Irish I met with, than I usually bestow upon people of any nation with whom I am not sufficiently acquainted to think I have a right to teaze them, in hopes of finding

ing some who could talk with me about you; but I was so unlucky as to find none who knew any thing more than just the syllables that form your name. I made myself amends, however, by Lady Primrose, and the affection with which she always mentioned you did my heart good.

"*Thinking*, my dear Mrs. Vesey, must always tend to peace, when it is exercised under an awful sense of the presence of the Supreme Being, and with a due submission to those restraints which his wisdom and goodness have imposed on the human faculties. To check the rovings of unprofitable speculation, and fix our attention on the task assigned us here, all truths unnecessary for us to know are involved in uncertainty and darkness, and the search must end in disappointment and confusion, and too often in a total subversion of all principles. In the investigation of points essential to our present state and condition, the powers of the understanding are invariably adequate to its subject. Does not the difference so strongly, so evidently marked, plainly discover what ought to form the object of our study? The most active genius will never be in danger of languishing for want of employment, while it is engaged in unravelling the sophistries of passion, detecting the fallacies of the heart, examining the motives

of

of action, and determining the duties which results from every particular situation.

"Mrs. Montagu's most affectionate compliments attend you, but she bids me tell you that the spirit never moves her to write letters from any love she has to writing; so if you wish to hear from her again, you must first deserve it, by answering her letter. Our whole party, I thank God, continue very well, and I am happy in the same good account from my distant friends; so that I am very contented about myself though sorry to be so unprofitable a companion to Mrs. Montagu; for ever since I left England, my head has been at least equally bad, and my nerves worse than for some years: so far were the Spa waters from doing them any good. If these were not good long lived distempers, I would not alarm your kind partiality for me by mentioning them to you. I hope to be better when I get home, at least I shall avoid that aggravation of the evil which is occasioned by the exertions which are often unavoidable in travelling. My Lord Bath and Mrs. Montagu are surprizingly the better for their excursion, indeed they are much the youngest and healthiest of our whole party.

"We live a very racketting life at the Hague, but to-morrow we set out for Rotterdam, then to Breda and Antwerp. I shall be very glad

when we get into Flanders. I hope about another fortnight will bring us to England, and that I shall have the pleasure of hearing from you very soon, after my arrival at Deal. Do you mean that you want me to transcribe Milton's Allegro in written hand? Pray do, my dear Mrs. Vesey, do get it transcribed in a hand that can be read.

"The name of my German friend is Madame de Blum *; she is a Hanoverian by birth, but married to an officer in the service of the Duke of Brunswick, where she now resides. I am sure you would like her, and I have too high an opinion of her character not to be sure she would like you."

To ———.

Bruxelles, Sept. 9, 1763.

"Though I did not design to write any more before our return to England, yet I cannot omit this opportunity of sending just a few lines, as I know you will be glad to hear from me, and that I am, thank God, going on very prosperously both by sea and land. We left the Hague last Monday, and went by a yacht to Rotter-

* Mrs. Carter always preserved a very great regard for this lady till she died. She had a very interesting miniature of her.

dam,

dam, where we stayed but a few hours, and then embarked on board a ship for Moerdyke, in order to avoid a bad ferry, which we must otherwise have been obliged to cross. Mrs. Montagu and I were extremely cross at being obliged to go on board at nine at night, but there was no remedy, so we pouted, and vowed we would not stir from the inn till the ship was under sail, and we kept our word. All the rest of the company went to bed in cabins, as close as coffins, but we remained in the state-room all night. About nine in the morn we got to Moerdyke, most miserably fatigued, and from thence by land to Breda, which is about twelve miles. It is one of the prettiest towns I ever saw; in the great church is the tomb of Henry Engelbert, Count of Nassau, by Michael Angelo.

"From Breda we went to Antwerp, where Mrs. Montagu and I were extremely entertained by hearing the music at the cathedral, as it happened to be a Popish festival. This morning we came to Bruxelles; the avenue from thence to this place, for above two miles, is beyond description beautiful, and finer driving than through St. James's park. We have been this evening to wait on Lady Primrose, and there met a Bruxelles lady, who, unfortunately for her, desired to be introduced to us, for I happened to be in a talking fit, and as I always talk

talk bad French much more boldly than I do good English, there was no end to my larum; so the poor soul is gone home blessing herself, crossing herself, and praying to every saint in her calendar to deliver her from ever more attempting to be introduced to a learned lady. I write in great haste, and half asleep. We are to stay here till Monday, and then proceed to Bruges, but I hope it will not be more than ten days before we reach England."

To ———.

Bruxelles, Sept. 10, 1763.

"I hope you have received the letter I sent you last week from the Hague, where we staid till last Monday. We dined one day with Sir J. Yorke, the next with Count Bentink, at his country-house, which is about half a mile from the town. The weather was so unfavourable we could not see his gardens, which I was sorry for, as from the windows they looked more in the English taste than any I have seen abroad. Madam Bentink, who is lately married to the Count's youngest son (Captain Bentink, whom I believe you know) dined with us—she is coming to live in England. On Sunday we went to see Mr. Fagel's library, which is a very fine one.

one. His house is extremely handsome. At the end of the library is a room which looks into the Prince of Orange's garden, which makes it delightfully green and pleasant. We dined that day with Prince Lewis of Brunswick; all the foreign ministers were there; the entertainment was very noble—about forty-five dishes in each course, and a desert. There is something very agreeable in the ease and politeness which one always meets at the foreign tables, and in the exact regularity of the attendance. In the evening we were all invited to Sir J. Yorke's country-house to supper, to meet a large party of Dutch ladies, but my head said no, and I was too much tired, pleasant as the day had really been, to hold out any longer, though I most sincerely wished it. On Monday we went to Rotterdam, and then in a vile vessel to Moerdyke, where, to our great mortification, Mrs. Montagu and I were obliged to spend the night, for sleep we had none, though we lay down on the seats in the state room. As for Lord Bath, he was so very impatient to get into his delectable hole, that he went off early in the afternoon. The people all turned into their beds with great glee, and slept as well as could be without air. Mrs. M. and myself were much fatigued when we arrived at Moerdyke next morn; but thank God we had very fine weather. Our navigation

was

was through a river, but so near the embouchure that it is more like a sea, and in bad weather very unsafe. If we had gone by land, there would have been a ferry to cross of four miles long, where the father of the late Prince of Orange was drowned in his coach.

"There is only one miserable house at Moerdyke; Mrs. Montagu was very ill here; but we thought it best to proceed to Breda, where those who had had a night's rest ordered a dinner, but we found sleep a more necessary convenience, and after drinking some tea we went to bed. My head next day revenged itself, as I well knew it would, for the violence that had been committed on it the night before, and effectually prevented my walking about Breda as much as I wished, for it appeared a very pretty town; we however saw the church. The next day we went to Antwerp, where we arrived before it was dark, and I was very glad to lay my aching head on a pillow.

"The next day we went to see the curiosities of the place. Antwerp is a fine city, and the cathedral a very noble Gothic building, ornamented with innumerable fine paintings by Rubens and Vandyke, who were both born at Antwerp. It happened to be the birth-day of the Virgin, who is the patroness to the city, so the music was particularly fine. With the sight of this

this church and the Jesuits' I was quite exhausted, so went to the inn, and sat quietly down, while the rest of our party visited the other parts of the city. I regretted not being able to go with them to take a view of the Scheld, which is four times as wide as the Thames at Chelsea. By the time they returned, I was sufficiently recovered to go with Mrs. Montagu to vespers, which was very fine.

"From Antwerp we came yesterday to Bruxelles, and I felt great pleasure in finding myself again in this delightful country, after the dismal views of Holland. The road from Antwerp hither is delightful. In driving through the streets of Bruxelles, I was astonished to see every window I looked at shattered to pieces, or mended with paper panes; literally, I believe, there was not one whole; a strange sight in such a city. Upon enquiry, I found the reason of this demolition was a storm of hail, which had fallen some weeks ago: it did not last above ten minutes, and providentially happened about two in the morning, or in all probability many people must have been killed. A lady of this place told me last night that some of the hailstones weighed a pound: it was accompanied with such lightening that people thought the city was on fire. The next day after being so much melted, she described some of the hailstones,

stones, which she had seen herself, as big as walnuts. The magistrates have been obliged to send to other countries for glasses to assist in repairing the windows. The price of glass has been so much raised by it, that it has cost the landlord of the inn where we are upwards of fifty pounds to mend his windows.

"This evening we are going to see Madame Cobenzel, and to-morrow are to dine there. Monsieur Cobenzel is first minister to the Empress Queen in the low countries, and keeps an open table, where all strangers are invited. On Monday we propose to go to Ghent, and from thence to some other towns in Flanders, and so on to Calais. I hope by the week after next to inform you we are safely arrived in England, and I do not design to dispatch my letter till then; but I was willing to write here, as I had a leisure hour, while Mrs. Montagu is gone to sundry shops, where I have nothing to buy, nor any money if I had; so she left me to sit quiet for any expedition we may have in the afternoon."

Deal, Sept. 26.

"I have now the pleasure to inform you, that, thank God, we are all returned safe to England. We arrived at Calais on Friday night, but the wind was not sufficiently favourable for

us to come away till yesterday morning. The tide was so strong against us, that for three hours we could only tack, and keep along the coast of France; so that we were seven hours in our passage. Mrs. Montagu was not in the least degree the worse for her voyage; but I was, as usual, grievously sea-sick. It was exceeding fine weather, which was very comfortable to us after the blustering winds which we had heard all along the coast for the week before, as we travelled from Bruges to Dunkirk. We met with but little worth seeing after we left Bruxelles and Ghent. All the way from Bruges, through Nieuport, Ostend, Dunkirk, and quite to Calais, we had only disagreeable views; as bad as the country from Deal to Sandwich, and the first flat marshy part of the isle of Thanet; so I was very glad when we were got to Calais. The bason at Dunkirk is very pretty, and little is as yet done towards the demolition of it.

"I parted from my friends this morning as they were setting out from Dover to London, and immediately came in a post-chaise to Deal, where I had the great blessing of finding my father and all friends well. I am sorry to tell you Rover is such an unthankful swine, that he has gone and forgot me."

To

To Miss TALBOT.

Calais, Sept. 18, 1763.

"By this time, my dear Miss Talbot, I imagine you have received an account of our proceedings as far as the Hague, which we left the day after my letter was writ. We went from thence in a yacht to Rotterdam, where I remember nothing more remarkable than buying half a book at a stall, which was overlooked by a statue of Erasmus, for whom I have not a sufficient degree of reverence to think the book at all the better for that circumstance. At Rotterdam Mrs. Montagu and I were thunderstruck by the fearful information that we were to embark on board a ship, and sail all night in order to arrive at the Moerdyke. This navigation might have been avoided; but even in the journey by land we must at last have been obliged to pass the Moerdyke ferry, which is four miles long, and very troublesome. It was in this very passage the Prince of Orange was drowned, by the fatal rashness of sitting in his coach.

"Much was said to reconcile us to this nocturnal expedition; of the conveniences of the cabins and beds, which, upon examination, we found to be very good cabins and very good beds for people who can breathe without air, and

who chuse to sleep in a place as close and as narrow as a coffin: but we having no kind of inclination to be buried alive, insisted on having the state room to ourselves for the night, and resigned the beds below to the gentlemen who were so charmed with them. We set sail at nine at night in very calm, fine weather, and arrived at the Moerdyke at nine the next morning. There is only one house here situated in the midst of a miserable swamp, and so damp, that the smell was ready to suffocate us. Mrs. Montagu had the cramp in her stomach with the fatigue of the preceding night; but it was too dangerous to attempt any repose here; so as fast as we could procure a miserable, ragged, dirty thing called a coach, we hurried away to Breda, which is only twelve miles, and there we immediately went to bed.

"The next morning we were to set out for Antwerp; but we first walked a little about Breda, which is, I think, nearly, if not as fine a town as the Hague. In the church is a very noble monument of Henry Engelbert, Count of Nassau. The tomb is supported by the figures of Regulus, Cæsar, Hannibal, and Alexander. The two first and the Prince were the work of Michael Angelo: whoever was the sculptor, they are certainly very fine. We staid all the next day at Antwerp; but to have seen every thing

thing there, would have required a much longer time. The cathedral is a fine Gothic building, and ornamented with many paintings of Rubens and Vandyke. As it happened to be the birth-day of the Virgin, who is their patron, the service, I believe, was particularly fine and magnificent. The procession of the priests and choristers through the aisles, from one chapel to another, made a fine appearance.

" There was a great variety of instruments, and the music in the highest taste; but the light graces of Italian music are surely but ill adapted to the solemnities of religious worship. They are, however, very well adapted to the fopperies of Popish idolatry, and were perfectly conformable to the dress of the Virgin, who was extremely in gala, and dressed out like a fine lady for a ball. In the evening Mrs. Montagu and I went to hear vespers. We wanted to know what part of the service the priests were then singing: upon applying to a lady who was looking in a book, she answered that she could not tell; *car on dit ce qu'on veut*. A fine system of public worship!

" We went to see the Jesuits' church; but all the Jesuits' churches seem to me quite alike, extremely *elegantes et riantes*, and very much like mere fine rooms. The Calvaire at the Dominican convent is said to be an exact model of

that at Jerusalem. The monk who made it travelled twice on foot to Jerusalem, that he might complete his model. It is an artificial rock, I should suppose at least fifty foot high, and crowded with statues of saints and figures of animals from the bottom to the top, on which is placed a crucifix. In the hollow beneath is a representation of the sepulchre, and of the body lying on a kind of tomb-stone, covered with a net work of wire, with a place either left open, or torn away, for the convenience of kissing the hand. On the walls of the enclosure are figures carved in wood and painted, representing souls in purgatory, and surrounded by flames. The court leading to the Calvaire is so crowded with sculpture large as life, that it resembles a statuary's shop. The excessive whiteness of the figures on the rock, has a very disadvantageous effect; and indeed the whole appearance is ill contrived for so solemn a representation: but I think the general characteristic of all the Popish spectacles is finery and glare: and one scarcely ever meets with any thing awful and sublime. On the contrary, it is shocking to observe how the most sacred subjects are debased and profaned by trifling and improper representations.

"In going from Antwerp, the avenue to Bruxelles, for about two miles, is more beautiful than St. James's Park. We staid two days at Bruxelles,

Bruxelles, and saw Prince Charles's cabinet; but I have too little taste for *vertu* to be struck with any thing I met with there, as I have more curiosity about human creatures, and am particularly pleased with the ease and agremens of a German entertainment. I should have been very glad to have dined at Count Cobenzel's the next day; but my head dispatched me to a pillow.

"We next proceeded to Ghent, and I was pleased with an opportunity of seeing the cathedral again; the sculpture there is much better than any I have seen abroad except at Breda. From Ghent we went to Bruges; but saw nothing there of any consequence. Our guide led us about to sights not worth seeing, till it was too late for my only object of curiosity there, the tomb of Mary of Burgundy. At Bruges we took leave of the beautiful views of Flanders, and past through a disagreeable road and a dismal marshy flat country to Dunkirk. The bason at Dunkirk is very fine, but little is yet done towards demolishing it: it is surrounded by a strong stone work, which, by the treaty is to be destroyed: all that is hitherto done is the stopping up somewhat more than half of one of the canals. Our engineers are miserably harrassed and perplexed by the vile chicanery of the French; for every line in which they propose

what is to be done, the French return whole sheets full of quibbles and difficulties*."

Dover, Sept. 20, 1763.

"So far was writ while we were at Calais waiting for a fair wind, which, I thank God, conveyed us all safely to this place yesterday afternoon, after a passage of about seven hours. This morning my friends are to set off for London, and I for Deal; but I was willing to give you the information of our landing before I leave Dover, for fear I should be too much engaged at first coming home, to save the post. My best respects attend his Grace and Mrs. Talbot. I hope you will soon give me the pleasure of knowing you are all well."

Although, perhaps, as the countries through which Mrs. Carter passed are so well known, there may not be much novelty, or any great information, contained in these letters; still, it is supposed, that they will generally be deemed not uninteresting. Written undoubtedly to amuse her friends only, and with no view to

* The national character still continues the same. See the progress of the late negotiation in 1806.

publication,

publication, they shew the genuine first impressions which the objects she saw, and the persons she met with (some of them well known in the world) made on a mind of considerable powers, and of uncommon candour and simplicity. Add to this, that it is delightful, not only in these, but in all her letters, to observe how compatible a true spirit of piety and devotion is with cheerfulness. Oppressed by perpetual head-achs, frequently confined to her chamber while her friends were amusing themselves abroad, and unable to bear fatigue, there is a playful liveliness, and even gaiety, in her style, that shews a heart at ease, and sufficiently proves that religion and happiness go hand in hand.

This tour, as may well be supposed, considering who and what her companions were, was to Mrs. Carter a most delightful one. Indeed it might be considered as an epoch in a life varied with so few events. She always dwelt upon it with peculiar pleasure even to the last; and had the most perfect recollection of every circumstance attending it. When the editor of these letters, and his brother, at different times, many years afterwards passed over the same ground, she took a particular interest in corresponding with them, and enquiring on their return most minutely concerning the observations

tions they had made. And she was very anxious to learn what difference existed as well in the appearance, as in the political and religious state of the countries through which she had then passed, between the time when she was there, and twenty or thirty years afterwards.

Great and striking indeed was the moral difference, though rivers, hills, towns, and churches were perhaps the same. Knowledge was more generally diffused; superstition was much decreased; and blind obedience to superiors, civil as well as ecclesiastical, was no more: but whether, on the whole, religion and virtue have in proportion gained ground; whether the sum of mere human happiness has been, or will be hereafter, enlarged by such changes of manners and opinions, may at least be doubted: and to assert the one or the other with justice, must require the experience of many years yet to come, when the present dreadful convulsions shall be at an end.

It appears by a letter from Miss Talbot to Mrs. Carter soon after her return, that she had sometimes ventured to give copies of the letters which she had received from her while abroad. In this she says:—"Do not beat me. Extreme poverty is a pitiable excuse, though not a full one. To spare my own poor head, and yet send

Lady

Lady Grey * a tolerable pacquet, I have once or twice enclosed to her a letter of yours during your travels. On returning me the last she writes what I will now transcribe."

" Thanks for the conclusion of Mrs. Carter's travels. I am sorry to observe on them that her health seems worse, or at least her head-achs more frequent than in their beginning; and Spa does not seem to have had much effect. I am also very sorry to tell you that my Lord † has been quite shocked by the slighting manner with which she mentions Erasmus ‡; whom he has been used to look up to with so much more reverence than she seems to do, that he wants to know her objections to him. He has always considered him, he says, as the founder of the Reformation, and the restorer of learning. That is, the first who aimed at either, and laid a solid foundation for his followers to build upon; who openly attacked superstition and ignorance, and taught mankind to think with freedom. He adds, that he looked at the statue at Rotterdam with a degree of respect so much greater than hers, he had like to have fallen into the other

* Marchioness Grey, who was well acquainted with Mrs. Carter, and always shewed a great regard to her.

† Lord Royston, afterwards Earl of Hardwicke, husband to Lady Grey.

‡ In a letter to Miss Talbot, p. 371.

extreme,

extreme, and joined in the invocation that some enthusiastic admirer is said to have made to it, "Sancte Erasme," &c. and in short to throw the gauntlet at once, that Erasmus is a much greater favourite with him than Epictetus. This is a *defi*, I think, in full form. If you will transmit the challenge, or make up the quarrel, it is now in your hands to do what you please with."

To this challenge, Mrs. Carter gave the following reply:—

Deal, Oct. 4, 1763.

"Yes to be sure if I ever had an inclination to beat you, my dear Miss Talbot, it would be now; but unluckily you are too far out of my reach at present. If it had ever entered into my imagination that my letters would ever have travelled beyond Lambeth, they would certainly have been written with more reserve; and I should have been particularly cautious of speaking in a slighting manner of a character so generally admired, and even idolized as that of Erasmus. Indeed I believe I was too flippant about him; but to say truth, in proportion as I honour his talents, to which I acknowledge the world is in many instances greatly indebted, I always find myself hurt and peevish, that some parts

parts both of his life and writings were a disgrace to a very noble cause. For I have been told that his conduct was irregular, and some of his compositions scandalously indecent: and surely a wrong example, and a pernicious use of great powers of understanding, are never so shocking, so inexcusable, and so destructive, as in those who attempt reformation in religion.

" I say all this to vindicate my irreverence to the statue of Erasmus to you; for I dare not enter into controversy with my Lord Royston, even in defence of Epictetus. Poor Epictetus with mistaken opinions led an unblemished life, and did his utmost to prevail on others to follow his example. With the rightest and noblest principles, and so much greater a degree of illumination, the morals of Erasmus were much less irreproachable. Now which of these two was the more respectable character, the honester man, and one is almost tempted to add, the better Christian?"

To this justification of Mrs. Carter's disrespect for Erasmus, Miss Talbot made the following answer, which contains her own opinion of him, as formed from his life, which she had just been reading in order to be able to judge of the subject; and this concludes the controversy.

" Lord Royston desires I will make his peace with you about Erasmus, and say every thing for

for him that is handsome and polite. I am near the end of his life, and really think him *(Erasmus)* to have been a most useful, and zealous friend to learning; and without having the courage to intend it, a great promoter of the Reformation; and on these accounts, as well as for his liberal honest mind, and his mild and cheerful temper, deserving much grateful respect and kind regard. But in firmness of mind, strength of judgment, and steadiness of character, he is by no means to be compared to Epictetus. For his timidity I know how to make very great allowances from my own; and his fear of opposing things he saw to be wrong from the dread of introducing worse in their place, and his earnest desire of reconciling fire and water, was amiable, though it was not great. His ways of collecting money from all sorts of people, and becoming an universal pensioner, have a meanness in them, which is however more excusable when one considers what a loss the learned would have had if such a man had heroically starved. Nor do I mean merely the *learned* world; but the revival of literature, which he so nobly and indefatigably promoted, has most certainly been the means of much essential good in many ways; and there are a thousand things in which I love him and agree with him cordially."

While

While Mrs. Carter was on the Continent, the premises which she had purchased, as mentioned before, for her dwelling-house at Deal, had been altered and repaired, and her father was settled in them. They consisted of several adjoining tenements, of which two were laid together for her own house, all held under the Archbishop of Canterbury, but by different leases. She wished, therefore, to have them all inserted in one lease; and her kind friend, the Archbishop willingly granted her request, and wrote her the following good-humoured note on the subject, in one of Miss Talbot's letters.

Oct, 1, 1763.

"Madam Carter, I am glad to find that you are so prudent. And now it is my turn to shew you that I am prudent too. I have disposed Mr. Parry to acquiesce in the re-union of your leases. For as you will save money by that, I can the better whip you up in your fine: especially as I learn from Miss Talbot, that you like your house. Letting her know that, was not quite so discreet. But the wisest in their generation did not become so all at once. Under so able a master* as you have had for some months

* Lord Bath: alluding to his supposed love of money, an imputation against which Mrs. Carter so ably defends him

months past, I do not doubt but you will come on apace. And who knows how much a few instances of *gude œconomy* may contribute to bring about a certain great event that hath been long depending?"

To this Miss Talbot subjoins:—"I could find in my heart not to write on the same paper with such malicious insinuations; but being somewhat œconomical myself in the article of paper, that prudent consideration has prevailed over my scruples."

But though the Archbishop was so willing to indulge Mrs. Carter by allowing her to hold her premises under one lease, yet when it was renewed he would take nothing for it, and sent her word that her fine did not satisfy him, and he would not receive it; to which she replied, that she must submit, and that her only comfort was, that if he screwed her up till she broke, nobody was like to be so great a loser by her bankruptcy as he was*.

After Mrs. Carter's return from Spa, she passed the winter as usual in her lodgings in

him in a letter already inserted. The "great event" hinted at in jest, is his marrying Mrs. Carter; an idle report, or, as Miss Talbot calls it, a "malicious insinuation" wholly unfounded: for certainly neither one party nor the other had ever an idea of the kind.

* On account of the 150*l.* which he had lent her. See p. 402.

Clarges-street. During the first part of it, Miss Talbot was on a visit at Canterbury. In one of Mrs. Carter's letters to her while there, she shews her opinion of two characters at that time of great note, in language more pointed, warm, and expressive than she generally used. "I lately heard," says she, "that Churchill within two years has got 3,500*l.* by his ribald scribbling. Happy age of virtue and of genius in which Wilkes is a Patriot, and Churchill a Poet!" Volumes could not have expressed her opinions in politics, morality, and poetry, more strongly.

And in the same opinions she persevered to the end: indeed she rarely adopted them lightly, or without conviction, and therefore seldom changed them. Of the two persons above named she always thought ill, both as to their public and private transactions, when some, even good persons, were more favourably inclined towards them. Since party prejudices have ceased to operate with respect to both these worthies, their fame has been rapidly declining; and few persons will now be shocked at Mrs. Carter's contemptuous expression concerning them. Whatever benefits may be supposed to be derived to the country from the exertions of Wilkes, there are not many now who will hazard a panegyric upon his patriotism, any more than on his virtues: and whatever the keenness

and force of Churchill's satires might formerly appear to be, when the local and temporary objects of them were familiar to the readers, their attraction has now ceased; and considered abstractedly as poems, their character is higher than their deserts. Indeed they are perhaps oftener praised than perused; and that which Pope said of Cowley, may as properly be applied to Churchill, "Who now reads Churchill?" But there we must stop; for the remainder of the quotation has no reference to the character of Churchill's poetry *.

It may have been observed that Mrs. Carter in her letters mentions Lord Bath's health as being particularly good during their continental tour. These appearances, however, proved to be fallacious, and the Spa waters had no permanent good effect.

He died, not indeed suddenly, but unexpectedly, in the following summer; that of 1764. He left no issue; for Lord Pulteney died before him without children, and therefore the whole of his large property descended to Lieut. General Pulteney, his only surviving brother. Many persons who had expected legacies were

* "Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit.
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric, art;
Yet still we love the language of his heart."

much

much disappointed; and all Mrs. Carter's friends were surprized that Lord Bath had left nothing to her. She herself, however, always said that she had no right to expect any such mark of friendship from him, and that he had never given her reason to hope for it. The General enjoyed, or rather was embarrassed with, his great acquisition of wealth not many years. He died in the autumn of 1767, leaving his fortune to his nearest relation, Frances, wife of William Johnstone, Esq., who then took the name of his wife's family, and became afterwards, by the death of the Baronet, his elder brother, better known by the name of Sir William Pulteney.

Hardly were the contents of the General's will known, when Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney settled an annuity of one hundred pounds upon Mrs. Carter, by way, as they delicately expressed it, of fulfilling Lord Bath's intentions. But indeed the whole of the transaction was so handsome and liberal, and does so much honour to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney, that the letters which passed on this subject ought to be made public. They are as follows:

To Mrs. CARTER.

Cleveland Row, Oct. 28, 1767.

"Madam,

"I understand that some time ago that you had the strongest reason to expect from what Lord Bath had said, that you would have been mentioned in his will for an annuity. At that time I wished that it might ever be in my power to fulfil that intention, which Lord Bath's sudden illness probably prevented his executing himself. General Pulteney's goodness to Mrs. Pulteney and myself, has put me in the situation I wished for: and I could not think of delaying to acquaint you that I hereby oblige myself to pay you an annuity of one hundred pounds a-year during your life: and that I shall order a proper deed to be made out to render you still more secure, if possible, in the regular payment of that sum. I mentioned this to Mrs. Pulteney, who joins me heartily in this intention; and if I had not been expeditious, would have got the start of me in executing it.

I am, &c. &c.

WILLIAM PULTENEY."

To

To WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq.

Deal, Oct. 31, 1767.

"Sir,

"I find myself at a loss for words to express my sense of the very uncommon act of generosity for which I am so highly indebted to you and Mrs. Pulteney. Before I can avail myself of the goodness which you both discover for me, I must beg leave to take notice of one particular in your letter, as I should be utterly unworthy of the favour which you designed me, if I could allow myself to owe it to any motive that was founded on a mistake. You mention my having had the strongest reason to expect from what Lord Bath had said, that I should be named in his will. It would be very dishonest in me not to declare that this is a circumstance in which you have been misinformed. Whatever expectations the world might infer in my favour from the friendship with which I was honoured by my Lord Bath, he never said any thing to myself, nor, so far as I know, to any other person, that could lead me to think he designed me an annuity, or any other legacy, in his will.

"If, after this declaration, which I thought myself indispensably engaged to make, you and Mrs. Pulteney continue in the same sen-

timents, I shall receive the great favour which you were so good to intend me with the most sensible gratitude: and shall always esteem an obligation conveyed with so much generosity, delicacy, and kindness, not only as conferring a considerable advantage, but doing me a real honour.

"I most sincerely congratulate you and Mrs. Pulteney on the equitable disposition of General Pulteney's will. I beg leave to assure you both of my most cordial wishes for your long and prosperous enjoyment of that, and every other blessing. I entreat you both to believe that I feel the most affecting sense of my obligations to you; and am, with the most perfect gratitude and esteem, &c. &c.

E. CARTER."

To Mrs. CARTER.

Nov. 3, 1767.

"My dear Madam,

"Mr. Pulteney has just received your letter, and desires me to assure you, that we are happy to have it in our power to contribute to the convenience or pleasure of Mrs. Carter; that Lord Bath ought to have done it; and I hope you

you will give us leave to settle it as soon as possible after the present hurry."

I am, Madam, &c. &c.

FRANCES PULTENEY."

The deep sense which Mrs. Carter entertained of this obligation, and of which she never lost sight to the day of her death, added to her regard for Lord Bath's memory, and her personal esteem for those who had done her so great a favour, made her take the most particular interest in the welfare of all that family. Her warm good wishes had been with Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney before Lord Bath's death; and she and Mrs. Montagu had used all their endeavours to persuade both him and the General to that act of justice towards them, which the General afterwards performed. She delicately hints at this circumstance in a letter which she wrote on the subject to her friend Miss Sutton, who was a relation of the Pulteney family*. "I heartily congratulate you," says she, "on the disposition of the General's will, which has made so equitable and so noble an appointment for Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney. I am also impatient to

* See page 414, note.

acquaint you, that by a very uncommon instance of generosity, they have had the goodness to settle an annuity of a hundred a-year on myself; which Mr. Pulteney, with the greatest delicacy and politeness, represents as fulfilling Lord Bath's intention, if it had not been prevented by his sudden illness. I flatter myself you will be pleased with this intelligence, as it respects my advantage: and you will be pleased with it on a more general account, as indicating a disposition of making a very generous use of that fortune, which we both so heartily concurred in our wishes might be bestowed in the manner which it is. You will easily imagine that the gratitude which I feel upon this occasion, renders it a very pleasing recollection to my mind, that I had always formed such ardent good wishes for Mrs. Pulteney, at a time when it was impossible they could proceed from any other motive than the justice of her claims, and a perfectly disinterested good will."

In the same liberal point of view Miss Talbot seems to have considered this generous action; for in her answer to Mrs. Carter's communication of it to her, she says:—"Do not think I am so delighted with your having the disposal of a little more paltry money; for I know no definite sum that is equal to your spirit: but

my

my joy, and yours too, is that the possessors of so noble a fortune set out on its enjoyment with a spirit so every way right; and that shews, I think, it is likely to be a blessing to themselves, by making it, as far as wealth can be, one to others."

It ought to be added here, that the kindness of all this family to Mrs. Carter never abated. After Mrs. Pulteney's decease, Mr. Pulteney always paid her the most marked and flattering attention; and Miss Pulteney, now Countess of Bath, with whom she corresponded regularly, seemed to have for her almost the affection of a daughter *.

About three years before Mrs. Carter died, Lady Bath represented to her father, that every thing was then so increased in price, that 100l. was much less valuable than when the annuity was granted, and Sir William generously added 50l. to it. This increase Lady Bath continued to give after Sir William's decease, though the original bond was still for a 100l. only. The whole was always paid together on the Midsummer quarter; and when Mrs. Carter died in February, and of course half a year of it only

* Very soon after the revival of the title of Bath in Miss Pulteney, she appointed Mrs. Carter's eldest nephew, the Rev. Thomas Pennington of Thorley, Herts, the first of her domestic chaplains.

was

was due, Lady Bath liberally sent Mrs. Carter's executor a draft on her banker for the whole 150l. to be paid immediately.

The death of Lord Bath affected Mrs. Carter very much, though the circumstances of it were such as to give his friends as little pain as possible. "He left the world," said she in a letter to Mrs. Vesey, "in possession of every comfort it had to bestow. With faculties unimpaired, and a temper unruffled *; and after a long enjoyment of the repose and dignity of age, unaccompanied by the pains and the weaknesses which often render the close of life so burthensome to the owners, so tedious to their attendants, and so pitiable to their friends."

This generous donation, added to what her uncle had left her about a year before †, placed Mrs.

* Lord Bath was not only good tempered, but even facetious; he loved to pun, and being a scholar, he dignified that species of wit by punning sometimes in Greek. A few months before he died, Mrs. Carter says in a letter to Mrs. Montagu:—"My Lord Bath's Greek in your last note is as unintelligible to me as the Calmuck language, and I have puzzled myself to no purpose in endeavouring to find it out. It pleased me, however, as a proof of his being well and in spirits. Whenever he desists from Greek and punning, I take it to be just as bad a symptom as if he lost his appetite."

† This was her father's brother, at whose house, as has been

Mrs. Carter very much at her ease in point of circumstances. Her habits of life indeed were such that a very little sufficed her. She dressed as plain and with as little expence as possible, considering her situation; but was always delicately neat and clean, both in her clothes and person. Cold water (except a little Hungary or Lavender water, with which she used to rub her head) was her only cosmetic from her youth; but of that she used a profusion. She eat but little meat at dinner, but was fond of pastry and vegetables; and never eat any supper at all. She drank lemonade, or milk and water, at her dinner, and one glass of wine when she dined in company, as a matter of civility, which quantity she never exceeded. But for the last three or four years of her life she was ordered by her physician to drink more wine,

been mentioned, she used sometimes to reside in the early part of her life. He had been a silk merchant, in partnership with the late Mr. Vere of Bishopsgate-street (whose sister he had married) uncle to the present banker of that name. He had quitted business for some years, and died without issue in 1765. He left to his brother Dr. Carter, and his children, upwards of 14,000l. (including 1000l. given to his brother before) besides almost as much to other branches of his own, and his wife's family. With her share of this, in her father's life-time, Mrs. Carter purchased 1,500l. stock in the old South-Sea annuities.

and

and then she usually drank also a small glass of port before dinner.

But sparing as she was to herself in every respect, to others she was bountiful as liberality itself. Her gifts to her relations, and to some friends who were poor, and her charities to the indigent, were such, that it might have been supposed that her moderate income could never have supplied them. She used to say with her usual good sense, that it was only in personal expences that any person of small fortune could or ought to save; because every situation in life required, with respect to society, a certain expence and establishment corresponding to it. After her father's death, therefore, when she kept house by herself at Deal, she lived with much hospitality, visited all her neighbours, saw a great deal of tea and some dinner company. It was indeed at all times delightful to see in how easy and pleasant a manner she mixed in the usual society of a country neighbourhood. Beloved, caressed, and even courted as she was by the wise, the good, and the great, her genius and acquirements seemed to sleep, when to have displayed or given scope to them, might have made the company sensible of their own deficiencies.

Hence many persons were acquainted with her, who till they were told of it by others, never

never knew that she understood any language but her own, or was ever ten miles from her native town. She sipped her tea, (which she did in pretty large quantities) chatted on different subjects, and played her cards like the rest of the company. Of this last amusement indeed she was rather fond, and a little inclined to be proud of her skill in the science of whist, which indeed she certainly played not ill, though she could hardly be said to excel in it. But every tendency towards gaming, or high play, she checked and discouraged with all her power; and very soon after whist became the general game, when the reign of quadrille had ceased, she laid down to herself a rule from which she never afterwards departed, of playing for no higher than threepenny points. In this peculiarity her friends in the country (and in town also, where she sometimes played in small parties) made a point of indulging her; and there was always some person who would oppose her on her own terms, though the general stake was higher.

Somewhat before the time of which we have been speaking, Mrs. Carter's indignation had been roused, as far as her usual mildness could allow it to be, by the violent attacks made on her old and respected friend Dr. Johnson, in consequence of his edition of Shakespeare. She gave vent to it in the following letter.

To

To Miss TALBOT.

Deal, Nov. 25, 1765.

"Have you not felt a high degree of indignation at the scandalous ribaldry with which Mr. Johnson has been treated in the papers? I have not read his Shakespeare, for my copy is in town; but whatever fault the critics may find in it, surely nothing of this kind can at all excuse such treatment of an author, who in other works has deserved so much honour. As I do not recollect any instance in which Mr. Johnson has employed his learning and his genius to expose ignorance or insult dullness; but, on the contrary, has, I think, been remarkably candid and tender, this unprovoked malice against him is the more abominable. Do pray be very angry about it: I am outrageous*.

* The following Epigram by Dr. Johnson, found among Mrs. Carter's papers, in his own hand writing, and evidently addressed to her, has never, I believe, been published before.

Quid mihi cum Cultu? Probitas inculta nitescit,
Et juvat Ingenii vita sine arte rudis.
Ingenium et mores si pulchra probavit Elisa,
Quid majus mihi spes ambitiosa dabit?

"I am

"I am quiet enough, however, as to the dispute between Dr. L. and the B. of G. *(Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester)* who, as he is the genuine successor of Ishmael, must be content to take his fate. I am very sorry, however, he has met with the chastisement he too well deserves from one of his own order. It is a pity they did not both battle it out in Greek, which is the best language in the world for a hearty scold."

Although, as has been observed, Mrs. Carter lived upon the most friendly terms with her neighbours in the country, yet the whole of her time at Deal was not spent with them. She had occasionally some of those friends with whom she lived in town, residing in that neighbourhood. In particular that most amiable and excellent woman the late Countess of Holdernesse passed, for many years, great part of every summer there. She resided, by the leave of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports latterly, in Deal Castle; and before that time, while Lord Holdernesse held that office, in Walmer Castle, about a mile from the town. This lady honoured Mrs. Carter with her particular esteem, which was returned on her part with the warmest

warmest attachment. Both in town and country they were very frequently together; and especially in the latter it was the source of great pleasure to them both, that they were such near neighbours. Sometimes her Ladyship had visitors with her who were friends to both; at others, she had no company except her grand-children*. When this was the case, she would now and then partake of Mrs. Carter's humble fare; and with the most perfect ease and good-humour sit down to sixpenny whist with her country neighbours.

In one of her letters to Miss Talbot about this time, Mrs. Carter relates an amusing incident that occurred during one of her visits to Lady Holdernesse, which shall be related in her own words.

"I dined at Walmer Castle on Wednesday, and walked the greatest part of the afternoon on the sea-side, with Lady Holdernesse and Lady Mary Coke. On returning to the Castle in the evening, at the foot of a pretty steep green hill, we saw a girl in stout contention with a cow, which she was lugging by the horns to pull her up the hill. Lady Mary called to the girl, and offered to assist her, which, probably taking it

* The Duke of Leeds, and his brother, Lord Francis Osborn; and their sister, now Countess of Chichester.

as a fine lady insult, she refused. And there might have been tugging and resisting to this hour, if Lady Mary, with the agility of a mountain nymph, had not descended to the bottom, and soon discovered she was not to be trifled with, like the poor girl: of this the cow was so well convinced, that she galloped up the hill before her Ladyship as hastily, though not so lightly, as a kid. The graceful airs and motions of Lady Mary, and the awkward precipitation of the cow, and in short the whole transaction was odd and diverting to a high degree: and so it appeared to the girl, who fell into such intemperate fits of laughing, that she could scarcely hold the cow after it was in her possession.

"Lady Mary enquired much after the Archbishop and you. She was to leave Walmer Castle yesterday morning. Mr. Mason * is there at present, or rather gone to visit Mr. Gray, who is at Denton †."

Early

* The Poet. Lord Holdernesse was much attached to him, and gave him the living of Aston, in Yorkshire, on which he resided till his death, and where he realised some of the scenery of his English Garden."

† Denton Court near Barham Downs, then the residence of the Rev. William Robinson, younger brother of the late Lord Rokeby, and of Mrs. Montagu. He was a College

Early in August, 1768, Mrs. Carter had the misfortune of losing her old and highly respected friend, Archbishop Secker. He left her no legacy in his will; but he had made her a present of 50l. before, and had besides lent her 150l. which he never meant to receive again. But as this did not appear in his will, her scruples urged her to offer to repay the money to his executors, Mrs. Talbot and Dr. Burton, which they were unwilling to receive. The following letter, however, from the present Bishop of London, then his Grace's chaplain, to whom, with Dr. Stinton*, his papers were left to be overlooked and arranged, sufficiently shewed his kind intentions with respect to that loan, and quieted her scruples on the subject.

friend of Mr. Gray, and their intimacy continued through life. Denton is now the beautiful seat of Samuel Egerton Brydges, Esq. a gentleman well known to the world by his poetical talents, and the variety of his acquirements in different branches of literature. He married, secondly, Mary, youngest daughter of Mr. Robinson above mentioned. His eldest son, by his first wife, inherits, from his maternal uncle, Mr. Barrett, the elegant and distinguished mansion called Lee Priory, so much admired by the late Horace, Earl of Orford; to whose taste indeed some of its improvements are owing.

* Dr. Stinton died in 1783.

To

To Dr. BURTON.

Lambeth, March 22, 1770.

"Agreeably to your desire I have searched the late Archbishop's narrative, and find in it the following passage, which I have copied word for word."

"This year (1763) I lent Mrs. Carter, to whom, I believe, I had given about 50l. before, 150l. upon her note, without interest. And I do not intend that she shall repay it me."

The Archbishop indeed left also a sealed letter for Mrs. Carter, which Miss Talbot notified to her, adding that she was anxious to deliver it into her own hands; but the purport of this is not now to be known, as the letter itself was not found among her papers at her decease, nor any memorandum concerning it. Immediately upon his Grace's death, Mrs. Carter left Deal, where she then was, and went to the house of affliction at Lambeth, where Mrs. and Miss Talbot were lamenting the kind friend with whom they had resided for upwards of two and forty years. From thence she wrote the following letter to Mrs. Vesey.

"I am much obliged to you for the concern you express for my friends and me on the late melancholy event at Lambeth. You rightly judged how much I must be struck by the death of this great and good man, with whose friendship I had been honoured for more than twenty years, and to whom I had such innumerable obligations.

"The whole amount *(of the Archbishop's fortune)* when compared with the great preferments which he had enjoyed from his first setting out, is a mere trifle: and he has left a noble example to his successors in this, as well as so many other instances. The extent of his charities is scarcely to be imagined, and his great revenues in the church were a general blessing. It is grievous to hear every day of the desolation of such numbers as owed the best part of their subsistence to his bounty. Nor was he only charitable, but kind and generous to a degree, which can be known only by those who were acquainted with his private and domestic life. I have seen a catalogue of his manuscripts, which are to be deposited in the library at Lambeth; and well as I was acquainted with his unwearied application, it surprised me to find such monuments of solitary studiousness in one who had been so much engaged in the active duties of his station, which he executed with an exactness

exactness and a diligence beyond any person I ever knew."

With her friends at Lambeth Mrs. Carter remained for some weeks, and assisted them in the painful and affecting occupation of removing from the palace, and getting another habitation. Mrs. Talbot took a house in Lower Grosvenor-street; but a secret malady had long been preying upon her daughter's frame; and the time was fast approaching when her pure and virtuous spirit was to return to Him who gave it. Her health had been visibly declining; and in October, 1769, she took to her bed, and was soon given over. Her disorder was then discovered to be a cancer, which had for three years been kept a profound secret from all her friends, except the Archbishop, and latterly, Mrs. Carter, principally from the pious wish that her mother might not have the grief of seeing her languish of a disease which had been pronounced incurable. Contrary to all expectation, however, she rallied again, and lived to the 9th of January, 1770, when she expired with the greatest fortitude and most devout resignation, in the forty-ninth year of her age. "Her patience through all her sufferings," said Mrs. Jeffreys, a lady who was then with her, in a

letter to Mrs. Carter, "you are well acquainted with: it exceeds all description. Chearfulness does not express her countenance or manner (I mean on Sunday last;) there was a joy I never shall forget, founded, I am certain, on the very few hours she hoped to remain here; and she told me she had that feel within her that spoke her happiness near."

This was a severe stroke to Mrs. Carter, and most deeply felt; nor did she ever speak of Miss Talbot to the day of her death, without the most affecting expressions of esteem and tenderness. What her opinion and feelings concerning her were at the time, may be collected from the following extracts of letters to Mrs. Montagu:—

"You will be kindly solicitous about me, if you happen to have heard that my dear Miss Talbot is past all hope of recovery. To herself this event will be a blessed change, from a state of long and constant suffering to that distinguished degree of happiness which her uncommon goodness has infallibly secured; but to the friends who were intimately acquainted with her virtues, the loss will be inconceivably great. Amidst all that I feel for myself on the removal of such a friend, I feel still more from what I suffer in thinking on the situation of Mrs. Talbot."

"If

"If I hear that there is a probability that my dear friend's illness is likely to linger on, I will propose going to her. The trial will be dreadful to my weak mind; but it is the last sad duty I can pay to a friend, to whom my obligations as well as my affection are inexpressible. When all is over, I trust I shall be enabled to compose my thoughts to that peaceful resignation, with which I desire always to submit to the Divine will. But it is impossible for my mind to repose, while this sad suspence continues, and I know her to be in a state of suffering. When that is past, her happiness is eternally secure; and I shall have no other grief but the sense of my own unspeakable loss."

"I do not apologize to you for writing in this manner, for though the fear of passing for a hypocrite may, as you observe, be a reason for the suppression of many pious thoughts in a mixed company, it can scarcely, one would think, operate upon an intimate correspondence with particular friends; and where religion is the leading principle of the mind, one knows not how to account for a total silence on a subject, in which there is so strong and mutual an interest; at least, I am sure there is no friendship worth cultivating where this is not the common tie."

Accordingly Mrs. Carter not only offered, but earnestly pressed her friend to allow her to come to her; but she exerted herself to prevent her, by writing her a short letter in her own hand, which was the last she received from her. She had however the comfort of seeing her before she died, as Miss Talbot survived till some days after she came to town at her usual time, soon after Christmas. Upon this melancholy occasion, she wrote the following pious and affecting letter to Mrs. Vesey:—

Clarges-street, Jan. 15, 1770.

"You will be so kindly solicitous about me, my dear Mrs. Vesey, when you see in the papers a confirmation of the reality of my apprehensions about my dear Miss Talbot, that I cannot forbear writing you some account of myself. I am tolerably well, and my spirits, though low, are very composed. With the deepest feeling of my own unspeakable loss of one of the dearest and most invaluable blessings of my life, I am to the highest degree thankful to the Divine goodness for removing her from the multiplied and aggravated sufferings which, in a longer struggle with such a distemper, must probably have been unavoidable. The calm and peaceful sorrow of tenderness and affection, sweetly alleviated by the joyful assurance of her happiness,

ness, is a delightful sentiment compared with what I have endured for the last two or three months.

"Two or three days before her death, she was seized with a sudden hoarseness and cough, which seemed the effect of a cold, and for which bleeding relieved her; but there remained an oppression from phlegm which was extremely troublesome to her. On the 9th this symptom encreased, and she appeared heavy and sleepy, which was attributed to an opiate the night before. I staid with her till she went to bed, with an intention of going afterwards into her room, but was told she was asleep. I went away about nine, and in less than an hour after she waked; and after the struggle of scarcely a minute, it pleased God to remove her spotless soul from its mortal sufferings, to that heaven for which her whole life had been an uninterrupted preparation. Never surely was there a more perfect pattern of evangelical goodness, decorated by all the ornaments of a highly improved understanding, and recommended by a sweetness of temper, and an elegance and politeness of manners, of a peculiar and more engaging kind than in any other character I ever knew.

"I am just returned from seeing all that was mortal of my angelical friend deposited in the earth. I do not mean that I went in ceremony, which,

which, had it been proper, would have been too strong a trial for my spirits, but privately with two other of her intimate friends. I felt it would be a comfort to me, on that most solemn occasion, to thank Almighty God for delivering her from her sufferings, and to implore his assistance to prepare me to follow her. Little, alas! infinitely too little have I yet profited by the blessing of such an example. God grant that her memory, which I hope will ever survive in my heart, may produce a happier effect.

"Adieu, my dear friend, God bless you, and conduct us both to that happy assembly, where the spirits of the just shall dread no future separation! And may we both remember that awful truth, that we can hope to die the death of the righteous * only by resembling their lives."

Mrs. Talbot was upwards of eighty years of age when she met with this irreparable loss, which she bore with greater fortitude and resignation than could well have been expected. She survived her daughter many years, and indeed lived to the very advanced age of ninety-two.

* "Oh, let me die his death," all Nature cries,
"Then live his life,"—all Nature falters there.
Young's Night Thoughts.

In

In the latter part of her life, her eye-sight and her hearing in a great measure failed her, yet she kept up a constant correspondence with Mrs. Carter till within a few months of her death. Her last letters are perfectly sensible, but so ill written, as to shew there was a great defect in the hand which wrote them, as well as in the eyes which guided it. She died of a paralytic attack in the year 1783.

The heavy misfortune of losing her daughter, and the gradual failure of her faculties, were alleviated to the good old lady, as far as possible, by the unremitted kindness of a large circle of most respectable acquaintance, who seemed to make it their business to prevent her from suffering from them. And the author of this sketch has seen with delight, in his early years, the young, the high-born, and the beautiful, at her house, vyeing with each other in their attentions to its venerable mistress, and appearing to derive the highest gratification from contributing to her amusement.

Into Mrs. Carter's hands, as the dearest friend of her beloved daughter, Mrs. Talbot put her manuscript papers, leaving it to her discretion what parts of them she would publish. The first that she selected bore the title of "Reflections on the Seven Days of the Week;" a small pamphlet, but of great value, both from the elegance

elegance of the language, and the warm as well as rational piety with which it abounds. This little work was much admired, and had, as indeed it still has, a wonderful and almost unexampled sale. To this Mrs. Carter soon afterwards added two volumes in duodecimo, of Essays, Poems, and other detached Pieces, which were then, and still are, highly approved of by all good judges of literary composition, and by all who wish well to the cause of religion and virtue*. Few persons can read the poems without lamenting that she wrote so few. Of the first especially, which begins "Awake, my Laura," it is difficult to say whether the thoughts are most just, or the expression of them most elegant and poetic. The prose essays are written with so much spirit and vivacity, that they are as amusing as they are instructive; so that though most of Mrs. Talbot's friends have been long since numbered with the dead, they have passed through several editions. The last, which includes the whole, was published in one volume octavo, in 1795, and a new one will probably be soon required.

* But while they instructed and edified some, they served, it seems, to *divert* others; for Mrs. Carter says in a letter to Mrs. Talbot in 1772, "Lord J—— must be of a very facetious disposition, if all the good he derived from the Essays was the being *diverted*."

The

The person mentioned in the second essay, under the name of Cynthio, was a real character, well known both to Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Talbot; but they wished not to disclose his name, though they thought it proper to contradict a report which was then spread, that it was meant for another person, for whom they knew it was not designed. These papers Mrs. Carter printed on her own account, Mrs. Talbot having nothing to do either with the first expence, or subsequent profits, which eventually were not inconsiderable. It is evident, therefore, that she was not misled by her affection for the author, and her selection of the papers was made with her usual judgment. "I do not believe," says she, in a letter to Mrs. Talbot, "that I shall be a loser; and I have a better opinion both of the sense and virtue of the world, than to think it in the least degree probable, but that such a work will meet with the approbation it so justly deserves." The event proved that she was right; and the excellence of her motives for wishing them to be printed, appears very evident from the following paragraph in another letter to Mrs. Talbot. "I imagine by this time a good part of a third edition *(of the Reflections on the Days of the Week)* is sold off. What a comfort it is to think on the diffusive good which that dear angel has communicated

nicated to the world, of which she is now enjoying the reward! What a blessed change to herself from the suffering state of the last sad year!" This was written in December, 1770, when Miss Talbot had not been dead more than eleven months.

Not long after the Archbishop's death, and before that of Miss Talbot, Mrs. Carter lost another very dear and highly esteemed friend in Miss Isabella Sutton *, who died in November, 1768. It was to her that she addressed those beautiful lines which begin "Heir of immortal Being;" and of her that she wrote the Elegy beginning, "Yes, weak humanity." She appears to have been a very amiable, accomplished, and virtuous character †, and Mrs. Carter never spoke

* She was sister to the late Sir Richard Sutton, Bart. and daughter to Sir Robert Sutton, K. B. a gentleman well known in the diplomatic line, having been ambassador to the Hague, Conſtantinople, and Paris. Sir Robert was great nephew to the first Lord Lexington, and had the honour of being Bishop Warburton's early, perhaps first, patron. Miss Sutton's mother was daughter and coheiress of Benjamin Tichborne, Esq. and widow of Charles, third Earl of Sunderland. Her sister married Daniel Pulteney, Esq. M. P. father of Mrs. Pulteney. Consequently Miss Sutton and Mrs. Pulteney were first cousins.

† Mrs. Carter's letters were returned to her after Miss Sutton's decease, and on the paper which contained them, Mrs.

of her but with much affection and deep regret. Lady Bath, to whom she was related, had an original portrait of her in her usual dress, which now appears a singular one, and with her accustomed kindness, had a copy of it taken and sent to Mrs. Carter a few years since; and she always considered it as a very precious gift, and valued it highly; as does the present possessor of it for her sake.

Miss Sutton's health was extremely weak, and her spirits at times very low; hence she was often apt to see the evils of human life in a very melancholy point of view, and to undervalue its advantages. To counteract this painful, and sometimes even fatal propensity, Mrs. Carter always particularly exerted herself with that genuine spirit of Christian content, chearfulness, and hope, which she possessed in so eminent a degree. One of her letters to her upon this subject is not only excellent in itself, but is curious, as being evidently the foundation of the poem already mentioned, "Heir of immortal Being," &c. which was written a few months after.

Mrs. Carter had written the date of her death, and the following well known lines from Horace, Lib. i. Ode 24.

Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas
Quando *ullam* invenient parem?

To Miss SUTTON.

October 27, 1762.

"It is by our own fault if human improvement ever stands still. The languors of illness are as much the subject of life, as the vigorous spirits of health; and the powers that are insufficient for active exertions of understanding, and for high attainments, are equal to the duty of unrepining submission to the disappointment of favourite aims, and of thankful enjoyment of every permitted good.

"No: it is impossible that it could be from serious conviction: it must be merely an accidental transient thought, that made you speak of annihilation as 'preferable to staying always in such a world as this.' Surely, my dear Miss Sutton, life, with all its portion of toils and sufferings, is mercifully diversified with such a mixture of ease, and even of positive delight, as must render it greatly preferable to non-existence. Was every prospect to be limited by the grave, what inexpressible horrors must one feel, at the thought of quitting such a system of creation, as engages the attention by every form of variety, strikes by every wonder of magnificence, and charms with every grace, and every elegance of beauty! How terrible to close one's

one's eyes upon the flowery earth and radiant sun, to 'leave the warm precincts of the cheerful day *,' and sink into a cold, dark, eternal night! Then to think of losing all sense of intellectual pleasure, all the tendernesses of affection, and all the excellencies of virtue †!

"From this dreadful extinction, God be thanked, we are graciously secured; and as much as I have said in profession of my attachment to this world, I heartily join with you in rejoicing that it is not to last for ever. Yet I have but little curiosity concerning any other particulars about a better, than those which are revealed to us. Content and thankful for the promise which He 'who cannot lie' has made, that all who endeavour to fulfil the conditions of happiness shall infallibly be happy, and convinced that he alone knows what will make us so. The general ideas of perfect health, perfect security, and perfect virtue, are sufficient to sup-

* Gray's Elegy.

† These mournful ideas are evidently only on the supposition of there being no life after this; for the thoughts of the passage from this state of existence to another (usually called, but improperly, *death*) never affected Mrs. Carter's mind with melancholy. She used to say, that in all her meditations on that subject, she never suffered her mind to dwell on the shroud and the coffin, but passed at once from this life to a better.

port the mind in the hours of pain and languor; to console it amidst the anxieties of precarious good; and to elevate and encourage it amidst the humiliations of mortal frailty, vainly struggling for an entire conquest over those corruptions of a disordered nature, which can never be completely subdued, but in that state where alone the 'spirits of the just will be made perfect.'

"It is very many years since I read Burnet's 'State of the Dead,' but I am going to read it again, that I may accompany you. I remember in general that he is a very lively and entertaining writer.

"So far as I have read, I perfectly subscribe to your judgment of Mr. Hume's History. The order and civility of modern times is indeed an inestimable blessing, and however unwilling Mr. Hume might be to allow it, is certainly the effect of Christianity. Barbarity was the disgrace of heroism, not only amongst our rude and violent ancestors, but amongst those nations which are so often extolled as abounding with examples of the highest virtue. Modern compilers give us a fine picture of the manners of heathen antiquity; but their own historians are more honest, and from them one discovers as high instances of barbarity, even among the polished and enlightened Greeks, as could be practised by

by the most savage parties of scalping Indians *. The battles of Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Platea, were great actions, and performed in a noble cause, and these are extolled by all authors through all ages; while little mention is made of the horrors of the Peloponnesian war, and innumerable others, by which the heroes who so gallantly opposed the Persian tyranny, endeavoured to tyrannize over each other, and pursued their quarrels through such a series of rapine, treachery, and bloodshed, that the relation makes one shudder.

" It is no wonder that the savage manners of nations, professing Christianity, should be so little softened in those dark ages when the Christian Religion was so little understood, that the endowment of a monastery was thought a sufficient atonement for a violation of all the duties of humanity. But ever since the restraints of Popery have been removed, and the Gospel allowed to speak for itself, there has been an astonishing alteration for the better

* See " The beneficial Effects of Christianity," by the present Bishop of London, printed 1806, in which this argument is most ably and clearly stated, and proved by the most undeniable historical facts. There is a striking similarity between that excellent work and the reasoning in this letter.

in the general appearance of the Christian world.

"By your account of Rousseau's book, I fear it is likely to do much more harm than good, which seems to be the case with all his writings that I have seen. It is pity he does not pursue his own favourite scheme of running wild, and grazing among the animals, whose morals would be in no danger of being relaxed by his stories, nor their principles poisoned by his philosophical whims*."

In the year 1769 was published the first edition of Mrs. Montagu's celebrated Essay on Shakspeare. The name of the author did not appear in it, and was unknown to most, if not all, of her most intimate friends, except Mrs. Carter. She was in the secret from the beginning of her undertaking the work, and even looked over the manuscript, in order to correct any trifling inaccuracies of diction, or of punctuation, which might escape the diligence of the ingenious and elegant writer of it. The world, indeed, unwilling to believe that a wo-

* For Mrs. Carter's opinion of Rousseau, see also vol. ii. p. 156.

man

man of fashion, gay and admired as Mrs. Montagu was, could be capable of producing so able a piece of criticism, when she acknowledged it, gave the credit of it to Mrs. Carter; and even those who affected to be most candid, supposed that she had corrected, improved, and made it fit for the press. This she always in the strongest terms denied, and constantly affirmed that she was not able to produce so excellent a performance *. Probably indeed she could not, however sound her judgment, and however deep her learning; for the wit, the spirit, the nice, accurate, and distinguishing criticism, and the well deserved severity which characterise that much admired work, were wholly foreign from Mrs. Carter's usual style, both of writing and conversation. Yet no one was more sensible of the beauties of the Essay than she was, and no one could enjoy more the well-earned fame of her friend. A few short extracts from some of her letters will shew the opinion of the public concerning the work before the author was known, and will also con-

* The same observation may also be made of Mr. Montagu, to whom some persons chose to attribute it. Mr. Montagu was a man of sense, a scholar, and a mathematician, but must have been quite unequal to a work of this nature. His literary pursuits were of a very different kind.

firm the truth of her having had no other share in it than such as has been mentioned.

To Mrs. MONTAGU.

"As my brother is a very enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare, you will imagine I was very impatient for him to read the Essay. Pray applaud the fortitude of my virtue, which held out against all the commendations which he bestowed on it, without giving the least intimation of the author, whom I suffered to be characterised by *he* and *him*, with a most exemplary acquiescence, while I was inwardly wild to oppose such an injury."

"I will certainly look over the Essay before I come to town, though I have been too ill and too dispirited *(about Miss Talbot's dangerous state)* to apply to any thing for some weeks past. I believe I told you how much the Douglas's were charmed with it: they kept it such an unmerciful time, that I could not get it out of their hands for Mrs. Pennington to finish it before she left Deal. She was greatly pleased with what she read of it, and has sent me a thorough chiding, from having heard since she went the name of the author, and holds it very monstrous and unsisterly, that when

when I heard her so strongly commend it, I would not give her the pleasure of hearing by whom it was writ. Indeed it seems to me to be downright affectation to conceal it any longer, so though I have not yet ventured to own it, I have not denied it. It gives me great pleasure that it was at first a secret, as it helped you to that unprejudiced applause of the work, which it might have been difficult to separate from a regard to the author. But now I think one may lawfully speak out."

"I had a letter this week from Mrs. Howe*, who mentions the general applause given to the Essay by all whom she has heard name it; and adds, that nobody whom she has met with guesses at the author. How can the people be so dull?"

To Mrs. BLOMER, Canterbury.

"I had a letter yesterday from Mrs. Duncombe, in which she mentions a report of my having a share in the Essay on Shakspeare,

* The Honourable Mrs. Howe, widow of John Howe, Esq. and sister to the late Earl, and present Viscount Howe. This lady was a very intimate and highly esteemed friend of Mrs. Carter for a great number of years, and constantly corresponded with her.

which my vanity would very gladly confess if it was true; but it is absolutely without foundation, and neither I nor any other friend of the author have the least pretension to this honour, as the composition was entirely her own; of which nobody who is acquainted with her very uncommon talents could form any doubt. She neither does, nor ever pretended to understand Greek, but every thing necessary for her purpose in that work is to be found in translations. I beg therefore that you will be so good to make use of every opportunity to contradict the groundless notion of my having any hand in the Essay. I should be very sorry to be guilty of any theft, and certainly particularly averse to stealing any part of the justly acquired reputation of my friend."

To the remarks contained in this work upon Voltaire's ignorance of the meaning of the author, whose works he had ventured to criticise, the vanity of that presumptuous pretender to universal literature was deeply sensible. He never forgave Mrs. Montagu for it, with whom he had previously been acquainted when in England, nor could ever afterwards bear to mention her name but to ridicule or abuse her. In wit

wit and quickness of repartee, however, the English lady was not unequal to the French *Bel Esprit;* and when she was at Paris in the year 1776, and was told in company that Voltaire had said it was "no wonder that some pearls should be found in Shakspeare's *enorme fumier*," she immediately replied, in allusion to the critic's well known plagiarisms, that it was "to that *fumier*, however, that M. de Voltaire was indebted for some of his best corn." An answer which, when repeated to that too celebrated writer, threw him completely off his guard, and drew from him a torrent of vulgar abuse.

This excellent composition met with the reception which it so well deserved, and was soon translated into French, and other modern languages*. The consequence of this was, that the attention of the Continent was immediately excited towards Shakspeare, who was but little known before out of our own islands, and ultimately towards English literature in general. A complete translation of his plays was made into French soon after Mrs. Montagu's publication,

* An Italian poem also was addressed to Mrs. Montagu on this occasion by Lorenzo Pignotti, which possesses great merit. In the dedication the author thanks her for the present of her work, which was given him by Lady Elizabeth Compton. It was printed at Florence in 1779.

which

which is said to have considerable merit, and had great success. It served to convince the Continent of the truth of what he had asserted; that Voltaire either did not understand that difficult author, or else wilfully misrepresented his meaning. This was an unpleasant alternative, and he knew not which to chuse; he acted therefore prudently perhaps, though not liberally, in declining to make any reply to the work, and contenting himself with abusing the writer of it.

But highly as Mrs. Carter thought of this Essay, and much as she was gratified by its success, her habitual piety made her continually urge Mrs. Montagu to employ her genius on some work which might be of more general utility. "I cannot part with the wish," says she in one of her letters to her, "of seeing you engaged in some work more equal to the great talents which you enjoy, and more immediately appropriated to the honour and service of Him by whom they were bestowed; some work that, while it was useful, and you could make it entertaining, to the world, would be applauded by angels, and registered in heaven."

This advice, which, it is to be lamented, that Mrs. Montagu's want of leisure, or of inclination, did not permit her to follow, was in exact conformity to Mrs. Carter's general turn of mind.

In

In that, piety was always the leading principle. She admired, and warmly felt, the beauties of works of genius and fancy; but in her estimation, *the one thing needful*, duty to God and man, in its highest sense, superseded all the rest. Hence the works of art, and the beauties of nature, equally turned her thoughts in gratitude to Him, who has granted us faculties and senses capable of giving and receiving so much innocent pleasure. To her therefore every occurrence of life, and every appearance of nature, however common, was a subject of delight and thanksgiving. She saw the sun rise, and it called forth these reflections in a letter to a friend. "Envy me, who not content to catch the rising sun from a chamber window, rambled this morning by moonlight to the top of a hill, from whence I saw the first opening of the morning; and at my return saw the whole creation gradually wakening into life and beauty by the illumination of the advancing day. I felt, I hope with a due degree of thankfulness, the blessing of being in health and motion, and capable of enjoying the charming scene around me; while so many were tossing about on a bed of pain, or crippled by debility, and so many harassed by distressing cares."

Another morning she walked out, and it was her birth-day, and she thus expresses the ideas which

which rose in her mind on that occasion: "I have begun this week at least with more activity than the last; and in an open field attended the levee of the morning, who threw a beautiful crimson scarf over her wintry lead-coloured robes. It is my birth-day. I believe, and with the deepest gratitude I ought to speak it, there are very few people who have so many reasons to be fond of life as myself; and sufficiently attached to it I am; and yet perhaps there are not many to whom the thoughts of its being so far advanced would give less concern. In a course of travelling, though the road be ever so pleasant, and the company ever so good, one cannot help sometimes feeling that one is not at home, and looking forward to the journey's end*. How thankful ought one to be that there is at last a home, where all who do not wilfully take a wrong path, will be sure to find that repose and security of enjoyment, which in the most prosperous journey can never be found on the road."

* Nothing can give a more exact picture of Mrs. Carter's way of thinking upon this subject, both in sickness and in health, than this beautiful dilatation of the Apostle's metaphor—*Strangers and pilgrims on the earth*, &c. The admirably expressed character of the Baron, in Prior's Henry and Emma, might have been her motto,

"Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die."

One

One more short instance of the same kind shall be added. Miss Talbot had desired her to send her a journal of her life at Deal; she replies, "What journal could I transmit from hence but a table of the tides, or a register of the weather, which forms the greatest diversity of my life in this place? And how thankful ought one to be for days not marked by calamity, nor blackened by the horrors of guilt!"

In writing the memoirs of one who had so many friends, and whose heart was so alive to affectionate impressions, it is painful to be so perpetually obliged to record the afflicting circumstances of their loss, which so much diminishes the value of life. This is indeed one of the heaviest taxes to which length of days is subject, and which must be paid in exact proportion to the warmth of the heart, and to the duration of life. After a certain period, every year no doubt takes something from the value of present existence *, but happily leads the well regulated mind at the same time to look forward to another to come. The loss of every friend breaks a link of the chain which holds to

* Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes, said Horace; a melancholy reflection to those who had no expectation of a better life. No wonder then that they spoke of the loss of this, and of the shortness and uncertainty of its joys, with such deep and bitter regret!

this

this earth; not that the pious subject of these Memoirs needed to be so painfully reminded of futurity, for it was never absent from her mind; yet though none could be more resigned to the will of God, her feelings were acute, and she suffered much from the death of those she loved and esteemed.

In the year 1773, the good and amiable Lord Lyttelton left this world for a better. Mrs. Carter's regard for, and high opinion of him, have been mentioned before. "Endeavour," she says in another letter to Mrs. Vesey at this time, "to raise your spirits from the melancholy chambers of the grave, to those glad regions of immortality and happiness, where I trust our excellent friend is rejoicing in his escape from the sufferings of a probationary life. It would be absolutely selfish to wish him back to a world where his trials derived their most painful acuteness from the sensibility of his virtue.

"I join with you in wishing that there may be a well writ life of good Lord Lyttelton, but I am very far from being equal to such a task*.

"Though I agree with you in the great use which may be derived from an account of the

* It appears from this, and other circumstances, that Mrs. Vesey wished her to undertake to be Lord Lyttelton's biographer.

life

life of a character of distinguished excellence, I differ from you with regard to the persons who will receive benefit from works of this kind. They contribute, as every thing else does, to make the good better, but seldom or never to reform the bad. Those whom you justly characterize by the title of 'unfeeling scoffers,' are as impenetrable to example as they are to reason; though, as you say, they may be silenced, they will not be convinced; for conviction is not an operation of the head, but of the heart. This is the doctrine of inspiration, and common sense and experience bear ample testimony to its truth.

"You say Lord Lyttelton 'became a Christian* from philosophical enquiry.' But upon that enquiry he entered with a mind undisturbed by passion, and unbiassed by prejudice; and consequently with a heart full of virtuous dispositions. Had his head been ever so speculative and philosophical, with the pride, and malevolence, and dissoluteness of Bolingbroke, or the pert paradoxical vanity of Hume, with all his enquiries he had remained an unbeliever."

This virtuous and exemplary nobleman was succeeded in his title and estates by his only

* How sincere he was in that conviction may be learnt from all his works, especially that excellent one "on the Conversion of St. Paul."

son Thomas, a man of a very different character. With great abilities, generally very ill applied; with a strong sense of religion, which he never suffered to influence his conduct, his days were mostly passed in "splendid misery," and in the painful alternations of the most extravagant gaiety and the deepest despair. The delight, when he pleased, of the first and most select societies, he chose to pass his time for the chief part with the most profligate and abandoned of both sexes. Solitude was to him the most insupportable torment, and to banish reflection he flew to company whom he despised and ridiculed *. His conduct was a subject of bitter regret both to his father and all his friends. None seemed to feel it more than Mrs. Carter, as she was well acquainted with the young man, who indeed paid her a great deal of attention, and admired his talents and elegant manners as much as she detested his vices.

The remarkable circumstance of the dream or vision which preceded his death, is well known. Mrs. Carter mentions it in these words in a letter to Mrs. Vesey.

* There seems to have been a great similarity between his character and that of another celebrated profligate, the Duke of Wharton, as drawn in the high colouring of Pope's pencil in his Essay on the "Ruling Passion."

"We

"We have received a very circumstantial and authentic account of Lord Lyttelton's dream which you mention. Through all the affectation of disregarding it, it appeared plainly, I think, that it made a strong impression on his mind, though not in such a way as seemed to be much for his benefit, or he would have made a different kind of preparation for the event*. Whether the prediction and the event was or was not a mere coincidence, I do not pretend to decide. But to those who consider it a warning, it must bear a strong testimony to the truth of, *If they believe not Moses and the Prophets*," &c. †

Mrs. Carter seems not to have known that to Lord Lyttelton's disordered fancy the vision is

* That reasoning seems by no means conclusive. In all cases of supposed warnings, whether occasioned by a troubled conscience within, or by any natural, though perhaps not easily accounted for, circumstance without, God only can judge of the effect which may be produced by it on the heart. Lord Lyttelton never appears to have braved the prediction, though he often alluded to it in conversation; and God only knows what resolutions of amendment he may have made; how sincerely determined on repentance; and how fervent have been in private prayer to Him during those three days.

† Luke xvi. 31.

said to have appeared in the form of Miss ——, a young lady whom he had seduced with circumstances of peculiar profligacy, and who was then dead *.

In the year 1774 Mrs. Carter had the misfortune of losing her father, after a pretty long illness, during which she nursed him with the greatest care and affection. The good old Doctor died in the eighty-seventh year of his age, much lamented by all his children. His faculties, except being rather deaf, were unimpaired, and his death was as free from any considerable suffering either mental or bodily, as his life had been good and pious. In a letter to Mrs. Talbot at this time, Mrs. Carter speaks of this event in these terms:—"My health is, I thank God, better than I could have expected it to be, after so long a confinement, attended with so much anxiety: I have an inexpressible loss: but I have great reason to be thankful to the divine goodness which extended the enjoyment of such a blessing as my father's life was to all his family, to so long a date. He retained

* There is also a nonsensical and unmeaning story, but not very generally known, of an apparition of Lord Lyttelton himself at Dartford, on the night of his decease, to a friend who was just returned from the Continent. This friend is still living, a gentleman in a high line of society, and well known in the gay world.

his

his understanding and senses to the last; and left a world which he had for some time wished to quit, with such an unruffled calm and composure, as I trust was an earnest of a blessed change."

This event made no great difference in Mrs. Carter's establishment or way of life, excepting that she had no longer the use of a carriage, which her father had kept for some years. His fortune was divided among his children; but the house, as mentioned before, was her own; and her income was now sufficient to enable her to live in it with much comfort and hospitality.

Dr. Carter was not only highly respected, and much beloved by all his children, but was also a man of distinguished character, both as a Christian and a scholar*. His life had always been remarkably pure, and his mind very strong.

* When Dr. Carter died, he was Rector of Woodchurch, and of Ham, (where he was buried) and Perpetual Curate of the Chapel of Deal, which last preferment he had held above fifty years. Before this he had been Vicar of Tilmanstone, Perpetual Curate of Sutton, and One of the Six Preachers of the Cathedral Church of Canterbury. The two last he had resigned to his son-in-law, Dr. Pennington.

Of this last quality he gave a remarkable proof in a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning which did much mischief, when a fire ball passed close by his house, and fell with a tremendous explosion. One of his daughters, afterwards Mrs. Pennington, terrified almost out of her senses, burst into his study where he was quietly reading, crying, "Oh, Sir, the day of judgment is come." "Well, child," said he, with the utmost composure, "and when could it come in a better time for you?"

But though Mrs. Carter's income was now sufficiently easy for her situation, it met with a farther increase in the following year very unexpectedly, although by means of an event which had been for some time gradually approaching. In the winter of 1775, Mr. Montagu died. He was many years older than Mrs. Montagu; but they had lived together very happily, and he shewed his great affection and esteem for her by leaving to her sole disposal the whole of his large fortune, some few legacies excepted; of which the largest was 1000l. to Lord Sandwich, who was his nearest relation in the male line. To the honour of that nobleman it should be mentioned, that he was present at the opening of his cousin's will; and though it might be supposed to be no inconsiderable disappointment to him, he was the first

to

to express his satisfaction, and pay his compliments to Mrs. Montagu upon so valuable a proof of her husband's love and confidence.

One of the first uses to which Mrs. Montagu applied her fortune, was to increase by it the comforts of her less affluent friend. She immediately, even in the same winter, settled upon Mrs. Carter an annuity of one hundred pounds, and secured it to her by a bond. It should seem that at first Mrs. Montagu desired this instance of her liberality to be kept secret; for Mrs. Carter thus expresses herself concerning it in a letter to her, dated June 30, 1775.

"Indeed, my dear friend, you must dispense with the silence you enjoined me, with regard to your goodness towards me; for I am sure you would not wish me to carry the appearance of ingratitude to you, and of unkindness to the rest of my friends, in concealing from them what would give them pleasure. Miss Cooper mentioned it to me in a letter which I received this week: and it was mentioned to me again in one from a friend in this neighbourhood, who heard it from Mrs. William Robinson*; and therefore if I was ever so desirous to obey your commands, it would be to no purpose."

* Wife to the Rev. William Robinson, Mrs. Montagu's brother.

Had it therefore even been her wish, as it appeared to be that of the donor, that this addition to her income should not be known, it would have been impossible; but to her grateful and affectionate heart such a secret would have been very painful, and she always seemed to feel a delight in relating the many instances of kindness which she had received from her friends. This was Mrs. Carter's last acquisition of income, or fortune, excepting a legacy of two hundred pounds from her old friend Mrs. Talbot, and an annuity of forty pounds, a few years after, from one of her earliest and most valued friends, Mrs. Underdown, whose only daughter had married her eldest brother.

But in proportion as the hand of death deprived Mrs. Carter of many of her old friends, so she also acquired many new ones: some, who many years younger than herself, revered her like a parent, while they loved her like a sister: some, who surrounded with affluence, and living in all the splendour and gaiety of high life, knew how to value the simplicity of her manners, the correctness of her taste, and the excellence of her heart. The friendship of some of these accompanied her even to the tomb, and softened the languor of her declining strength by the most delicate, kind, and unremitted attentions.

The

The regard which was thus shewn her, Mrs. Carter had no means of repaying but by sincere affection, and no heart could be warmer, no affection more sincere, than that which she bore to her friends. Their joys and their troubles were her's; and she could enter into the feelings of a wife and a mother, as if those characters had belonged to herself. I cannot here resist the temptation of copying a part of two of her letters, though they relate to a lady, happily for her friends and the world, still living; and she can hardly be displeased at knowing the opinion which a friend so much beloved expressed concerning her, between thirty and forty years since. The first was to a lady, since deceased, in the country, in these words: —"I believe you do not know Lady Dartrey*. She is very happily for me one of my most intimate and amiable friends, and a blessing to all who are in any degree within her reach." The other was to Mrs. Vesey, as follows:—"You have sent dear Lady Dartrey to me, I thank God, in very comfortable health, which I hope Bristol will confirm against the attacks of the winter. There is nothing surprizing in your tendency to love her prodigiously. The more you become acquainted with her, the more irre-

* Now Viscountess Cremorne.

sistible you will find it. Her understanding is clear, lively, and elegant: her imagination highly poetical; her virtues are fixed on the steadiest principles of religion, and her heart is amiable to a degree, which, to any one not perfectly acquainted with it, can scarcely be described."

The affectionate regard of this lady, as well indeed as of Lord Cremorne himself, continued with unabated warmth to the last hour of Mrs. Carter's life, and always formed one of its chief comforts and greatest delights.

From this period of her life, Mrs. Carter could hardly be considered in the light of a professed literary character. After the publication of the third edition of her Poems, in which some were added which had not appeared before, she wrote nothing for the press. Her head-achs were very frequent and violent, and often prevented her from reading or writing any thing which required much attention. At such times, when she was able to sit up, she was glad to have recourse to any novel, or modern romance, provided the tendency, or moral, of it was good. These she read with much pleasure, especially if removed from real life, from the delineation of which she did not derive much satisfaction. The novels of Mrs. D'Arblay are indeed exceptions to this rule; for she thought very highly

highly of them, especially of Evelina, the first published; she had them all, and read them with increasing approbation more than once.

But of Mrs. Charlotte Smith's * work in general she highly disapproved; and was indeed hardly willing to give her credit for the genius which she was generally allowed to possess; the reason of which was, that she thought their morality at least very defective, and in some of them positively bad. Upon the same principles she was very partial to all Mrs. West's publications, both in prose and verse, as not only displaying a very considerable, and indeed very remarkable, share of genius, under so many disadvantages, but as being calculated to do much good in the world, and as having the morality of them founded upon the only unerring basis, that of religion †.

But of all authors of this class, Mrs. Carter thought most highly of Mrs. Radcliffe, and was

* This lady's misfortunes are now ended by the hand of death; but her works remain behind. Would that authors would consider the awful responsibility they incur when they publish, for the evil which perhaps they do, or the good which they might have done!

† Mrs. West dedicated her "Tale of the Times," a work both moral and entertaining, to Mrs. Carter. She was introduced to her a year or two before she died; and Mrs. Carter was as much pleased with her manners and conversation, as she had been with her writings.

most

most delighted with the perusal of her Romances. The good tendency of all her works, the virtues of her principal characters, supported on the solid foundation of religion, the elegance of her style, and her accurate, as well as vivid, delineations of the beauties of nature, appeared to her such as to raise Mrs. Radcliffe to a degree of eminence far superior to any writer of romance of the present day. Of her, however, she had no personal knowledge, any more than of Mrs. Smith; but she was well acquainted with Mrs. D'Arblay, whose worthy and respectable father, Dr. Burney, she had long known, and slightly with Mrs. West, of whose character she thought as highly as she did of her works.

No age has probably been more fruitful than the present, in literary performances of various kinds, and often of great merit, by female writers; but a few years since the world was surprized by a work from a young lady, in the very highest rank of genius, and that in which, perhaps, of all others, women have least succeeded. Their attempts in the tragic line of the drama have generally failed*, and it was reserved for the present age to see more of the

* Mrs. Hannah More's "Percy" is certainly an exception to this general rule, and possibly there may be some others.

genuine

genuine spirit of Shakespeare revive in the tragedies of Miss Joanna Baillie *, than has inspired any author since his time. This was also Mrs. Carter's opinion, when the first volume of her Plays was published without her name; and her judgment must therefore be free from prejudice. No one then supposed it was written by a woman; but when she found it was by a female author, a young one too, and hitherto unknown to the literary world, she felt a triumph, which those who know her partiality to her own sex will easily believe. She was previously acquainted with Miss Baillie a little, and much better since, and had a great regard for her person, as well as respect for her extraordinary talents.

These, however, were acquaintances of a much later date than the time of which we are speaking: but at no period of her life was Mrs. Carter particularly anxious to be known to literary persons as such only. Unless their characters were such as to please and interest her in other respects, she rather declined than sought their acquaintance; and it was always irksome and painful to her to be held up to view herself as an object of curiosity, and to have

* It is almost superfluous to say, that Miss J. Baillie is youngest sister to Dr. Baillie, of Grosvenor-street.

persons

persons introduced to her on account of her literary reputation.

Hence it was, perhaps, that scarcely any author of equal note and celebrity was so little known to, or acquainted with, her contemporary labourers in the fields of learning or poetry. Not that she was in the smallest degree envious of their fame, or jealous of her own reputation in the world; but if the personal characters of admired writers were not good, if the productions of their genius were in any respect likely to do harm, or to be injurious to the cause of religion and virtue; or if, lastly, there seemed to be the least tendency towards levelling and democratic principles, either in the publications themselves, or in the characters of the authors of them, she then always steadily refused to read such works (if she had been told the tendency of them beforehand) or to have any communication with the writers*.

Certainly indeed it must be confessed, that Mrs. Carter was not wholly free from prejudice upon these subjects; and when she had once imbibed such opinions, either from the report of

* Upon this principle she used to relate, with much pleasure, Dr. Johnson's reply to a person who wished to introduce him to Abbé Raynal when he was in England: "I have read his book," answered he, "and I have nothing to say to him."

others

others on whom she thought she could depend, or from her own observations, they were not easily removed. But her prejudices were all on the side of order, virtue, and religion; and her dislikes were confined to such things, or persons, as she thought might do harm to her fellow-creatures. Her mind was strongly impressed with the necessity of obedience to Government, "not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake;" hence in all the political disturbances which occurred during her life, she had always a strong bias towards the crown; and this tendency was greatly increased in the present reign, by the very high opinion of, and a great veneration for, the personal character of his Majesty *. It may be easily supposed, therefore, that her ideas on religious subjects were of a similar nature.

She was warmly attached to the Established Church; and this sentiment was moreover probably much strengthened by her intimacy with some of its most respectable members in character, as well as elevated in rank. Among these she had the particular happiness of num-

* She was indeed very partial to all the House of Hanover; and used to say, that the three kings of that line were the three best Monarchs that ever sat in succession on the throne of England.

bering

bering the present Bishops of* London and Durham, as well as Archbishop Secker, and Bishop Hayter already mentioned.

From principles like these it may readily be gathered what Mrs. Carter's opinion was concerning the French Revolution. She considered it from the beginning as a tissue of injustice, impiety, and rebellion against lawful government; and entirely agreed with Mr. Burke, with whom she was well acquainted, in his celebrated Letters on that subject. She always thought with him, that the lives of the unfortunate

* It is hoped that his Lordship will pardon the liberty which the author takes of inserting a letter from him to Mrs. Carter, which does so much credit both to his head and heart.

January 4, 1798.

"Although you and I have long been very good friends, I don't think I ever had the gallantry to present you with a new-year's gift. I now wish to mend my manners in this article; and as we are both of us a little past our prime, it would not suit either of us to wait very long for any thing. I will therefore enter upon a new course (as all penitents ought to do) without delay, and will in one respect at least begin the new year well, by desiring you to accept, as a new-year's gift, the living of Thorley, in Hertfordshire, for your nephew Mr. Pennington†."—"In of-

† The author's elder brother, who had for some years been settled in his Lordship's Diocese, and had the honour of being personally known to him.

fering

nate King and Queen of that miserable country would be sacrificed; but she was too good a Christian, and her mind too little subject to passion, to approve of his hint concerning the unhappy Queen's Roman fortitude, or of some other parts of that brilliant work, which contain more declamation than argument.

Another cause which prevented Mrs. Carter from cultivating the society of men of letters in general so much as might have been expected, was also a prejudice, though of a different kind. This was her extreme partiality for writers of her own sex. She was much inclined to believe, that women had not their proper station in society, and that their mental powers were not rated sufficiently high. Though she detested

fering you this benefice, I have more than one source of gratification. I have the satisfaction, in the first place, of giving competence and comfort to a worthy young man, whose exemplary conduct and attention to his parochial duties are highly spoken of by his parishioners: and I have also the great pleasure of testifying my regard for a most excellent lady whom I have long known and reverenced, whose talents, learning, and piety are an honour to her sex, and to the age in which she lives; and who is the oldest and most intimate surviving friend of my revered patron and benefactor, Archbishop Secker; who, were he now living, would not, I think, be displeased with this mark of my attention to one whom I know he highly esteemed and loved."

the

the principles displayed in Mrs. Woolstonecraft's wild theory concerning the "Rights of Women," and never wished them to interfere with the privileges and occupations of the other sex, yet she thought that men exercised too arbitrary a power over them, and considered them as too inferior to themselves. Hence she had a decided bias in favour of female writers, and always read their works with a mind prepared to be pleased, if the principles contained in them were good, and the personal characters of the authors amiable. For both these were with her in every case indispensable; and for this reason her judgment was sometimes hardly allowed to exert itself in such a manner, as probably it would otherwise have done.

These reasons may perhaps in some degree account for the cold approbation with which she always spoke of Burns's Poems; a circumstance which would otherwise be very surprising. She considered him as an imprudent, and, in some respects, even a dissolute man; and was not inclined to make those allowances for his conduct to which most other persons thought him entitled. Hence his glowing imagery, the warmth of his fancy, and the originality of his genius failed in making that impression upon her mind which they did on the world in general; and thus her aversion to the smallest

relaxation

relaxation in moral principle prevented her not only from acknowledging, but even in a great measure from feeling the various beauties of his poetry. Something, however, of this apparent prejudice with regard to Burns, may be attributed to the dialect in which the greater part of his best Poems are written. This to her, as well as to many others, proved a source of difficulty which made the perusal of them troublesome. She did not understand it, and disliked the being obliged perpetually to refer to a glossary, which must necessarily weary the attention, and take from the effect of the poetry.

These same causes also operated upon her with respect to Chatterton's (or Rowley's) Poems. His dissolute life, and his melancholy end equally shocked her feelings and her principles; and though she acknowledged the beauties of Ella, and of some others of the Poems, yet she read them with little pleasure, as she was unable to read them with ease; and there may be some doubt whether she ever gave them a second perusal. She always vindicated her friend Lord Orford (then Mr. Horace Walpole) for his neglect of him; because, as she said, Chatterton's first introduction to him was attended with a confessed falsehood: and indeed the mystery which hung over the whole of those Poems afterwards, and which has never been clearly re-

moved, was such as mere Industry needed not to have recourse to, and which Genius ought to have disdained. That a man who appeared before the world in so doubtful a character, and with such vague pretensions, should want a patron, can therefore hardly now be thought surprizing: especially in this age, when the patronage of men of letters by the great seems to be completely abolished; and genius, even when accompanied with virtue, might languish for want of encouragement; but that, from this very circumstance, authors are now happily obliged to trust solely to that best of all patrons, that best of all judges of literary merit, the public.

There was, however, a Poem published very late in Mrs. Carter's life, with which she was more pleased than she had been with any work of the same kind for many years. This was Walter Scott's "Lay of the last Minstrel." With this Poem she was very conversant, and considered it as one of the finest, both as to the conduct of the story and the descriptions contained in it, which had been produced for a long while*.

But

* It may be worth while, as a matter of curiosity, to point out the passage which most particularly delighted Mrs.

But while Mrs. Carter's days were gliding on so calmly as to be almost unmarked by events, their uniformity was once more disturbed by a most unlooked for circumstance, which served however to prove her veneration for her deceased friend Mrs. Pulteney, as well as her sincere regard for her surviving husband and daughter. This was no less than a journey to Paris, in October, 1782, where Lady Bath, then Miss Pulteney, was left for some time in a convent for education. To such an undertaking at her time of life, and in her state of health, nothing could have tempted her but the grateful affection which she bore to every individual of that family. The following letter to a friend was written soon after her return from thence.

"Have you heard that I have lately flown to Paris? And do you not wonder what could send me there? Indeed it was neither to see fine sights, nor to import new fashions. It was merely an office of friendship and gratitude for great obligations that carried me on an expedition by no means pleasant to myself with my

Mrs. Carter: this was the description of the scenery at Melross Abbey; especially these lines:

"The pillared arches were over their head,
And under their feet were the bones of the dead."

From this passage she thought the classic pencil of Sir George Beaumont might make a fine picture.

kind of health. Mr. Pulteney was going to place his daughter in a convent, and both were desirous that I should accompany her. I could not, from a selfish regard to my own ease, refuse this little attention to the daughter of my kind and generous friend, for whose memory I have a tender regard.

"I was absent in all but sixteen days, and only one week at Paris; and as this was chiefly employed in the business of preparations for Miss Pulteney's going into the convent, you will not suppose I could see much; but I might have seen more if my wretched head would have allowed it. As we drove a good deal about, I had an opportunity of seeing pretty much of the exterior of Paris. The buildings are magnificent; the streets so contemptibly narrow, that I saw very few wider than Fetter-lane. This renders them so dangerous for walkers, that it is wonderful that accidents do not happen every hour. Indeed we had a sorrowful proof that they are not very safe for carriages, as we were overturned in endeavouring to pass a waggon. As the pannels of the coach were glass, this adventure was sufficiently perilous; but, God be thanked, we received no hurt.

"The only pleasant part of Paris which I saw, was the quay on the banks of the Seine, which is wide and clean, and very safe walking, and

and perfectly free from any bustle of commerce. I think it is disputed whether London or Paris stands on most ground. The difference of population, I think, is striking. If there were as many people walking about Paris, as in London, the streets would be impassable. I visited some of the most remarkable churches; but did not attempt the picture galleries at the Palais Royal, &c. as my head was too weak to bear the attention of looking at them. Notre Dame is a handsome Gothic building, but not comparable to the Cathedral of Amiens, which is one of the noblest and most venerable structures I ever saw; and, to the great satisfaction of my national vanity, was built by the English.

"We had a fine passage to Calais of only three hours and a quarter. But very different was the return. We were eighteen hours, for the most part in a storm, by which probably I should have been more frighted, if I had not been stupified by falling into successive fainting fits."

As they were absent upon this tour only sixteen days, that time did not allow Mrs. Carter to make many, or very accurate, observations, even if the state of her health would have permitted her to use greater exertion. They went

by the way of Abbeville and Amiens; at this last place she observes, "the cathedral is a very noble building. The façade highly ornamented. The screen is much admired, but to me appeared an absurd mixture of Gothic arches, and Corinthian capitals." Of the road from Calais, she says, that it is "very dull, but the country well cultivated. From Clermont to Paris, for the most part very pleasant; the ground finely broken, and the hills beautifully wooded."

Her concise memoranda concerning Paris, which it was probably her intention at the time to fill up afterwards, but for which either health or inclination were wanting after her return, are as follows:—

"Notre Dame very inferior to Amiens. Paintings said to be good. One or two pieces of tolerable sculpture, particularly an Archbisop. Louvre, outside vast, heavy, disagreeable. Thuilleries, part a wretched flower-garden, box-scrolls, &c. Walks tolerable. Fountains, jet d'eau, like a broken pipe. Garden very narrow, and much shorter than St. James's Park. The view terminated by the Place de Louis 15. St. Roc. One of the altars a Calvaire; a hollowed rock, the perspective carried cross a broad isle to another alter-piece, which terminates the view by a crucifix.

" Place de Louis 15. unfinished buildings, very noble.

" Place de Vendome, a fine square, houses all of equal height.

" Sorbonne. The tomb of Richlieu, by Girardon. The sculpture exquisite: the Cardinal supported by Religion, and Science weeping at his feet.

" St. Sulpice, a very noble Grecian building. The pillars of the portico immensely great. The altar-piece an ascension in Stucco: the light finely thrown from a window, painted in very faint colouring, like rays.

" The Carmelites. The chapel very rich and gaudy. The paintings good. A fine annunciation, by Guido. Madame de la Valliere, by Le Brun, (as a Magdalen) thought to be his master-piece *. Opposite to her a Magdalen in the Desart, by a scholar of Le Brun.

" Church of the Celestins, very dark and dismal, but many fine monuments. The tomb of

* This is expressed with Mrs. Carter's usual correctness. That piece is *thought to be* Le Brun's masterpiece; but she was of a different opinion, and said that the figure had more the air of a Bacchante than of a Magdalen; but this criticism affects only the design, not the execution of it. Mrs. Carter had a very good French engraving from this picture, with the following lines beneath:

of Anne of Burgundy, wife to the Regent Duke of Bedford. The Queen of Charles V. The heart of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis. The heart of Charles IX. with an inscription denoting his zeal for the Catholic Religion. Over one of the altars a beautiful Magdalen, by Mignard.

"Sainte Chapelle, built by St. Louis: the windows very richly painted. The Priests being at Mass prevented our seeing the choir. Boileau buried here."

These hints are curious, as shewing what objects particularly attracted Mrs. Carter's attention, and in what light she considered them; but her head-achs were bad during almost all the few days she was in Paris, and she could avail herself but little of Mr. Pulteney's attentions, who was anxious to make her some amends

"Magdala dum gemmas baccisq; monile coruscum
Projicit, ac formæ detrahit arma suæ,
Dum vultum lachrymis et lumina turbat, amoris
Mirare insidias, hac capit arte Deum."

From which the author may be concluded to be an Italian as to his wit, and a Moravian as to his religion; but indeed there is a greater similarity between the Roman Catholics (of warm countries especially) and the Moravians, than the latter are willing to allow.

for

for the trouble of her journey, by shewing her every thing remarkable which the shortness of their time would have allowed them to visit.

This was indeed a great undertaking at her time of life, being then sixty-five years of age, and by no means either healthy or active; for she was rather inclined to corpulency, and such a scheme, independent of her fears of the sea, and her dreadful sufferings upon it from sickness, sadly broke in upon her quiet and retired habits; but she considered it as an act of friendship due to a family to which she had so much reason to be attached; and as such it was always very kindly acknowledged by them.

However, to travelling in England, Mrs. Carter had no objection; for upon such occasions she always went with friends whose style of travelling was such as, joined to the excellence of English inns, prevented her from feeling any of those inconveniences, from which, in her state of health, and at her age, she suffered so much abroad. About this period of her life she went long journies for two or three succeeding summers with Miss Sharpe *, a single lady of large fortune,

* Miss Sharpe afterwards married the Rev. Osmund Beauvoir, D. D. whom she survived, and then married secondly Dr. Andrew Douglas, a Physician in London, whose first

fortune, with whom she was upon terms of great friendship and intimacy. One of these was into the West; another was as far north as Raby Castle: in which last tour they paid several visits to different friends in the country. One of her letters to Mrs. Vesey during this journey gives an account of some part of it in the following manner:—

"On entering Yorkshire we found our views greatly improved, the lands well cultivated, and the prospects very picturesque. The entrance into York we thought very striking. The Minster is certainly a stupendous building; but the breadth of the middle isle so shortens the apparent length, that it measured only by stepping; a kind of conviction which produces no effect on the imagination. On Tuesday we entered the Bishoprick of Durham. The banks of the Tees are in some parts of the road very romantic; but the river, like other rivers which depend on mountain torrents, makes but a shabby terraqueous kind of a figure in summer.

first wife was Mrs. Carter's youngest sister. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas both died a few months after Mrs. Carter. This lady printed a well-written character of Mrs. Carter since her decease, in which she does justice to its excellence.

"We

"We reached Staindrop by dinner, and took up our abode with Mrs. Vane* till the Monday after. You know something of her; how much you would esteem and love her if you knew more! She has formed a very pretty retirement, and in a year or two will be shaded by trees of her own planting, which are already in a very flourishing state. Her house is within a few steps of Lord Darlington's Park, and scarcely a mile from Raby Castle, where he lives in all the real and useful magnificence of an English nobleman, improving the country all round him, and furnishing employment to the poor who can work, and support to those who cannot.

"From Staindrop we came on Monday last to reside for about a fortnight with our excellent friends in this place†. Mr. Smelt's house is just built. It is large, convenient, and handsome; of a particular and very agreeable kind of construction. The river Swale winds through his lawn, and is half discovered through the trees of a pretty wood on one side of it. The

* The Honourable Mrs. Raby Vane, aunt to the present Earl of Darlington. She has been dead many years, and was much lamented by Mrs. Carter, who had great affection and sincere regard for her.

† Langton, the seat of Mr. Smelt, a gentleman well known and highly respected in the world.

fields

fields in immediate view on the other side of the river are covered with sheep and cattle, and the distant prospect bounded by very high hills.

In a letter to Mrs. Montagu during the same tour, Mrs. Carter says:—"On our way home we dined with an acquaintance of Miss Sharpe, at Pomfret. Do pray pity me, who, you know, have such a curiosity for any monument of the "days of other times," that I was not able to see a castle belonging to John of Gant, which makes a most stupendous appearance as it is seen from the road, and is still habitable, though going fast to ruin. The fatal prison of unhappy Richard is almost entirely mouldered away. It stands, or rather stood, about half a mile distant from the palace of his uncle; but it was not in my power to take a view of these vestiges of our old English magnificence, and old English ferocity.

"If you can make an excursion in your next journey, do let it be to John of Gant's Castle, and with your imagination perfectly at liberty, wander through the gloomy apartments, and converse with the melancholy spectres of the race of York and Lancaster. But whether one sees John of Gant's Castle or not, surely every thinking mind, on recollecting the history, must feel

feel the utmost gratitude for the blessing of living in times of order and settled government, and should start with horror at every transaction which has the least tendency to bring back the miseries of civil war."

Such is the manner in which even those objects that merely strike the fancy of most others, enabled Mrs. Carter's well regulated mind to make useful, pious, and practical observations. And similar to her writing was the general style of her conversation; in which she never neglected any opportunity, especially when in company with young persons, of making those things which are usually considered merely as amusing, become also the means of conveying knowledge to the head, and improvement to the heart.

As it has been observed that Mrs. Carter was not particularly desirous of being personally acquainted with those who were eminent merely for literary talents, it is proper also to mention that a great part of her most intimate friends, though not professed authors, were yet of a literary turn; for nothing was more gratifying to her than conversation on subjects connected with learning, excepting those which concerned the

the far dearer interests of religion and morality. For in speaking of her character it should always be remembered, that however distinguished she might be in those respects, yet her wisdom, her genius, and her learning were but secondary parts of it. That in which she chiefly excelled, and by which she was of much more consequence to society than by her other knowledge and acquirements, was her constant attention to the important interests of piety and virtue. Of these she never at any time lost sight, and always delighted in calling the attention of those with whom she was conversing, to those great objects. Especially while servants were in attendance at meals, she made a point, as far as it could be done without breaking through the customs of society, to give the conversation such a turn as might be useful to them. So that, indirectly and incidentally as it were, she often contrived to impress upon their minds truths of the greatest consequence, which perhaps made sometimes a deeper impression than if delivered from the pulpit by the most eloquent preacher. And in fact they always listened to instruction so conveyed with the utmost earnestness; and in all families where she was accustomed to visit intimately, shewed her the most marked and zealous attention. Indeed her manners were so gentle, and her tone of voice

voice so sweet, that it was almost impossible to be uncivil to her. And I have heard a lady of high rank, who was one of her dearest friends, and with whom she lived a great deal, declare, that she attributed much of the general good conduct of her servants, of whom there was a large establishment, to their listening so frequently to such conversations; in which indeed, it ought to be added, that nobody was better qualified, or more willing to join, than herself and her Lord.

But let it not from this be supposed that Mrs. Carter's presence ever threw a damp over society, in age any more than it did in youth, or checked innocent mirth and cheerfulness by ill-timed gravity, or abrupt introduction of more serious subjects. So far from this being the case, no one delighted more than she did in pleasantry, wit, and lively conversation. She was no stern and rigid monitor, for her religion was in her heart, and not in her countenance; it was such as it ought to appear in one who believed that in reality "its ways are ways of pleasantness," and that "all its paths are peace."

From this turn of mind it may be readily supposed that she could have no intimate friends who were not virtuous and good. Of such she could indeed boast of a greater number, eminent for their worth and talents, and many of them

them possessed of the additional advantages of wealth or rank, than has generally fallen to the share of any one person. And this her pious mind always considered as one of the greatest blessings which the goodness of Providence had bestowed upon her, without (as she was wont to observe with her usual humility) any merit of her own to deserve it. Nor indeed was the friendship of those who loved her confined to mere personal attentions and civility, but was shewn by more valuable and lasting effects. The annuities which made her situation so easy with respect to income, have already been noticed; and she was also enabled, by means of some of her friends, to promote the interests of a great many of her relations in their respective professions*.

But though it is true that Mrs. Carter did not particularly cultivate, or seek for, the acquaintance of men of letters merely as such, yet she frequently met with many of great note at the houses of her friends. Especially at Mrs.

* Of this the author himself is one instance; for it was principally owing to the late Archbishop Moore's respect for Mrs. Carter's character (with whom he had a very slight personal acquaintance) that he gave him the living of Westwell; which, by the kindness of the present Archbishop, he has been allowed to exchange for the living where he now resides.

Montagu's

Montagu's splendid table she saw a great variety of persons eminent in various ways: and at Mrs. Vesey's, the friend of them both, and the delight of all who knew her, there were frequent evening meetings without form, of persons of both sexes distinguished either for learning or genius.

To these parties it was not difficult for any person of character to be introduced. There was no ceremony, no cards, and no supper. Even dress was so little regarded, that a foreign gentleman who was to go there with an acquaintance, was told in jest, that it was so little necessary, that he might appear there, if he pleased, *in blue stockings*. This he understood in the literal sense; and when he spoke of it in French, called it the *Bas Bleu* Meeting. And this was the origin of the ludicrous appellation of the Blue Stocking Club, since given to these meetings, and so much talked of*.

* The origin of this name has been ascribed by some (among others, I think, by Sir William Forbes, in his life of Beattie) to the blue stockings worn by Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, a learned and well-known Naturalist; but Stillingfleet died in December, 1771, long before those meetings acquired that appellation. And Mrs. H. More's Poem on the same subject was not published till 1786. Her opinion and Mrs. Carter's, on the circumstance which gave rise to the name, agreed.

Nothing could be more agreeable, nor indeed more instructive, than these parties. Mrs. Vesey had the almost magic art of putting all her company at their ease, without the least appearance of design. Here was no formal circle to petrify an unfortunate stranger on his entrance; no rules of conversation to observe; no holding forth of one to his own distress, and the stupifying of his audience; no reading of his works by the author. The company naturally broke into little groupes, perpetually varying and changing. They talked or were silent, sat or walked about, just as they pleased. Nor was it absolutely necessary even to talk sense. Here was no bar to harmless mirth and gaiety: and while perhaps Dr. Johnson in one corner held forth on the moral duties, in another two or three young people might be talking of the fashions and the Opera, and in a third Lord Orford (then Mr. Horace Walpole) might be amusing a little groupe around him with his lively wit and intelligent conversation.

Now and then perhaps Mrs. Vesey might call the attention of the company in general to some circumstance of news, politics, or literature, of peculiar importance: or perhaps to an anecdote, or interesting account of some person known to the company in general. Of this last kind a laughable circumstance occurred about the year 1778, when Mrs. Carter was confined to her bed

bed with a fever, which was thought to be dangerous. She was attended by her brother-in-law, Dr. Douglas, then a physician in town, and he was in the habit of sending bulletins of the state of her health to her most intimate friends, with many of whom he was well acquainted himself. At one of Mrs. Vesey's parties a note was brought to her, which she immediately saw was from Dr. Douglas. "Oh!" said she, before she opened it, "this contains an account of our dear Mrs. Carter. We are all interested in her health: Dr. Johnson, pray read it out for the information of the company." There was a profound silence, and the Doctor, with the utmost gravity, read aloud the physician's report of the happy effect which Mrs. Carter's medicines had produced, with a full and complete account of the circumstances attending them.

In these parties were to be met with occasionally most of the persons of note and eminence in different ways, who were in London, either for the whole, or part of the winter. Bishops and Wits, Noblemen and Authors, Politicians and Scholars,

"Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place."

all met there without ceremony, and mixed in easy conversation. Mr. Vesey himself was in the Irish parliament, had a large and respectable

acquaintance, and was a gentleman of no mean abilities; and Mrs. Vesey was the charm of every society. Even to very young persons admittance was not refused, and the author of this account still remembers these meetings with delight, to which he was indebted for some of the most pleasant as well as instructive evenings of his early years. Here were to be seen, at different times, some who once seen can never be forgotten: Mr. Burke, (himself an host) Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Montagu, Mr. Horace Walpole, Mr. (afterwards Lord) Pery, who was Mr. Vesey's intimate friend; Mr. Maty, George Lord Lyttelton, and sometimes his son, who with his usual inconsistency, seemed to take pleasure in the society at Mrs. Vesey's; Mr. Garrick, Mr. Mason, Mr. (now Sir William) Pepys, Mr. Cambridge, Mrs. Boscawen, Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, Mrs. Hannah More, Mr. J. H. Browne, Mr. Langton, Mr. Cole, Mr. Bowdler, Dr. Burney, with a long catalogue of other persons of note, and occasional visitors, eminent for character or literature, or else aspiring to the acquaintance of such as were.

This society was also frequented by Dr. Beattie, when he was in London, as well as by his good and amiable historian, Sir William Forbes. Dr. Beattie was a very intimate friend of Mrs. Montagu, and well acquainted with Mrs. Carter.

ter. In one of his letters to the former lady, published in his life, he thus expresses himself about Mrs. Carter:—"Mr. Dilly will also send you a copy of this book addressed to Mrs. Carter, which I must beg, Madam, you will take the trouble to forward to her, with some apology, to make it acceptable to her. It is a tribute of respect and gratitude which I owe to her extraordinary genius and virtue, and to the pleasure and instruction I have received from her writings."

On occasion of the laughable mistake, mentioned before, which gave the name of *blue stocking* to these parties, Mrs. Hannah More published in 1786 a little Poem, under the title of "The Bas Bleu;" in which she gives a short sketch of them, and of some of the principal persons who were accustomed to meet there, with equal spirit, truth, and humour. The characters, though short, (Mrs. Vesey's excepted, which is given more at length) are uncommonly appropriate, and the ease which distinguished this society from most others, and especially those which were professedly learned or witty, is admirably pointed out.

Since Mrs. Vesey's death, there were at the same time, and in a great measure frequented by the same company, as well as by others, two societies established upon a plan nearly similar.

Once a week during the winter, Lady Herries, wife of Sir Robert Herries, then of St. James's-street, and Mrs. Hunter, wife of the celebrated Mr. John Hunter, of Leicester-square, opened their houses to receive evening company, on different days. Both these ladies are well known, and their assemblies were frequented by many persons both of rank and talents, and were conducted in a very easy and liberal manner. Any lady or gentleman of character might, without any difficulty, obtain an introduction to them. There was no restraint, and no circle. Many persons of both sexes were to be met with here, who had before frequented Mrs. Vesey's, of whom Mrs. Carter was one, who had a great esteem for both these ladies; and there was generally a great deal of literary, instructive, and amusing conversation at these parties.

But there was another society of a different kind, to which Mrs. Carter belonged, in London, and of which, while her health permitted, she was a very active as well as zealous member. This was an institution for the relief of the poor, principally reduced housekeepers, in the five western parishes of the metropolis under the jurisdiction of Westminster. It was set on foot, and wholly managed, by ladies, about the year 1780, or perhaps before that time. Most of Mrs. Carter's friends belonged to it, and she was one of the original subscribers. The busi-

ness

ness was carried on by a committee for each parish, who employed persons well recommended as their agents, to make such enquiries on the spot, concerning the objects who wished for relief, as the ladies could not make in person. The meetings were held in turn, at the houses of such of the subscribers as could accommodate so large a party with the least inconvenience. No persons were relieved without the strictest enquiries having been made concerning their character and real situation; and the business was conducted at separate tables with great order and regularity. Every one subscribed what they chose, and most of the ladies took at times some share of the trouble. That Mrs. Carter's active charity was willing to take a part in both, can excite no surprize; and that the affluent should spare some of their wealth (and that no niggard portion) to the poor and distressed, is, by the blessing of God, no matter of wonder in this land; but in this case many ladies, living in the gay and fashionable world, of high rank, and even of youth and beauty, gave not only their money, but what was much more to them, their time, to the indigent, and seemed to think the loss of it for such a purpose no sacrifice*.

* It is believed that this institution still exists under the name of "the Ladies Charitable Society."

At one of Mrs. Vesey's parties, Mrs. Carter met that singular but worthy character, Lord Monboddo. Her curiosity was strongly excited to hear his conversation, but in that wish she was disappointed. She related the incident in a letter to Mrs. Montagu in these words:—

"The most fashionable object in all polite circles at present is Lord Monboddo, who you know has writ to prove, that human creatures, in their natural state, have tails like a cat. I have been in a room with him, but have not heard him speak, though our dear Mrs. Vesey did all she could to procure me that honour. As I was sitting in a cool corner among some quiet people of my own sort, without tails, she dragged me into the hot crowd that was listening to my Lord Monboddo, and had no sooner stuck me to his elbow, than he went to another part of the room, and I walked back, *re infectâ*, to my corner. Seriously, I hear he is very pleasant and unassuming, with an astonishing quantity of erudition. You will be pleased to hear that he declares he has received more information during the time he has conversed with the societies in London than he ever found before *."

But

* It was probably at this time that Lord Monboddo visited Oxford. The author saw him there in the music-room, dressed in a pompadour coloured coat, and a large white

But a much greater honour than an introduction to Lord Monboddo was afterwards conferred on Mrs. Carter, and one infinitely flattering to the loyalty of her heart, as well as highly gratifying, on account of the great personal respect which she bore to the Royal Family. Mrs. Carter had the happiness of reckoning among her most intimate and valued friends, Lady Charlotte Finch, and her two daughters, Mrs. Fielding and Miss Finch, and, as mentioned before, Lady Cremorne. These ladies, who saw the Queen frequently, and were honoured by her Majesty's particular regard, had probably mentioned to her occasionally a friend to whom they were so warmly attached; and indeed Mrs. Carter had had the honour of seeing some of the Princesses in Lady Charlotte's apartments more than once. Her Majesty was therefore pleased to desire that Mrs. Carter should be introduced to her by Lady Cremorne, and she received that distinguished honour at Lord Cremorne's house at Chelsea *.

The

white grizzle wig. All the young men, as well as their seniors, paid great respect and attention to the venerable old gentlemen, and he seemed much gratified by it.

* This happened in the year 1791. Mrs. Carter thus mentions it in a letter to Mrs. Montague: "I perfectly subscribe to all your encomiums of the Queen and Princesses.

The Queen had the goodness to enter into conversation with her, with such engaging sweetness and condescension, as to put her very soon at her ease. The conversation lasted for about an hour, and turned, among other topics, upon German literature. After that time, her Majesty was pleased often to enquire after Mrs. Carter of Lady Charlotte Finch and Lady Cremorne; and several times did her the honour of lending her German books, and of sending her very flattering and obliging messages.

But this was not the only attention which Mrs. Carter received from the Royal Family. About two years before her death, the 15th Regiment of Light Dragoons, of which the Duke of Cumberland is Colonel, was quartered in the barracks near Deal; and when his Royal Highness came into that country to inspect his regiment, he did Mrs. Carter the honour of a visit at her own house. He staid with her about half an hour, conversing with the most perfect ease and good humour, while his attendants and some officers, who were going to dine with him, waited at the end of the street. A great many of the neighbours collected round the house, and were delighted to see so fine a young man of

cesses. I had the honour to be a witness of the truth of them two days before I left town, when I received her Majesty's commands to attend her at Chelsea."

that

that exalted rank, pay so marked an attention to their venerable and respected townswoman. His Royal Highness was acquainted with Mrs. Carter before this time, as he had seen her at Lady Charlotte Finch's.

A short time before this, the Princess of Wales was for some months in the Isle of Thanet, in the house which is now inhabited by Lord Keith. Her Royal Highness knew Mrs. Carter by character, and sent her a message by her nephew*, that she would come to Deal, and drink tea with her at her own usual hour, from which she would not suffer her to depart. This condescending attention to her age, and regular mode of life, was received by Mrs. Carter with all due and grateful respect. Her Royal Highness came, with two ladies who were with her, to tea, before six o'clock, and staid for above two hours. Nothing could be more polite, affable, and easy, than her conversation was. It turned a good deal upon literary subjects, both English and German, and upon the manners and modes of life of the inhabitants of those two countries †.

It

* Captain Benjamin Carter, of the Royal Navy, who was employed upon that station, and had the honour of being known to her Royal Highness.

† The author, who was then residing with Mrs. Carter, had

It is a circumstance well known, that upon all the coast there is, or rather was, a very considerable contraband trade carried on; and the temptations to benefit by it are so great, that it requires a very strong mind, and very strict principles, in those who reside in that neighbourhood, always to resist them. But Mrs. Carter possessed both these, and had so much respect for the laws of her country, that no consideration could induce her knowingly to violate them. Hence it may well be concluded, that she never smuggled the minutest article, either directly or indirectly; nor would ever purchase any thing, even from a public shop, which she had reason to believe to have been so obtained. To this rule she adhered to the last, nor ever, in any one instance of her whole life, deviated from it.

In this exemplary strictness Mrs. Carter had indeed been brought up from her childhood. Her father never bought any smuggled commodities, nor would allow his family to do it; and her eldest brother, who still resides in Deal, rigidly and conscientiously adheres to the same principle. The light in which Mrs. Carter considered this trade, and the conduct of those

had the honour of being present at this visit. During the Duke of Cumberland's he was absent, and did not return till just as his Royal Highness was quitting the house.

who

who encouraged it, may be best learnt from the following extracts of two of her letters, of which the first was written in 1765, and addressed to Miss Sutton:—

"Has not your political spirit been exceedingly stirred by the late commotions in the state? But perhaps the quiet and *eloignement* of the country may have calmed your zeal, and left you only those pacific virtues of patriotism, which, under all revolutions, may be practised with equal ease. No system of politics can prevent an observance of the laws of one's country, nor good wishes and prayers for its prosperity. I am sure you are very hearty in the last articles; and remember, when we parted, the good resolutions which you declared concerning the first. The only instance of supernumerary patriotism, which I design to practise, shall be to remind you of it. So if ever I see a prohibited gown, or a smuggled pair of ruffles, in your possession, you must expect no quarter; for I positively will not admit it as an atonement for one illegal act, that you are ever so well disposed to hang half the ministry. For upon what principle but illegal acts of some kind or other did ever any ministry deserve to be hanged?"

The other letter was to Mrs. Montagu in 1784:—"I am certainly very far from wishing to defend the practice of smuggling; yet I cannot help

help pitying these poor ignorant people, brought up from their infancy to this wretched trade, and taught by the example of their superiors to think there can be no great harm in it, when they every day see the families of both hereditary and delegated legislators loading their coaches with contraband goods. Surely in people whom Heaven has blest with honours, and fortune, and lucrative employments of government, the fault is much greater than that of the poor creatures whom they thus encourage. The stealing a loaf by a half-starved beggar is a pitiable breach of honesty. The stealing a jewel by one possessed of all the necessaries and comforts of life is execrable, and without excuse."

But though Mrs. Carter held this trade in so much aversion, yet her usual judgment and goodness of heart prevented her from extending that principle to the persons of those who practised it. Hence she never withdrew her assistance, her countenance, or her advice, from such of her poorer neighbours as were engaged in it; nor wearied her richer acquaintance with perpetual remonstrances, which there was little reason to suppose would be of any avail. She

left them in both cases to their own conscience, and the laws of their country, and was contented with giving no encouragement to it herself, and bearing her testimony against it whenever it became the topic of conversation.

Among Mrs. Carter's friends, and occasional correspondents, she had the pleasure of numbering the celebrated Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, a gentleman, the suavity of whose manners, and the graces of whose conversation, were such, that it was scarcely possible to know, and not to admire and love him. He was one of those unfortunate characters who have reversed the rule of Horace*, and who will hardly appear so good and amiable to posterity as they did to their contemporaries. His letters shew him to have been a man of very different principles from what his conversation led the world in general to think them. Licentious in his ideas respecting women, and a Latitudinarian at least in religion, if his conversation had resembled his letters (if their tendency indeed be such as is generally attributed to them) Mrs. Carter would never have been so delighted with it, nor have thought of him so highly. But this was not the case, and she was much

* Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes,
Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.
Lib. i. Epist. 1. 13.

hurt

hurt at the posthumous publication which so greatly tended to lessen her respect for the memory of a friend whom she had esteemed so long. Certainly when Lord Orford conversed with, or wrote to her, there were no traces to be observed of that truly French, light, and frivolous way of thinking, which is so evident in his printed letters, however pleasant and entertaining they may be. Two of his letters to Mrs. Carter, which shall be subjoined, will prove that he could write in a more serious style. The last of them is particularly interesting, as shewing how far his long experience in politics, aided by an acute and penetrating mind, could foresee the progress of that wonderful phænomenon, the French revolution, then in its infancy.

To Mrs. CARTER, at Deal.

Berkeley-square, June 13th, 1789.

" Dear Madam,

" Dr. Douglas has been so good, at your desire, as to enquire after me, and will let you know that I mend, though slowly, as is very natural at my age, and with my shattered limbs. I cannot however content myself, though your kindness would be so, with a mere answer that is satisfactory enough. You must allow

allow me to add my own thanks, as I feel much obliged, and am proud of your thinking me at all deserving to interest your sensibility, though I am not conscious of sufficient merit. I do not mean, however, to misemploy much of your time, which I know is always passed in good works, and usefully. You have therefore probably not looked into ————'s travels *. I, who have been almost six weeks lying on a couch, have gone through them. It was said that Addison might have written his without going out of England. By the excessive vulgarisms so plentiful in these volumes, one might suppose the writer had never stirred out of the parish of St. Giles. Her Latin, French, and Italian too, are so miserably spelt, that she had better have studied her own language before she floundered into other tongues. Her friends plead that she piques herself on writing as she talks—methinks then she should talk as she would write. There are many indiscretions too in her work, of which she will perhaps be told, though B—— is dead.

" I shall remove to Twickenham next week, to enjoy my roses at least, since I have lost my lilacs and nightingales. I ought, I know, dear

* The name of these travels is omitted, as she is still living. Those who are conversant with the literature of that date may possibly guess it.

Madam, to beg you not to take the trouble of answering this; but when you have had the great good nature of remembering my gout, how ungrateful it would be to deny myself the pleasure of hearing that you have not suffered much lately by your head-achs. I dare not flatter myself that they are cured, for when are constitutional evils quite removed? We who have intervals, and still more, on whom Providence has showered comforts even when we are in pain, must recollect what more durable sufferings exist, and how many miserable beings have no fortunes to purchase alleviations. This I speak for myself, who know how far I am from deserving any of the blessings I enjoy. You, my dear Madam, have led a life of virtue, and never forget your duties; it would be strange then if I confounded you with

Your very respectful,

And obliged humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE."

To Mrs. CARTER, Deal.

Strawberry Hill, July 25, 1789.

"Dear Madam,

"I have the pleasure of sending you a little present that I venture to say will be very agreeable

agreeable to you. It was written by Miss More at her late visit to the Bishop of London. Mrs. Boscawen shewed it to me, and I was so charmed, that I wrote immediately to the authoress, and insisted on printing a few copies, to which, with meek modesty, she consented, though she had not any such intention. The more I read it, the better I like it: it is so perfect that I do not think a word could be amended, and yet it has all the ease and freedom of a sketch. The sense, satire, irony, and compliments, have all their compleat merit*.

As I love to extract some satisfaction out of grievances, I hope that this bad summer has been favourable to your head-achs. I hope too that the almost incessant rains have not damaged the corn and hops in your county. It ought to be a consolation to us too, that the badness of the season has been our greatest calamity, while such tragic scenes have been acting in France, and perhaps may continue to be extended in that country. Were they to stop now, it would not be without such a humiliation of the house

* This beautiful and highly finished little poem is called "Bonner's Ghost." It was written by Mrs. Hannah More, and printed at Strawberry Hill. Mrs. Carter could not but be delighted at so elegant a compliment from the pen of one of her friends to the Christian virtues of another.

of Bourbon as must be astonishing. Their government was certainly a very bad one; but I cannot conceive that such a sudden and tumultuary revolution can at once produce a good and permanent constitution, when not only all the principles and spirit of the nation must be changed, but the whole system of their laws and usages too, and where the rights and privileges of the various provinces are so discordant and so different. The military, though that is extraordinary, may have been seized with this rapid enthusaiasm—but are as likely to revert to their old spirit—and if the royal power is in a manner annihilated, will the nobility and clergy escape? If they are preserved from fear, will the people be much relieved? And if those two bodies are crushed, how long will the popular government be tranquil? I pretend to no authentic information on what is passing, and less to penetration; but I do not conceive that the whole frame and machine of a vast country can be overturned and resettled by a *coup de Baguette*, though all the heads in it have been changed as much as when millions of Goths invaded nations, and exterminated the inhabitants.

" Excuse this vague speculation, but for this last week I have heard of nothing else but this

strange revolution. Nobody can talk on any other subject.

I am with the greatest regard, Madam,
Your most obedient and humble servant,
HORACE WALPOLE."

P. S. "I must add a few words of reflection. What a lesson ought this great convulsion to be to Politicians! France, esteemed the most stable of all governments, has plunged itself into this catastrophe by its intrigues. By wasting its treasures to embroil other countries, it embarrassed its finances; the war to deprive us of America increased its debt: the pursuit of a marine to rise on our fall, swelled that debt. A reform became expedient, and disgusted the nobility, who were at the head of all regiments. Soldiers only make risings and riots; they are Generals and Colonels who make rebellions. I need pursue my reflections no farther."

Mrs. Carter had a very sincere regard for Lord Orford, and was much concerned when he died. He was her contemporary, born (I think) in the same year, and she had been very long acquainted with him, and received much attention from him. She was much hurt that

many of the letters which appeared after his death had not been suppressed, and thought that the unguarded effusions of his pen, when writing to his friends, ought not perhaps to be considered as his serious sentiments, and therefore should not have been given to the public*. And indeed there are but very few persons whose conversation is always so pure, and whose pen is always so guided by principle, as to bear that all which they say or write should be made known to the world. Of these few, Mrs. Carter was one. How far this is true with respect to her conversation, her surviving friends can judge for themselves; but with regard to her letters, the editor of those which are given in these Memoirs will assert, that though other considerations have prevented him from publishing a series of them, yet in the immense number of them which are in his hands, there is not one which would not do credit to her head, her heart, and the purity of her Christian principles.

About five years before Mrs. Carter's death she suffered the afflicting loss of her old and

* The author has since been informed from authority on which he can depend, that no blame upon this account can be imputed to Lord Orford's executors. The whole of his works printed after his decease having been selected and arranged for publication by himself. The author is glad to have this opportunity of correcting his mistake.

long-tried friend Mrs. Montagu. Her strength had been failing for some years, and her eyes had been gradually decaying, so that at last she had little or no sight in them. In one of her latest letters to Mrs. Carter she mentioned this circumstance in a very affecting manner, and added that one of the last uses which she would make of them should be to write to her. Mrs. Carter, as might be supposed, severely felt the loss of one of her oldest friends to whom she had been so much obliged; but perhaps her own advanced time of life, and the thoughts of her own approaching departure, made her less keenly sensible to it than she would have been had it happened some years before.

Most of her own contemporaries, and the friends of her earlier years had already sunk into the grave; her two sisters were gone, and her own sun was now fast declining towards its west, but without a cloud. She was deeply impressed with a sense of the mercies she enjoyed; she had the blessing of many and valuable friends, and of an easy income, both acquired principally by her own merit; that for which Macbeth wished in vain

——" that which should accompany old age,
" As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,"

she possessed; and by their means had been

enabled to provide for several of her relations, and among them in some degree for him * whose hand has endeavoured, though faintly, to record her virtues. She was always ready, therefore, to obey the awful summons whenever it should arrive; but that was delayed beyond her own expectation, as well as that of others; and her lamp continued to burn till no fuel was left to supply it.

About nine years before her death, she returned from London at her usual time much disordered by a complaint which was supposed to be the Saint Anthony's fire. In the course of the summer she was reduced by it to the lowest extremity, and was given over by her medical attendants, and by all her friends. She thought herself going, and was prepared for the important change. Though her strength failed, her spirits never flagged, and she spoke of her approaching departure with the most pious hope and resignation, and even with cheerfulness. Her life, she said, had been a prosperous and happy one, and if it seemed fit to God she would be glad to live longer; if it was his plea-

* She frequently said in the last two or three years of her life that she should not have a wish with regard to this world ungratified, if she could see the author of these sheets better preferred, or leave him in such a situation as to enable him to live in her house at Deal.

sure

sure to take her, she was ready and willing to depart, and trusted to his mercies through Christ for the forgiveness of her sins.

It pleased God, however, that she should return from the very verge of the grave; but her recovery was slow, and incomplete at best. Her disorder hung about her to the last, and she never recovered her former strength. Before that time she used to walk to breakfast with her sister Pennington, who lived about five miles from Deal, without being tired, even when the weather was bad; and would sometimes return to Deal on the day which she had appointed, through a deep snow, when the roads were impassable for a carriage, and without suffering either from the wet or the fatigue. But after this long illness she never walked there, nor to any other considerable distance. Walking, or any great exertion, became too much for her; and though she was willing to take exercise, and felt the necessity of it, a growing heaviness and indolence, increased by pain, constant, though not violent, often prevented her from using the necessary means of regaining some share of strength.

But though after this long and severe attack Mrs. Carter never did recover her strength, yet her health became tolerably good, and she was able in a great measure to enjoy again the society

ciety of her friends. Her intellects never failed, and her judgment remained equally clear and good to the last. She had a slight degree of deafness, which, added to a comprehension naturally not very quick, sometimes made it difficult to her to understand any person who spoke fast, or at a distance, or to mix in discourse where there were many talkers: and she had a particular dislike, almost amounting to a natural antipathy, to quick speaking, or a loud tone of voice. Her own voice was remarkably sweet, and well modulated; owing to which, assisted by the soundness of her judgment, few persons ever read aloud to a small company, for her voice was not strong, in a more clear and interesting manner than she did, either prose or verse.

About four years after the first attack above mentioned, Mr. Carter had a second, perhaps of the same kind, or rather, as it then seemed, a complete breaking up of her constitution. She was then in town, and so rapid was the progress of her disorder and the decay of her strength, that it was soon supposed that she could not survive long. The skill of Sir Francis Milman and Dr. Fraser, who attended her, seemed to be exerted in vain, and she was reduced so low, that, by her own desire, her executor was sent for by express, and came to London by night with

with her eldest brother, Mr. Carter, hardly expecting to find her alive. Yet such was the goodness of her constitution, that she rallied again, and recovered, in a certain degree, her health. But from that time she was an invalid; and though not confined to her room, nor unable to mix in small parties, yet her strength was evidently wasting; and to most of her friends it was sufficiently evident, that she was journeying slowly, but surely, towards *the house appointed for all living.*

From this time she was subject to frequent and very alarming faintings, which attacked her suddenly *, and without the least warning. One of these had indeed preceded her last illness. She was unable to study, or even to read, but for a very short time together, and writing became very painful to her. She slept, or rather dozed, for several hours in the day; and for the last year or two retired to bed seldom later than eight o'clock, (at least in the country) and often much earlier.

* This was the case when one day, two years before she died, she had dined at the author's house with other company, and had eat a good dinner, and seemed remarkably well. She fainted so suddenly, but without falling from her chair, that some of the company thought she was sleeping. She was led home and put to bed, and was the next day as well as usual.

But

But though these symptoms were but too sure of the failure of her bodily powers, those of her mind still remained unimpaired. In that respect, excepting want of quickness, which was a constitutional defect, and certainly somewhat increased, she exhibited but few marks of old age. Her memory, as is generally the case, was not very tenacious of passing events unless of great importance; but it retained all that she had known of books, or of earlier transactions; and her opinion was as sound and her judge- as good of any book she read, or of any question proposed to her, as at any period of her life. Her piety was as fervent, her temper as mild, and her wishes for those she loved as warm as in the time of her strongest health. Even the desire of accumulation, which so generally increases in age, had no power over her benevolent disposition; and she saved less and gave away more in the last three years of her life than she had ever done before.

During all the summer of 1805 she had been in a very low and declining state, evidently growing weaker, and falling away very much, though her appetite was tolerably good. She thought herself going, but had the most anxious desire to see her kind and valued friends in London once more. As the time drew nearer

in

in which she usually took her annual journey to Clarges-street, she appeared in some measure to gain strength, and seemed on the whole better. Perhaps the wish to go induced her to exert herself to the utmost. On the 16th of December, her birth-day, she was able to dine with her nephew, which was the last time she went out in Deal, and seemed less fatigued than usual, and he then hoped that she would be able to bear her journey, and would probably return to Deal again.

But this event she herself considered as very doubtful; and before she went she desired the author to read to her the whole of her will, that she might explain her wishes to him concerning the execution of it. These were principally confined to two requests, one, that he would give 100l. stock to one of her nephews, to whom she had given less than to his brothers previously; and the other, that she might be buried wherever she might happen to die, with as little expence as possible. She earnestly wished him even to promise that her funeral expences should not exceed a certain sum, and that so low as to oblige him to answer only in general terms that they should be as low as possible, consistently with decency and her situation in life.

On

*On the 23d of December, Mrs. Carter left Deal for the last time, and on the following day arrived in Clarges-street. Excepting her great weakness, which made it difficult for her to get into, or out of, the post chaise, she bore her journey pretty well. For some days after her arrival she seemed to be better, and was able to dine, in very small parties, with Lady Cremorne, and some of her other nearest friends, several times. On the fourth of January, 1806, the author received from her a short letter, the last, he believes, that she ever wrote. It is perfectly well written in all respects; but she complains in it that she was "sadly tired with writing it." Soon after this her strength declined so fast, that she was hardly capable of holding a conversation at all; and by the middle of January she was entirely confined to her own apartments, and in a few days after to her bed. Every attention which kindness could bestow upon her was exerted by her friends who had long known and loved her. But their friendship, and the skill of Dr. Fraser, were equally without success, and

* A day or two before she sat off, Mrs. Carter received the Sacrament at home from the author, with her usual calm piety, as she had done several times before, with the consent of the Rector of Deal.

had

had no other effect than that of smoothing the couch of death.

Her senses remained till within a few hours of her decease; but she was so weak as to be unwilling, and indeed hardly able, to speak at all. This was probably the reason why she not only refused to suffer the author to be sent for, but even positively forbid him to come, as he wished to have done, in every letter which her maid wrote to him. So that he had no idea that her end was so near till Mr. Carter, her eldest brother, who had been to town to see her, told him that she had but a very short time to live. He arrived therefore in town too late, and found that his excellent and revered relation had breathed her last early in the morning of the same day.

Mrs. Carter expired without a groan or a struggle about three o'clock in the morning of the 19th of February, 1806. Mrs. Nugent *, who had called in the evening to enquire after her, finding that she had but a few hours to live, and recollecting a wish that Mrs. Carter had expressed to her respecting some necessary arrangements upon that melancholy occasion, kindly chose not to quit the apartment till all

* Wife to Vice-Admiral Nugent; a lady for whom Mrs. Carter had a great regard.

was

was over, and she had given the proper directions.

As Mrs. Carter's whole life had been a constant preparation for death, she had none to make in particular in her last illness: she spoke but very little even to Lady Cremorne, whom she certainly loved better than any person out of her own family; and her chief wish seemed to be that she should be left in quiet. She said nothing about her situation or danger, excepting that when her maid applied to her about some money concerns, she told her that she could not attend to them, and she must settle every thing of that kind with her nephew; meaning that nephew who was her executor. She always appeared perfectly composed; of death she had certainly no dread; and for a longer life she had then probably no wish.

Of Mrs. Carter's general character little or nothing need be said; if it has not sufficiently appeared in the Memoirs of her life, the writer of them has executed his office very ill. Her letters will speak for themselves: the editor of them is well aware that to some of her friends he will appear to have published too many of them, and to others too few; to both he can only

only reply, that he has been solely guided by what he believes would have been permitted, or forbidden, by herself. He is fully persuaded, that if her purified spirit could look down upon this world, still partaking of mortal feelings, it would find no cause for displeasure in this volume. Few persons indeed can know her opinions better than the author of it. He always lived with her upon the most affectionate and confidential terms. He had the advantage of being partly educated by her, and of residing a great deal with her at all periods of his life; and for some years previous to his marriage, entirely. After that time he lived very near her, and was happily enabled still more effectually by that connection to smooth the path of her increasing infirmities, and to add to the comforts of her declining years.

This recollection, he trusts, will always be, as it now is, a source of gratification and pleasure to him; for though, in early youth, her instructions might sometimes seem irksome to him, and her moral and religious opinions too strict, yet they soon ceased to appear in that light, and made a deep and lasting impression upon his heart: and if there be in him any love of virtue and religion, it is principally owing to the inestimable benefit of her precepts, conversation, and example. God grant that they may

produce in him the fruits which she so earnestly desired, and that he may be found worthy hereafter to join her in the blessed society of the *spirits of the just made perfect.*

Mrs. Carter's funeral was, according to her own request, as private as possible, though many of her friends wished to have sent their carriages, and paid every respect to her remains. She was interred in the burial ground of Grosvenor Chapel (an appendage to the Church of St. George, Hanover-square, in which parish she died) and was attended to the grave by three of her nephews, Mr. Pennington, Major Williamson, who had married Mr. Carter's eldest daughter, and the author of this account. On the stone which covers her grave is the following epitaph :—

" Under this stone are deposited the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, of Deal, in the county of Kent; a lady as much distinguished for piety and virtue, as for deep learning, and extensive knowledge.

" She was born at Deal, December 16, 1717, and died in Clarges-street, in this parish, sincerely lamented by her relations and numerous friends, February 19, 1806, in the eighty-ninth year of her age."

A mural

A mural monument of marble has also been erected to her memory in the chapel of the town of Deal, with this inscription.

" Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, a native and inhabitant of this town, where her benevolence and virtues will be long remembered.

" She was eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicolas Carter, D.D., for upwards of fifty years Perpetual Curate of this Chapel, by Margaret, sole daughter and heiress of Richard Swayne, of Bere, in the county of Dorset, Esq.

" In deep learning, genius, and extensive knowledge, she was equalled by few; in piety, and the practice of every Christian duty, excelled by none.

" She was born December 16, 1717, and died in London, February 19, 1806, and was interred there in the burial ground of Grosvenor Chapel."

By Mrs. Carter's will she divided her fortune among her relations in such proportions as she thought right, appointing the author of these Memoirs her executor, and residuary legatee.

Besides the legacies to her relations, and forty pounds to each of her maid-servants, Mrs.

Carter left small tokens of affectionate regard, consisting of books, trinkets, pictures, or rings, to these friends:—Mr. and Mrs. Douglas; Lord and Lady Cremorne; Lady Charlotte Finch; Mrs. Feilding: Miss Finch; Lady Charlotte Wentworth; Mrs. Iremonger; Mrs. Pitt; Lady Beaumont; Mrs. D'Oyley; Mrs. Orde; Mrs. Hannah More; Mrs. Goodenough; Mrs. Duncombe; Lady Hesketh; Countess of Bath; Mrs. De Luc; Lady Herries; Miss Bowdler; Honourable Mrs. Howe; Mrs. Blosset; Lady Wake; Miss Wake; Miss C. Wake; Countess of Chichester; Mrs. Dickenson; Miss L. Dickenson; Mrs. Crofton; Mrs. Harcourt; Miss A. M. Clarke; Mrs. Nugent; Mrs. Kennicott; Lady Jones; Miss Shipley; Dowager Countess Spencer; Honourable Mrs. Bowscawen; Mrs. Barnard; Mrs. Hunter; Bishop of London, and Mrs. Porteus; Miss Grant; Countess of Holdernesse; Mrs. E. Codrington; Mrs. Lawrance; Mrs. Kittoe; and Mrs. Fleetwood. Besides these she desired her executor to give a Greek Testament to Miss Knight, (which, however, she afterwards gave herself,) a ring to Miss Brisac, and one to Mrs. Bowne, her landlady in Clarges-street.

Of this valuable list of friends, Mrs. De Luc, Lady Holdernesse, and Mrs. Boscawen, had paid the debt of nature before Mrs. Carter; and

Mrs. Goodenough, Lord Sidmouth's sister, a lady to whose affectionate friendship for her the author was under great obligations, survived her but a few months *.

* There are several original pictures of Mrs. Carter: one, which was painted for Mrs. Montagu by Miss Read upwards of forty years since, was given by Mr. Montagu to the author, and is reckoned a very good likeness. Another, done many years before that time for Mrs. Rooke, is now in the possession of Mrs. Blosset. Laurence began one a few years ago, which promised to be a great likeness, but was not finished. The author has since been informed, that either this or another portrait by the same eminent painter, is in the possession of Mrs. Bowdler of Bath. The print given in this volume, is taken, by the obliging permission of Lady Charlotte Finch, from a cameo in her Ladyship's possession, done by Joachim Smith about twenty-five years ago in wax, which is a very good and striking likeness.

END OF THE MEMOIRS. VOL. I.

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